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THE

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COLLECTION OF

ROSE AND VERSE,

ADAPTED TO DISPLAY

READING,

IVE SENSE OF THE TERM.

OF

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DE TO SIMPLIFY

TEM;

RE GENERAL PRINCIPLES,

IS RULES.

KNOWLES,

&c. &c.

EREOTYPED.

E, AND CO.;

BURGH:

1831.

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THE

ELOCUTIONIST,

A COLLECTION OF

PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE,

PECULIARLY ADAPTED TO DISPLAY

THE ART OF READING,

IN THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE SENSE OF THE TERM.

PRECEDED BY

AN INTRODUCTION,

IN WHICH AN ATTEMPT IS MADE TO SIMPLIFY

WALKER'S SYSTEM;

AND, BY REFERRING HIS ILLUSTRATIONS TO MORE GENERAL PRINCIPLES,
TO REDUCE THE NUMBER OF HIS RULES.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,
Author of the Tragedy of Virginius, &c. &c.

Seventh Edition,

GREATLY ENLARGED, AND CAREFULLY STEREOTYPED.

BELFAST,
SIMMS AND M'INTYRE:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, AND CO.; WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.;
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ATKINSON AND CO. GLASGOW: AND
JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1831.

TO

JAMES KNOWLES, Esq.

TEACHER OF

ELOCUTION, ENGLISH GRAMMAR, & COMPOSITION.

My Dear Father,

I dedicate this Collection to you, as my first and most accomplished Instructor in the Art to which it refers, and as my very dear Parent.

Your affectionate Son,

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

SIMMS & M'INTYRE have great pleasure in presenting to their Friends, and the Public, this new and improved Edition of the ELOCUTIONIST, *got up under the immediate superintendence of the Compiler.*

The superiority of this Edition may be inferred from the following statement:

The Introduction has been carefully revised, and various important Notes have been added; together with a copious Illustration of the principal Rules.

The first Prose Piece, under each head, has been inflected —as a guide to the Pupil.

The Debate, which had been occasionally objected to, on account of its length, has been expunged from the body of the Work; its place has been supplied by numerous choice Selections; it has been printed in a separate form, so as to admit of its being bound up at the end, if required; and the Book has been greatly enlarged, without increasing the original Price.

Such are the pretensions with which the ELOCUTIONIST *is now submitted to the Public—such the grounds upon which the Proprietors express their confident hope, that a Class-book, which has hitherto enjoyed a considerable degree of popularity, will be now regarded as a greater acquisition to the Teacher, and will be still more generally adopted.*

Belfast, January, 1831.

ADVERTISEMENT BY THE COMPILER.

THE *Elocutionist* is now presented to the Public, in such a state of improvement as no preceding Edition has exhibited.

The experience of the Compiler has enabled him to supply various deficiencies in the Introduction; which, in its present form, may be said to afford a comparatively perfect system of Reading. The principle of the series—the law of Mr. WALKER's harmonic inflection, though he was not aware of it—being applied to phrases and accented words of every description; the student is no longer at a loss for the inflecting of passages, the construction of which did not seem to have been contemplated in preceding systems.

By the judicious arrangement which the Proprietors have made with respect to the *Debate*, as well as by their liberality in greatly enlarging the work; variety has been consulted, and a mass of rich selections introduced—some of them original, many presented for the first time, and all of them of a marked and interesting character.

One important department in which preceding editions were wanting, will be found in the present one—*Dialogue;* the materials for which have been carefully selected, not only from the elder and modern Dramatists of our own nation, but also from the immortal Father of the Drama, ÆSCHYLUS; and from his contemporaries, SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES.

Another valuable addition has been made in the department of extracts from Sacred Poetry.

Having thus briefly stated the grounds upon which the superiority of the new Edition is founded, the Compiler remarks, that, notwithstanding the attention which he has bestowed upon the Introduction, he would be far from recommending to the student a slavish attention to system. Nothing should be allowed to supersede Nature. Let her, therefore, stand in the foreground. The reader abuses his art who betrays, by his delivery, that he enunciates by rule. Emotion is the thing. One flash of passion upon the cheek—one beam of feeling from the eye—one thrilling note of sensibility from the tongue—one stroke of hearty emphasis from the arm—have a thousand times the value of the most masterly exemplification of all the rules, that all the rhetoricians, of both ancient and modern times, have given us, for the government of the voice—when that exemplification is unaccompanied by such adjuncts.

The Compiler has not attached to this collection any system of pronunciation; as pronunciation is better, because more amply, taught in Dictionaries.

He has also differed from all his predecessors, in not attempting to give a description of the principal passions; and for this plain reason—No man who really feels a passion, can err in his delineation of it; and he concludes these few preliminary remarks, with one brief recommendation, which he conceives to include all that is *essential* in delivery——BE IN EARNEST.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE INFLECTIONS.

An Inflection is a bending or a sliding of the voice, either upwards or downwards.

There are two inflections—the upward, or Rising Inflection; and the downward, or Falling Inflection. The former is represented by the mark of the acute accent; the latter, by that of the grave accent.

The union of these two inflections upon the same syllable, is called a Circumflex.

When the circumflex terminates with the rising inflection, it is called the Rising Circumflex; when with the falling, it is designated the Falling Circumflex.

When the tone of the voice is not inflected, it is called the Monotone.

TABLE OF THE INFLECTIONS.

The Rising, followed by the Falling.

Does he talk rationally′, or irrationally`?
Does he pronounce correctly′, or incorrectly`?
Does he mean honestly′, or dishonestly`?
Does she dance gracefully′, or ungracefully`?
Do they act cautiously′, or incautiously`?
Should we say humour′, or humour`?
Should we say altar′, or altar`?
Should we say amber′, or amber`?
Should we say airy′, or airy`?
Should we say eager′, or eager`?
Should we say ocean′, or ocean`?
Should we say oozy′, or oozy`?
Should we say empty′, or empty`?
Should we say inly′, or inly`?
Should we say ugly′, or ugly`?

We should not say all′, but all`.
We should not say arm′, but arm`.
We should not say air′, but air`.
We should not say eel′, but eel`.
We should not say owe′, but owe`.
We should not say ooze′, but ooze`.
We should not say ell′ but ell
We should not say inn′, but inn`.
We should not say urn′, but urn`.

The Falling, followed by the Rising.

He talks rationally`, not irrationally′.
He pronounces correctly`, not incorrectly′.
He means honestly`, not dishonestly′.
She dances gracefully`, not ungracefully′.
They acted cautiously`, not incautiously′.
We should say humour`, not humour′.
We should say altar`, not altar′
We should say amber` not amber′.
We should say airy` not airy′
We should say eager`, not eager′.
We should say ocean`, not ocean′.
We should say oozy`, not oozy′.
We should say empty`, not empty′.
We should say inly`, not inly′.
We should say ugly`, not ugly′.
We should say all`, not all′.
We should say arm, not arm.
We should say air`, not air′.
We should say eel`, not eel′.
We should say owe` not owe′.
We should say ooze`, not ooze′.
We should say ell` not ell
We should say inn`, not inn′.
We should say urn`, not urn′.

THE CIRCUMFLEXES.

Rising and Falling.

If you said sŏ, then I said sô.
And it shall go hărd but I will ûse the information.

Falling and Rising.

ô but he păused upon the brink.
But nôbody can bear the death of Clŏdius.

MONOTONE.

High on a *throne* of *royal state*, which *far*
Outshone the *wealth* of *Ormus*, and of *Ind*,
Or *where* the *gorgeous east*, with *richest hand*,
Showers on her *kings barbaric* pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat!

RULES FOR THE INFLECTING OF SENTENCES, OR PARTS OF SENTENCES.

Rule I.—The Falling Inflection takes place where the sense is complete and independent, whether it be at the termination of a sentence, or a part of a sentence*—as,

It is a dangerous mistake which prevails amongst men, that it is sufficient for their eternal happiness, if they feel some serious emotions at their latter end\`.

It is to the unaccountable oblivion of our mortality, that the world owes all its fascination\`.

Age, in a virtuous person, carries with it an authority, which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth\`.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as, by long indulgence, it becomes ascendant\` in the mind.

You may lay it down as a maxim, confirmed by universal experience, that every man dies as he lives\`; and it is by the general tenor of the life, not a particular frame of mind at the hour of death, that we are to be judged at the tribunal of God.

Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned, to excite sorrow and commiseration\`: and, while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation; and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

Rule II.—Negative Sentences, or Members of Sentences, must end with the Rising Inflection.

You are not left alone′ to climb the arduous ascent—God is with you; who never suffers the spirit which rests on him to fail, nor the man who seeks his favour to seek it in vain.

It is not enough that you continue steadfast and immoveable′—you must also abound in the work of the Lord, if you expect your labours to be crowned with success.

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* Mr. Walker's rule of the loose sentence is altogether superfluous. The inflection is governed by the completeness of the sense; and that is all we have to take *into consideration.*

Rule III.—The Introductory, or Commencing part of a Sentence, is distinguished by the Rising Inflection.*

If to do, were as easy as to know what were good' to do—chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces.

While dangers are at a distance, and do not immediately approach us—let us not conclude that we are secure, unless we use the necessary precautions against them.

As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health' of it—so is decency of behaviour a concomitant to virtue.

Sympathizing with the hatred and abhorrence which other' men must entertain for him—the murderer becomes, in some measure, the object of his own hatred and abhorrence.

Formed to excel in peace, as well as in war'—Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could give a man the ascendant in society.

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* The introductory, or commencing part of a sentence, is that part of it which *indispensably* relates to what follows; either affecting it, or affected by it, in sense; or connected with it in construction—as, with regard to the nominative case and its adjuncts, the preposition and the word or phrase which it governs, &c.

Whoever examines the various examples that refer to this rule, will find, that in all of them, the reading is governed by the same principle—that it is not a question of corresponding conjunctions or adverbs—of parts of direct periods, depending upon participles, or adjectives, &c.; but that each of the sentences is resolvable into two principal parts, the one commencing, or introductory, and the other concluding. This will appear at once, if the reader will only construct a series upon the commencing part of any of the above examples. For instance, with regard to the very first—

"If to do, were as easy as to know what were good' to do, and mankind, with the power of the heavens, retained the passions of earth'—chapels," &c. Here we should have a series of two members, and we should call it a *commencing* series. Now this, according to Mr. Walker, is an example of a direct period, having its two principal parts connected by corresponding conjunctions. Take, again, the fourth sentence—

"*Sympathizing with the hatred and abhorrence which other' men must entertain for him, rankling with conscience', and feeling that his torments are the infliction of his own hand'*—the murderer," &c. Here we should have a series of three members, and we should call it a commencing series. Now this, according to Mr. Walker, is an example of a direct period, commencing with a participle of the present tense. Once more; take the sixth sentence—

"Full of desire to answer all' demands—indefatigable in the service of heaven-born charity'—superior to the little weaknesses and delicacies of worldly pride'—emulous of the approbation of God alone'—the truly benevolent," &c. Here we should have a series of four members, and we should call it a commencing series. Now this, according to Mr. Walker, is an example of a part of a sentence depending upon an adjective.

Thus, to go no farther, we have three sentences, the reading of which, Mr. Walker refers to *three different rules*, in one part of his work; and to one rule, in another. It is obvious, that the principle by which that reading is directed, is one and the same, and that it consists in the circumstance of the parts which have the rising inflection, being the *commencing* parts of the sentences to which they belong.

The same kind of test will show the propriety of taking in the examples, under the head of the inverted period, and that of the concessive member—which is quite as inseparable, in sense, from the subsequent part of the sentence, as the first part of the direct period is from the latter; because it is an assertion, introductory to a qualification—which leads you to expect a direct or implied negation; and hence, is absolutely inseparable from what follows. Thus,

"*Your enemies may be formidable by their numbers, or by their power*, or *are formidable, &c.*—but He who is with you, is mightier than they." Here is an implied *negation with respect* to the subject, *enemies*, which negation being expressed, would *stand thus—but they are not as mighty as He* that is with you.

Full of desire to answer all' demands—the truly benevolent, when their own funds are insufficient, think it not troublesome to ask assistance, and plead the cause of the wretched.

No man can rise above the infirmities of nature', unless assisted by God.

Your enemies may be formidable by their numbers and by their power'—but He who is with you, is mightier than they.

Virtue were a kind of misery', if fame were all the garland that crowned her.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form', Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible.

Cæsar was celebrated for his great generosity'—Cato, for his unsullied integrity.*

GENERAL EXCEPTION TO THE FIRST AND THIRD RULE.

When the commencing member of an antithesis requires the relative emphasis (1), or is opposed in the concluding member, by a negation (2), the latter has the rising, and the former the falling inflection—as,

(1) If we have no regard for our character\', we ought to have some regard for our interest'.

If you will not make the experiment for your own\' satisfaction, you ought to make it for the satisfaction of your friends'.

(2) We have taken up arms to defend\' our country, not to betray' it.

The duty of a soldier is to obey\', not to direct' his general.

If the antithesis commences with the negation, or has a negation in the commencing, as well as in the concluding member, it is read in the ordinary style.

We have taken up arms, not to betray', but to defend\' our country.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the Sons of God! Therefore, the world knoweth us' not, because it knew him\' not.

INTERROGATION.

Rule IV.—Questions asked by pronouns or adverbs, end with the falling inflection.

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* Upon mature deliberation, I have included the antithesis under this rule—the mutual reference of the parts of which, shows such a relation in sense, as, I conceive, warrants my doing so.

Who ever left the precincts of mortality, without casting a trembling eye on the scene that is before\ him?

What evil can come nigh to him, for whom Jesus\ died?

RULE V.—Questions asked by verbs, require the rising inflection.

Does the law which thou hast broken, denounce vengeance/ against thee? Behold that law fulfilled in the meritorious life of thy Redeemer.

Shall dust and ashes stand in the presence of that uncreated glory, before which principalities and powers bow down, tremble, and adore/? Shall guilty and condemned creatures appear in the presence of Him, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly/?—This is the sting of death.

RULE VI.—When the interrogation affects two objects, taken *disjunctively*, the former has the rising, and the latter the falling inflection.

Are you toiling for fame/, or for fortune\?

Exemplification of the Three preceding Rules.

(1) Who are the persons that are most apt to fall into peevishness and dejection\? that are continually complaining of the world, and see nothing but wretchedness\ around them? (3) Are they the affluent/ or the indigent\? (2) Are they those, whose wants are administered to by a hundred hands besides their own/? who have only to wish and to have/?—Let the minion of fortune answer you. (2) Are they those whom want compels to toil for their daily meal, or [and] nightly pillow/—who have no treasure, but the sweat of their brows/—who rise with the rising sun, to expose themselves to all the rigours of the seasons, unsheltered from the winter's cold, or [and] unshaded from the summer's heat/? No! the labours of such are the very blessings of their condition.

EXCEPTIONS.

1. When a question commencing with a pronoun or an adverb, is used as an exclamation, it has the rising inflection.

Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city, asking one another, what news/?—what news/? Is there any thing more new, than to see a man of Macedonia become master of the Athenians, and give laws to all Greece?

You are perpetually asking me how are we to accomplish/ it—*How are we to* accomplish it/! Do you think you will accomplish *it by fearing to* attempt it?

2. When a question asked by a verb, is very long, or concludes a paragraph, it may end with the falling inflection.

The Brigantines, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's settlements, to storm their camps, and, if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke: and shall not we, untouched, unsubdued—and struggling, not for the acquisition, but for the continuance of liberty, declare at the very first onset, what kind of men Caledonia has reserved for her defence'?

Note 1. When an assertion gives rise to a question, the assertion is delivered in a louder tone (1); —when a question gives rise to an assertion, the question is the more audible—(2).

Observe the other now; (1) *In the first place sallying out on a sudden from his seat*—For what reason?—*In the evening*—What urged him?—*Late*—For what purpose? especially at that season!—*He calls at Pompey's seat*—With what view? (2) *To see Pompey?*—He knew he was at Allium!—*To see his house?*—He had been in it a thousand times!—*What, then, could be the reason of his loitering and shifting about?*—He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

Note 2. The inflections at the note of exclamation, are the same as at every other point; except where masterless passion uses them as it pleases. Emotion is your only guide in this instance.*

Note 3. The accented words of a question beginning with a verb, either have the rising inflection, or are pronounced in a monotone.

PARENTHESIS.

RULE VII.—The Parenthesis must be pronounced in a lower tone, and with a more rapid delivery, than the rest of the sentence; and must conclude with the same pause and inflection that immediately precede it.

For God is my witness'—*whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son*'—that, without ceasing, I may make mention of you always

* Notes 1, 2, and 3, in Ewing's abstract of Mr. Walker's system, are entirely superfluous—there not being, in the examples to which they refer, any peculiarity which renders the principal rules insufficient as a guide to the reading of those examples.

in my prayers, making request'—*if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey, by the will of God*—to come unto you.

EXCEPTION.

Whatsoever be the inflection that precedes it, the parenthesis must have the falling inflection, when it ends with a word which requires the relative emphasis.*

If you, Æschines, in particular', were thus persuaded—*and it was no partial affection for me that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applauses, the honours which attended that course I then advised, but the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point out any more eligible course*—if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign those measures now, when you could not then propose any better?

Note 1. When the parenthesis is long, as in the above example, the greater part of it may be delivered in the monotone.

Note 2. The small intervening members, *said I, says he, replied he*, &c. follow the inflection of the member that precedes them, in a feebler, and in a higher or lower tone of voice.

You *perceive', then, said I*, that the cause is a hopeless one. How can *that' be? said he*. It is obnoxious to the *ministry', replied I. Justice', exclaimed he*, will carry it. Justice, *versus Power', rejoined I*, is a desperate law-suit.

SERIES.

A Series is a number of particulars, immediately following one another, whether independent, (1), or having one common reference, (2).

Examples.

(1) The wind and rain are over': Calm is the noon' of day: The clouds are divided' in heaven: over the green hill flies the inconstant sun': Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill'.

(2) The characteristics of chivalry were—*valour', humanity', courtesy', justice', and honour'*.

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* See Emphasis.

When the numbers of a series consist of several words, as in the former example, the series is called *compound;* when of single words,* as in the latter, it is called *simple.*

When a series begins a sentence, but does not end it, it is called *a commencing series;* when it ends it, whether it begins or not, it is called *a concluding series.*†

COMPOUND SERIES.

RULE VIII.—In a commencing compound series, every member, except the *last*, has the falling inflection; in a concluding one, every member except the *last but one.*

Commencing Series.

That charity is not puffed up\', doth not behave itself unseemly\', seeketh not her own\', is not easily provoked\', thinketh no evil\', rejoiceth in the truth\', beareth\' all things, believeth\' all things, hopeth\' all things, *endureth\' all things*—is taught by the Apostle Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians.

Concluding Series.

Charity is not puffed up\', doth not behave itself unseemly\', seeketh not her own\', is not easily provoked\', thinketh no evil\', rejoiceth in the truth\', beareth\' all things, believeth\' all things, *hopeth\' all things*, endureth\' all things.

The only exception which I would admit of, is in the reading of certain tender passages in *poetry*, where the rising inflection seems preferable—and this is altogether a question of taste or feeling.

So when the faithful pencil has design\'d
Some bright idea of the master's mind\';
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand\';
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light\';
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And the bold figure just begins to live—
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

* The addition of an article, a preposition, or a conjunction, does not render a series compound: nor the introduction of a *compound member*, when the majority of the members are *simple.*

† *The wind and rain are over*, &c. is an example of a series commencing and concluding a sentence.

SIMPLE SERIES.

RULE IX.—In a series of ten members, each set of three members is marked with different inflections, till you come to the last member; which, if the series is a commencing one, must have the rising inflection; if a concluding one, the falling inflection.

Judgment\, patience\, perseverance\,—fortitude/, courage/, generosity/,—continence\, piety\, opportunity\, fortune/,—must combine to make a great man.

But the *first* member of the last set changes its inflection, when the series consists of only *four* members; as,

Continence/, piety\, opportunity\, fortune/,—were conspicuous in the life of Scipio.

Numerical Table of the Simple Series.

COMMENCING. No. of Members.		CONCLUDING. No. of Members.	
2	1\ 2/	2	1/ 2\
3	1\ 2\ 3/	3	1/ 2/ 3\
4	1/ 2\ 3\ 4/	4	1\ 2/ 3/ 4\
5	1/ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5/	5	1\ 2/ 3/ 4/ 5\
6	1/ 2/ 3\ 4\ 5\ 6/	6	1\ 2\ 3/ 4/ 5/ 6\
7	1/ 2/ 3/ 4\ 5\ 6\ 7/	7	1\ 2\ 3\ 4/ 5/ 6/ 7\
8	1\ 2/ 3/ 4/ 5\ 6\ 7\ 8/	8	1/ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5/ 6/ 7/ 8\
9	1\ 2\ 3/ 4/ 5/ 6\ 7\ 8\ 9/	9	1/ 2/ 3\ 4\ 5\ 6/ 7/ 8/ 9\
10	1\ 2\ 3\ 4/ 5/ 6/ 7\ 8\ 9\ 10/	10	1/ 2/ 3/ 4\ 5\ 6\ 7/ 8/ 9/ 10\

Mr. Ewing's table for the reading of pairs of nouns, is quite superfluous; the illustrations are nothing more than examples of the *compound series;* each member of which has always *two inflections,* whether it contains *two accented words or not.** Who, for instance, can perceive the minutest difference between the reading of the two following examples: the first of which Mr. Ewing gives as an example of a compound series; and the second, as an example of pairs of nouns?

Absalom's/ beauty\, Jonathan's/ love\, David's/ valour\, Solomon's/ wisdom\, the patience/ of Job\, the prudence/ of Augustus\, the eloquence/ of Cicero\, the innocence/ of wisdom/, and the intelligence\ of all/—though faintly amiable in the creature, are found in immense perfection in the Creator.

* *Unless, in the latter case,* the accented word begins the member; and if a word of more than one syllable, commences with the accented syllable; as, "number ye," &c.

The wise′ and the foolish\, the virtuous′ and the evil\, the learned′ and the ignorant\, the temperate\ and the profligate′—must often be blended together.

Note 1. When a simple series occurs in the member of a compound series, the simple members are inflected according to the inflection with which the compound member ends: for instance, if it ends with the falling inflection, they are inflected as the members of a simple concluding series; if with the rising, as the members of a simple commencing series.

The soul can exert herself in many different ways of action: she can understand′, will′, imagine\—see′ and hear\—love\ and discourse′—and apply herself to many other like exercises of different kinds and natures\.

Here we have a compound concluding series of four members, three of which consist each of a simple series, and the first two simple series are read as a simple *concluding* series, because the compound members which they compose, are marked with the falling inflection; and the third, as a simple *commencing* series, because the compound member which it forms, must end with the rising inflection.

The rules for inflecting the voice in the series, preclude the necessity of even remarking, that the *penultimate member* of a sentence has the rising inflection, subject to the exceptions which have been made in the preceding part of the Introduction, with reference to the relative emphasis.

Note 2. Phrases and accented words, though not occurring in the form of a series, are inflected in the same manner.

HARMONIC INFLECTION.

The rule for what is called the harmonic inflection, is so extremely *indefinite*, that it is any thing but a rule. I am persuaded, that not one reader in twenty, can profit by it. The reading of the examples, is unexceptionable; but the rule would establish it to be a thing, not of principle or method, but of mere fancy. The fact is, the reading consists in inflecting the *phrases* in the latter part

of a sentence, as you would the *members of a compound series*, viz.

1. We may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we have once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments; since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by *degrees' exchange`—that' pleasure`—which it takes in the performance of its duty'*, for delights of a much inferior and more unprofitable nature.

2. One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age, has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining Æneas's voyage by the map; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history, would be delighted with *little' more`—in that divine` author'*—than the bare matters of fact.

3. Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must further observe, that they are likewise, in a most particular manner, possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are *wedded' to opinions`—full of contradiction` and impossibility'—and at the same' time`—look upon the smallest difficulty`—in an article` of faith'*—as a sufficient reason for rejecting it.

In the first of these examples, the phrases—*by degrees' exchange`—that' pleasure`*, and the relative clause, *which it takes in the performance of its duty'*—are read as the first three members of a compound concluding series of four members.

In the second, the phrases—*with little' more`*, and *in that divine` author'*—are read as the first two members of a compound concluding series of three members.

In the last, the phrases—*wedded' to opinions`—full of contradiction` and impossibility'*—are also read as the first two members of a compound concluding series of three members, the last of which is again read as a compound concluding series of four members, with reference to the phrases, *same' time`—look upon the smallest difficulty`—in an article` of faith'—as a sufficient reason for rejecting it.**

To the same rule may be referred the following example, which is unnecessarily made the subject of a distinct rule.

A brave' man struggling`—in the storms' of fate`,
And greatly` falling'—with a falling' state`.

* Nothing is more common than for a member of a series to involve another series; nay, it often happens, that a member of that other involves a third. For example: *the member, if I may call it so, as a sufficient reason for rejecting it*, though not marked, is, nevertheless, read as a series of two members, with reference to the phrases, *as a sufficient reason'*, and *for rejecting it'*.

EXCLAMATION.

RULE X.—When a word is repeated in form of an exclamation, it has generally the rising inflection.

Newton was a Christian. Newton! whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature, on our finite conceptions.

ACCENT.

RULE XI.—Words which are the same, in *part* of their formation, when opposed to, or distinguished from each other, howsoever ordinarily accented, have the accent on that syllable in which they differ.

There is a material difference between *giv*ing and *for*giving.
In this species of composition, *plaus*ibility is much more important than *prob*ability.

RHETORICAL DIVISION OF WORDS.

Words are rhetorically divided into emphatic, accented, and unaccented or feeble.

Words are emphatic, when they have an antithesis expressed or understood, or when we wish to enforce particularly, the ideas which they represent; they are accented, when they consist of principal verbs, nouns, adjectives, and adverbs, not connecting ones; and unaccented or feeble, when they consist of auxiliary verbs, pronouns,* conjunctions, prepositions, and articles, or words of any description, depending upon an emphatic word.†

I can *assure* you, that I *speak* from *long experience*; and that you may *implicitly believe* me, when I *say*, that *exercise* and *temperance* will *undoubtedly strengthen even* an INDIFFERENT constitution.

Here, the word *indifferent*, because it is opposed, by implication, to the epithet *sound*, is emphatic: the words

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* Personal and adjective pronouns, when they are antecedents; and relative pronouns, when their antecedents are not expressed, become accented words.

He that runs may read.
Great is *your* kindness who can thus allow.
I cannot give credit to *him* who has once deceived me.
Who seeks for glory, often finds a grave.

† Except when such words can be separated into phrases; in which case the last phrase has the inflection proper to the sentence to which it belongs: as, "To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her."

assure, speak, believe, say, strengthen, because they are principal verbs; *experience, exercise, temperance,* because they are nouns; *long,* because it is an adjective; *implicitly, undoubtedly,* and (with Mr. Walker's leave) *even,* because they are adverbs, and not connective ones—are accented: and *can, may, will,* because they are auxiliary verbs; *I* and *you,* because they are pronouns; *that* and *and,* because they are conjunctions; and *when,* because it is a connective adverb; *an,* because it is an article; and *constitution,* because it depends upon an emphatic word—are unaccented, or feeble words.

Note. Whensoever a word represents an idea which has been expressed or implied in the preceding part of the sentence; that word, unless inserted for the sake of emphasis, becomes necessarily unaccented: as,

Our caution increasing as our years increase, FEAR *becomes, at last, the prevailing* PASSION *of the mind,* &c.

The idea, *passion,* being implied in the word, *fear*—the word, *passion,* becomes unaccented, and follows the inflection of the preceding word.

EMPHASIS.*

Emphasis is of two kinds, absolute and relative. Relative emphasis has always an antithesis, either expressed or implied: absolute emphasis takes place, when the peculiar eminence of the thought is solely —singly considered.

> 'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a peasant',
> To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
> And mark it with a noble lady's name.

Here we have an example of relative emphasis; for, if the thought were expressed at full, it would stand thus—

Unworthy not only of a gentleman, but even of a peasant.†

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* I apprehend, that, notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject, the true definition of emphasis remains still to be discovered.

† This demonstrates the impropriety of asserting, that what we have taken the liberty of calling relative emphasis, and what Mr. Walker designates by the name of the strong emphasis, excludes the antithesis; for the quality unworthy, is here referred to both the gentleman and the peasant. The fact is, it either excludes or includes the antithesis. In the above instance, it includes it; in the following, it *excludes it.*

I'll be, in men's despite, a monarch—

That is, not with the consent of men, but in their despite.

'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name.

Here we have an example of absolute emphasis; for, if the thought were expressed at full, it would stand thus—

Unworthy a being composed of such perfections as constitute a man.*

SINGLE (1), DOUBLE (2), AND TREBLE (3) EMPHASIS.

The rules under this head are every way superfluous. Single, double, and treble emphasis, are nothing but examples of antithesis. Antithesis, abstractedly considered, is a series of two members, each of which may consist of one or more parts.†

(1) *We can do nothing—against' the truth, but for\ the truth.*

Here each member consists of one part.

Custom—*is the plague\ of wise' men—and the idol' of fools\.*

Here each member consists of two parts, which are inflected as the members of a series; the one commencing, and the other concluding.

(2) *As it is the part of justice\—never to do violence'; so it is of modesty'—never to commit offence\.*

Here, again, each member consists of two parts, which are inflected as the members of a compound series; the one commencing, and the other concluding.

(3) *A friend cannot be known\—in prosperity'; and an enemy cannot be hidden'—in adversity\.*

The same thing takes place here.

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* In reasoning upon this example, Mr. Walker, by the most palpable contradiction, refutes his own theory. He says, "this inflection intimates, that something is affirmed of the emphatic, which is not denied of the antithetic object;" and this position he thus illustrates, or proves—

Unworthy of a man, though NOT unworthy of a brute.

Is this affirming, or not denying, of the subject brute, what is affirmed of the subject man? Is this the alleged act unworthy of both the brute and the man? Assuredly not! The implied antithetic subject, brute, is here positively excluded; and Mr. Walker has absolutely attributed to the weak emphasis, what he asserts to be the sole—the characteristic property of the strong emphasis! Nothing less could be expected. His premiss was false. All emphasis has *not* an antithesis either expressed or understood, or else the rising and the falling emphasis are the *same*; or, if not the same, the former has *no antithesis*.

† Examples of harmonic inflection. I have a faint idea of a more philosophical *theory upon this subject*; but I have not space here for the discussion.

EMPHATIC PHRASE.

Rule XII.—When we wish to give a phrase with the utmost possible force, not only every word which enters into the composition of it, becomes emphatic, but even the parts of *compound* words are pronounced as if they were independent.

There was a time, then, my fellow-citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters both by sea and land; when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica; when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Cleone, and the other islands; while this state had not one ship—no, NOT—ONE—WALL.

That's truly great! what, think you, 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right, in stern despite of nature;
Shutting their ears 'gainst all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd!
At Aulis—one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars!
Another slew a sister in just rage!
A third, the theme of all succeeding time,
Gave to the cruel axe, a darling son!
Nay, some for virtue have entomb'd themselves,
As he of Carthage—an immortal name!
But there is ONE—STEP—LEFT—above them all!
Above their history, above their fable!
A wife!—bride!—mistress unenjoy'd!—Do that!
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory!

Or shall I—who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up in the tent of my father—that most excellent general!—shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves—shall I compare myself with this—HALF—YEAR—CAPTAIN? a captain—before whom, should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul.

Note. The rule for the intermediate, or elliptical member, is superfluous; as it simply refers to a word or words, depending on emphatic words, and consequently *feeble*.

Must we, in [illegible] tles, or must [illegible] crown' *the author of the public* [illegible]

RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION.

All that has been said upon this subject is contained in the following lines:

> In pausing, ever let this rule take place:
> Never to *separate* words, in any case,
> That are *less separable* than those you *join*;
> And—which imports the same—not to *combine*
> Such words together as do not *relate*
> *So closely* as the words you *separate*.

I am convinced, that a *nice* attention to rhetorical punctuation, has an extremely mischievous tendency, and is totally inconsistent with nature. Give the sense of what you read—MIND is the thing. Pauses are essential only where their omission would *obscure the sense.* The orator, who, in the act of delivering himself, is studiously solicitous about parcelling his words, is sure to leave the best part of his work undone. He delivers words, not thoughts. Deliver thoughts, and words will take care enough of themselves. I repeat it—BE IN EARNEST.

We have thus attempted to give a short abstract of the principles of Elocution, so far as the inflecting of the voice is concerned. And here we beg leave to correct the erroneous position, that the inflections are essential to the sense. They are no such thing—except, perhaps, in the single article of emphasis—and for this palpable reason—the English, Scotch, and Irish, use them differently, and yet not the smallest ambiguity follows with regard to the communication, or the production of thought. The sense is a guide to the use of the inflections: that is all. The system is nothing more nor less than an analysis—if I may use the term—of the manner in which the best speakers in London modulate the voice; and, as such, is highly important—assisting us to get rid of one source of that

peculiarity which constitutes provincial speech—a misapplication of the inflections.

We cannot leave this subject, without acknowledging the obligations which, in common with every other teacher of elocution, we owe to the researches of Mr. Walker. If we have improved upon his system, we give him still the merit of our corrections. He led us to them—Nay, it is but the *economy* of his system which we have attempted to improve. The system remains the same—and most probably would have remained unknown, but for the eager spirit of inquiry, and indefatigable activity of perseverance, which distinguished the labours of its eminently meritorious discoverer.

In the following pieces, the inflections are marked with a minuteness which has not been attempted by any preceding Compiler; and figures of reference have been introduced, in order to facilitate the improvement of the student in his knowledge of the rules—nearly the whole of which are exemplified.

The Character of Mary, Queen of Scots.

To all' the charms' of beauty` (1, 2*), and the utmost' elegance` of external` form' (3, 2), Mary' added` those` accomplishments' (2) which render` their impression' irresistible` (4, 2). Polite', affable`, insinuating`, sprightly' (1, 5), and capable of speaking` and of writing' (5) with equal' ease' and dignity` (3, 7). Sudden`, however, and violent' (6) in all her attachments` (4); because her heart' was warm' and unsuspicious` (13). Impatient' of contradiction` (4); because' she had been accustomed' from her infancy` (8, 2) to be treated as a queen (9). No' stranger`, on some` (8) occasions (9), to dissimulation' (10, 2); which', in that' perfidious' court` (2) where she received` her education' (2), was reckoned' among the necessary` (8) arts of government (9). Not' insensible' to flattery` (1), or unconscious` of that` pleasure' (2) with which almost every` woman' (2) beholds` the

* See page xxxvi.

influence' of her own' beauty` (2, 4). Formed' with the qualities' that we love` (1), not` with the talents` that we admire' (11, 2); she was an agreeable` woman', rather' than an illustrious' queen` (4, 2). The vivacity' of her spirit` (1, 2), not sufficiently` tempered' with sound' judgement` (12, 2); and the warmth` of her heart' (3, 2), which was not at all` times under the restraint` of discretion' (12,2); betrayed' her both into errors', and into crimes` (12, 2, 13). To say` that she was always` unfortunate' (11, 2), will not account` for that long' and almost uninterrupted` (8) succession (9) of calamities', which befel her (10, 2, 14, 18); we must likewise` add', that she was often' imprudent` (4, 2). Her passion` for Darnley' (11, 2) was rash', youthful', and excessive` (13); and, though the sudden' transition` to the opposite` extreme' (11, 2), was the natural` consequence' of her' ill-requited' love` (1, 2), and of his' ingratitude`, insolence`, and brutality' (3, 7); yet neither these` (10), nor Bothwell's' artful' addresses` and important` services' (3, 2), can justify` her attachment' to that' nobleman` (4, 2). Even the manners' of the age` (8, 2), licentious` as they were' (12), are no apology for this' unhappy passion (2, 10, 9); nor can they induce' us to look` on that tragical' and infamous' scene` which followed' it (2, 11), with less' abhorrence` (4, 2). Humanity' will draw' a veil` over this' part of her character (16, 2), which it cannot approve' (12); and may' perhaps' prompt' some` (2) to impute her actions' to her situation` (2, 16), more` than to her disposition' (2, 3); and to lament` the unhappiness` of the former' (16), rather than accuse' the perverseness' of the latter` (17, 2). Mary's` sufferings' (3) exceed' (2), both' in degree` and duration' (2, 12), those tragical' distresses` which fancy` has feigned' to excite sorrow' and commiseration` (2, 4); and, while we survey' them (11, 2), we are apt altogether' to forget` (2, 8) her frailties (9), we think' of her faults` with less indignation' (2, 16), and approve' of our tears`, as if they were shed` for a person' who had attained` much` nearer' to pure virtue` (17, 2, 5, 7). "No' man," says Brantome' (12, 2), ever' beheld' her person` without admiration` and love' (16, 2), or will read` her history' without sorrow` (17, 2). *Robertson.*

Brethren should dwell together in Harmony.

Two' brothers`, named Timon' and Demetrius`, having quarrelled' (11, 2) with each other,* Socrates', their common friend'.(12), was solicitous' to restore' amity` between them (4, 2). Meeting, therefore, with Demetrius' (11), he thus' accosted` him (4, 2): "Is not friendship' the sweetest' solace' in adversity', and the greatest' enhancement' of the blessings of prosperity' (19, 2)?" "Certainly` it is," replied Demetrius (4, 20, 21); "because our sorrows` are diminished' (6), and our joys' increased` (17), by sympathetic participation (9). "Amongst whom, then, must we look` for a friend (22)?" said Socrates (21). "Would you search among strangers' (19)?—They cannot be interested' about you (10, 20). Amongst your rivals' (19)?—They have an interest in opposition` (8, 20) to yours. Amongst those who are much older' or younger` (23) than yourself?—Their` feelings` and pursuits' (6) will be widely different` from yours (4, 20). Are there not, then, some' circumstances' favourable', and others' essential' (19), to the formation of friendship' (9)?" "Undoubtedly` there are (4, 20)," answered Demetrius. "May we not enumerate'," continued Socrates (21), "amongst the circumstances favourable' to friendship, long acquaintance', common connexions', similitude of age', and union of interest' (19, 2)?" "I acknowledge`," said Demetrius, "the powerful' influence' of these' circumstances' (11, 2); but they' may subsist', and yet` others` be wanting', that are essential` (8, 2) to mutual amity (9)." "And what`," said Socrates (21), "are those` essentials' which are wanting' in Timon` (22, 2)?" "He has forfeited' my esteem' and attachment` (13, 2)," answered Demetrius (21). "And has he also' forfeited' the esteem and attachment of the rest' of mankind (19, 9)? Is he devoid of benevolence', generosity', gratitude', and other' (19, 24) social affections (26)?" "Far' be it from me`," cried Demetrius (21), to lay so heavy' (10)† a charge‡ upon him (9). His conduct to others', is', I be-

* The propriety of not accenting any word in this phrase is obvious from the fact, that the sense is complete without it.

† *This has* evidently the spirit of a negative sentence, and is accordingly inflected *as such.*

‡ *The idea* represented by the word *charge*, is implied in the preceding question. *That word is* consequently unaccented, and follows the inflection of the word *heavy.*

lieve′ (12), irreproachable` (4); whence it wounds me the more` (8), that he should single` me` out′ (24, 2) as the object′ of his unkindness` (4, 2)." "Suppose′ you have a very valuable′ horse` (8)," resumed Socrates (20), "gentle′ under the treatment′ of others`, but ungovernable` when you′ (11, 27) attempt to use him (26); would you not endeavour`, by all` means′, to conciliate′ his affection, and to treat′ him in the way most likely to render him tractable′ (19, 2)?—Or if you have a dog` (8), highly prized for his fidelity′, watchfulness′, and care′ of your flocks`; who is fond` of your shepherds′, and playful` with them; and yet snarls` whenever′ you′ (2) come in his way (26); would you attempt to cure′ him of his fault (26), by angry looks or words, or any other′ (19, 2) marks of resentment (26)? You would surely pursue an opposite′ (19)* course with him (26). And is not the friendship of a brother′ of far′ more′ worth′ (24) than the services′ of a horse′, or the attachment′ of a dog′ (19, 2)? Why`, then, do you delay` to put in practice′ those` means′ which may reconcile′ you to Timon` (22, 2)? "Acquaint` (4) me with those means (4)," answered Demetrius (21); "for I am a stranger to them (4)." "Answer me a few questions` (4)," said Socrates (21). "If you desire` that one of your neighbours should invite′ you to his feast`, when he offers a sacrifice′ (11, 2), what course` would you take (22)?"—"I would first` invite′ him to mine` (4, 2, 20)." "And how would you induce′ him to take the charge of your affairs′, when you are on a journey` (22, 2)?"—"I should be forward to do the same′ good office (26) to him` (4), in his absence.†" "If you be solicitous to remove a prejudice′ (11) which he may have received against you,‡ how would you then` (22) behave towards him?§"—"I should endeavour to convince` him, by my looks`, words`, and actions′ (6), that such` prejudice′ was ill′-founded` (4, 2)." "And, if he appeared` inclined` to reconciliation′ (11, 2), would you reproach′ (19) him with the injustice he had done you?‖"—"Nô!" answered Demetrius (21); I would repeat` no` grievances′ (10, 2)." "Go′," said Socrates (21)

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* This sentence has, obviously, the force of a question depending on a verb.

† The phrase, *in his absence*, is superfluous—consequently unaccented.

‡ The clause, *which he may*, &c. is used expletively—and is therefore unaccented.

§ This phrase is implied in the preceding questions.

‖ *The clause, with the injustice*, &c. is implied in the word prejudice.

and pursue` that' conduct` towards` your brother' (11), which you would practise to a neighbour` (4). His' (25) friendship is of inestimable` (8) worth (26); and nothing` is more' lovely` in the sight of Heaven' (11, 2), than for brethren' to dwell' together in unity` (4, 2).

Percival.

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1 Penult. memb.—comp. com. Series
2 Note 3—Interrogation
3 Final memb.—comp. com. Series
4 Rule 1
5 Note 1—Series
6 Simple com. Series
7 Foot note †—Series
8 Relative emphasis
9 Rhetorical division of words
10 Rule 2
11 Rule 3
12 Rule 7
13 Simple conclud. Series
14 Note 1—Emphatic phrase
15 Comp. com. Series
16 Penult. memb. comp. concluding Series
17 Final memb. do.
18 Foot note *—Rhet. div. of words
19 Rule 5
20 Note 1—Interrogation
21 Note 2—Parenthesis
22 Rule 4
23 Rule 6
24 Rule 11
25 Absolute emphasis
26 Note—Rhet. div. of words
27 Rule 12

THE

ELOCUTIONIST.

PROMISCUOUS SELECTIONS IN PROSE.

On Study.

STUDIES' serve' for delight', for ornament', and for ability'. Their chief use for delight', is in privateness' and retiring'; for ornament', is in discourse'; and for ability', is in the judgement' and disposition' of business'. For expert' men can execute', and perhaps judge' of particulars, one' by one'; but the general' counsels', and the plots', and marshaling' of affairs, come' best' from those' that are learned'. To spend too' much time' in studies, is sloth'; to use' them too much for ornament', is affectation'; to make judgement wholly' by their' rules, is the humour' of a scholar'. They perfect' nature', and are perfected' by experience'; for natural' abilities' are like natural plants', that need pruning by study'; and studies themselves' do give forth directions' too much at large', except they be bounded' in' by experience'. Crafty' men contemn' studies, simple' men admire' them, and wise' men use' them: for they teach not their own' use, but that is a wisdom without' them, and above' them, won' by observation'. Read'—not to contradict' and refute', not to believe' and take for granted', nor to find talk' and discourse'—but to weigh' and consider'. Some' books are to be tasted'; others', to be swallowed'; and some' few', to be chewed' and digested': that is, some' books are to be read only in parts'; others', to be read'—but not curiously'; and some' few', to be read wholly', and with diligence' and attention'. Some books also may be read by deputy', and extracts of

them made by others'; but that should be only in the less' important arguments, and the meaner' sort of books; else distilled' books' are like common' distilled' waters'—flashy' things'. Reading' maketh a full' man; conference', a ready' man; and writing', an exact' man. And, therefore, if a man write' little, he had need have a present' wit'; if he confer' little, he had need have a good' memory'; and if he read' little, he had need have much' cunning' to seem' to know' that he doth not.' *Bacon.*

On the Love of Life.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade: hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of

surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery: but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession—They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long. *Goldsmith.*

On Grieving for the Dead.

We sympathize even with the dead; and, overlooking what is of real importance in their situation,—that awful futurity which awaits them,—we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption and the reptiles of the earth; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated, in a little time, from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgot by every body; and, by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that, what alleviates all other distresses—the regret, the love, and the lamentations of friends—can yield no comfort to them, serves only to

exasperate our sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly, is affected by none of these circumstances; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy, which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining, to the change which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that change, from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from our lodging—if I may be allowed to say so—our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination, that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of these circumstances, which undoubtedly can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable while we are alive. And from thence arises one of the most important principles in human nature—the dread of death; the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice of mankind; which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individual, guards and protects the society. *Dr. Adam Smith.*

On Remorse.

As the greater and more irreparable the evil that is done, the resentment of the sufferer runs naturally the higher; so does likewise the sympathetic indignation of the spectator, as well as the sense of guilt in the agent. Death is the greatest evil which one man can inflict upon another, and excites the highest degree of resentment in those who are immediately connected with the slain. Murder, therefore, is the most atrocious of all crimes which affect individuals only, in the sight both of mankind, and of the person who has committed it. To be deprived of that which we are possessed of, is a greater evil than to be disappointed of what we have only the expectation. Breach of property, therefore, theft and robbery, which take from us what we are possessed of, are greater crimes than breach of contract, which only disappoints us of what we expected. The most sacred laws of justice, therefore—those whose *violation* seems to call loudest for vengeance and punish*ment*—are the laws which guard the life and person of our

neighbour; the next are those which guard his property and possessions; and last of all come those which guard what are called his personal rights, or what is due to him from the promises of others.

The violator of the more sacred laws of justice, can never reflect on the sentiments which mankind must entertain with regard to him, without feeling all the agonies of shame, and horror, and consternation. When his passion is gratified, and he begins coolly to reflect on his past conduct, he can enter into none of the motives which influenced it. They appear now as detestable to him, as they did always to other people. By sympathizing with the hatred and abhorrence which other men must entertain for him, he becomes in some measure the object of his own hatred and abhorrence. The situation of the person who suffered by his injustice, now calls upon his pity. He is grieved at the thought of it; regrets the unhappy effects of his own conduct; and feels, at the same time, that they have rendered him the proper object of the resentment and indignation of mankind, and of what is the natural consequence of resentment—vengeance and punishment. The thought of this perpetually haunts him, and fills him with terror and amazement. He dares no longer look society in the face, but imagines himself as it were rejected, and thrown out from the affections of all mankind. He cannot hope for the consolation of sympathy, in this his greatest and most dreadful distress: the remembrance of his crimes has shut out all fellow-feeling with him from the hearts of his fellow-creatures. The sentiments which they entertain with regard to him, are the very thing which he is most afraid of. Every thing seems hostile; and he would be glad to fly to some inhospitable desert, where he might never more behold the face of a human creature, nor read in the countenance of mankind the condemnation of his crimes. But solitude is still more dreadful than society. His own thoughts can present him with nothing but what is black, unfortunate, and disastrous—the melancholy forebodings of incomprehensible misery and ruin. The horror of solitude drives him back to society; and he comes again into the presence of mankind, astonished to appear before them, loaded with shame, and distracted with fear, in order to supplicate some little protection from the countenance of those very judges, who he knows have already all unanimously condemned him. Such is the nature

of that sentiment, which is properly called remorse; of all the sentiments which can enter the human breast, the most dreadful. It is made up—of shame, from the sense of the impropriety of past conduct; of grief, for the effects of it; of pity, for those who suffer by it; and of the dread and terror of punishment, from the consciousness of the justly-provoked resentment of all rational creatures.

Dr. Adam Smith.

Discontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.

SUCH is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust.—Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy, to the hour of actual execution; all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through Elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes; and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others—not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas—advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation: for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it; difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because

we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but, as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end: for, though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan; yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach; that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours, than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly are weariness and vexation the concomitants of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversion, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasures of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour; or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth; scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it; and, because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work; or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unseasonable importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness—which must always oppress us more, as our toil has been longer continued: but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain; and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld.

Johnson.

On the Sublime in Writing.

It is, generally speaking, among the most ancient authors, that we are to look for the most striking instances of the sublime. The early ages of the world, and the rude unimproved state of society, are peculiarly favourable to the strong emotion of sublimity. The genius of men is then much turned to admiration and astonishment. Meeting with many objects, to them new and strange, their imagination is kept glowing, and their passions are often raised to the utmost. They think and express themselves boldly, and without restraint. In the progress of society, the genius and manners of men undergo a change more favourable to accuracy, than to strength or sublimity.

Of all writings, ancient or modern, the Sacred Scriptures afford us the highest instances of the sublime. The descriptions of the Deity, in them, are wonderfully noble, both from the grandeur of the object, and the manner of representing it. What an assemblage, for instance, of awful and sublime ideas is presented to us, in that passage of the XVIIIth Psalm, where an appearance of the Almighty is described? "In my distress I called upon the Lord; he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills were moved, because he was wroth. He bowed the heavens and came down, and darkness was under his feet: and he did ride upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky." We see with what propriety and success the

circumstances of darkness and terror are applied for heightening the sublime. So, also, the prophet Habakkuk, in a similar passage: "He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld, and drove asunder the nations. The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting. The mountains saw thee, and they trembled; the overflowing of the water passed by; the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high."

The noted instance given by Longinus from Moses—"God said, let there be light; and there was light"—is not liable to the censure, which was passed on some of his instances, of being foreign to the subject. It belongs to the true sublime; and the sublimity of it arises from the strong conception it gives of an exertion of power, producing its effect with the utmost speed and facility. A thought of the same kind is magnificently amplified in the following passage of Isaiah (chap. xliv. 24, 27, 28): "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb; I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretcheth forth the heavens alone, that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself—that saith to the deep, Be dry, and I will dry up thy rivers; that saith of Cyrus, He is my Shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure; even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundations shall be laid." There is a passage in the Psalms, which deserves to be mentioned under this head: "God," says the Psalmist, "stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumults of the people. The joining together two such grand objects, as the raging of the waters, and the tumults of the people, between which there is such resemblance as to form a very natural association in the fancy, and the representing them both as subject, at one moment, to the command of God, produces a noble effect.

Homer is a poet, who, in all ages, and by all critics, has been greatly admired for sublimity; and he owes much of his grandeur to that native and unaffected simplicity, which characterizes his manner. His description of hosts engaging; the animation, the fire, the rapidity, which he throws into his battles, present, to every reader of the Iliad, frequent instances of sublime writing. His introduction of the gods, tends often to heighten, in a striking degree, the majesty of his warlike scenes. Hence Longinus bestows such high and just commendations on that passage, in the

XVth Book of the Iliad, where Neptune, when preparing to issue forth into the engagement, is described as shaking the mountains with his steps, and driving his chariot along the ocean. Minerva arming herself for fight, in the Vth Book; and Apollo, in the XVth, leading on the Trojans, and flashing terror with his ægis on the face of the Greeks; are similar instances of great sublimity, added to the description of battles, by the appearance of those celestial beings. In the XXth Book, where all the gods take part in the engagement, according as they severally favour either the Grecians or the Trojans, the poet's genius is signally displayed, and the description rises into the most awful magnificence. All nature is represented as in commotion; Jupiter thunders in the heavens; Neptune strikes the earth with his trident; the ships, the city, and the mountains shake; the earth trembles to its centre; Pluto starts from his throne in dread, lest the secrets of the infernal regions should be laid open to the view of mortals.

The works of Ossian abound with examples of the sublime. The subjects of which that author treats, and the manner in which he writes, are particularly favourable to it. He possesses all the plain and venerable manner of the ancient times. He deals in no superfluous or gaudy ornaments; but throws forth his images with a rapid conciseness, which enables them to strike the mind with the greatest force. Among poets of more polished times, we are to look for the graces of correct writing; for just proportion of parts, and skilfully-connected narration. In the midst of smiling scenery and pleasurable themes, the gay and beautiful will appear, undoubtedly, to more advantage; but amidst the rude scenes of nature and of society, such as Ossian describes—amidst rocks, and torrents, and whirlwinds, and battles—dwells the sublime; and naturally associates itself with the grave and solemn spirit which distinguishes the author of Fingal. "As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix, and roar on the plain; loud, rough, and dark—in battle, met Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts, and smokes around. As the troubled noise of the ocean, when roll the waves on

high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of battle. As roll a thousand waves to the rock, so Swaran's host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Innis-fail met Swaran. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sound of shields. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that fall by turns on the red son of the furnace. As a hundred winds on Morven, as the streams of a hundred hills, as clouds fly successive over the heavens, or as the dark ocean assaults the shore of the desert—so roaring, so vast, so terrible, the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath. The groan of the people spread over the hills. It was like the thunder of night, when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind." Never were images of more awful sublimity employed to heighten the terror of battle. *Blair.*

Reflections in Westminster Abbey.

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church; amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another—the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence—whether brass or marble—as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull—intermixed with a kind of a fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what

innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together, under the pavement of that ancient cathedral;—how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass;—how beauty, strength, and youth; with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter!

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations: but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out: when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contest and disputes—I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind: When I read the several dates of the tombs—of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago—I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contempories, and make our appearance together! *Addison.*

Virtue, Man's Highest Interest.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I *had ordered* all myself?—No—nothing like it—the farthest *from it possible.* The world appears not, then, originally

made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry?—If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth—if this be beyond me—it is not possible.—What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this?—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How, then, must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am a fool for staying here: 'tis a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is somewhere at least possible; how, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest: without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth—Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor—our common Parent!

Harris.

The Monk.

A POOR Monk of the order of St. Francis, came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was determined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure—a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it—might be about seventy; but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them—which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years—could be no more than sixty. Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance—notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time—agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating; free from all common-place ideas of fat-contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—It looked forwards; but looked—as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design; for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so. It was a thin, spare form, something above the common size—if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands present in my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast—a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—

and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it——

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

'Tis very true, said I—replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true; and Heaven be their resource who have no other than the charity of the world; the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words "*great claims*," he gave a slight glance with his eyes downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal. I acknowledge it, said I; a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: but the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm. The captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am—continued I, pointing at my portmanteau—full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—But, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first right; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore. The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, "No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent."——But we distinguish, said I—laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour; and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*—

The poor Franciscan made no reply. A hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him: he showed none—but letting his staff fall within his arms, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast —and *retired*.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—"Pshaw!" said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times.—But it would not do! Every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his gray hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter; and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—"I have behaved very ill," said I within myself; "but I have only just set out on my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along." *Sterne.*

On Military Glory.

"You will grant me, however," interposed Tiberius, "that there are refined and sensible delights, in their nature proper for the gratification of a monarch, which are always sure to give rational enjoyment, without the danger of disgusting by repetition?"—"As for instance?" says Belisarius.—"The love of glory, for instance," replied the young man.—"But what sort of glory?"—"Why, of all the various classes of glory, renown in arms must hold the foremost place."—"Very well; that is your position: and do you think the pleasure that springs from conquest has a sincere and lasting charm in it? Alas! when millions are stretched in mangled heaps upon the field of battle, can the mind in that situation taste of joy? I can make no allowance for those who have met danger in all its shapes: They may be permitted to congratulate themselves, that they have escaped with their lives; but, in the case of a king born with sensibility of heart, the day that spills a deluge of human blood, and bids the tears of natural affection flow in rivers round the land; that cannot be a day of true enjoyment. I have more than once traversed over a field of battle; I would have been glad to have seen a Nero in my place: the tears of humanity must have burst from him. I know there are princes who take the pleasure of a campaign, as they do that of hunting; and who send forth their people to the fray, as they let slip their dogs: *but the rage of* conquest is like the unrelenting temper of

avarice, which torments itself, and is to the last insatiable. A province has been invaded, it has been subdued, it lies contiguous to another not yet attempted. Desire begins to kindle, invasion happens after invasion, ambition irritates itself to new projects; till at length comes a reverse of fortune, which exceeds, in the mortification it brings, all the pride and joy of former victories. But, to give things every flattering appearance, let us suppose a train of uninterrupted success: yet, even in that case, the conqueror pushes forward, like another Alexander, to the limits of the world, and then, like him, re-measures back his course; fatigued with triumphs, a burden to himself and mankind, at a loss what to do with the immense tracts which he has depopulated, and melancholy with the reflection, that an acre of his conquests would suffice to maintain him, and a little pit-hole to hide his remains from the world. In my youth I saw the sepulchre of Cyrus; a stone bore this inscription: '*I am Cyrus, he who subdued the Persian empire. Friend, whoever thou art, or wherever thy native country, envy me not the scanty space that covers my clay-cold ashes.*' "Alas!" said I, turning aside from the mournful epitaph, "is it worth while to be a conqueror!"

Tiberius interrupted him with astonishment: "Can these be the sentiments of Belisarius!"—"Yes, young man, thus thinks Belisarius: he is able to decide upon the subject. Of all the plagues which the pride of man has engendered, the rage of conquest is the most destructive."

Marmontel.

Liberty and Slavery.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess! whom all, in public or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch; from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it! and give me but this fair goddess as my companion! and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good

unto thy divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little kalendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand; and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Sterne.

Reyno and Alpin.

Reyno. The wind and rain are over; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven; over the green hill, flies the inconstant sun; red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill.—Sweet are thy mur-

murs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear.—It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead.—Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye.—Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood—as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain—But thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more, thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill—terrible as a meteor of fire.——Thy wrath was as the storm—thy sword, in battle, as lightning in the field.——Thy voice was like a stream after rain—like thunder on distant hills. ——Many fell by thy arm—they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain—like the moon in the silence of night—calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose.——Narrow is thy dwelling now—dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree, with scarce a leaf—long grass whistling in the wind—mark, to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar!—Morar! thou art low indeed: thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love: dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.—Who, on his staff, is this? who this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are galled with tears, who quakes at every step? ——It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son, but thee.——Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead—low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice—no more awake at thy call.——When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?—Farewell! thou bravest of men: thou conqueror in the field: but the field shall see thee no more; nor the gloomy wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel.——Thou hast left no son—but the song shall preserve thy name. *Ossian.*

Story of the Siege of Calais.

EDWARD III. after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:—"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one expedient left!—a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for *the safety* of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed *approbation* from that Power who offered up his only Son

for the salvation of mankind."—He spoke;—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed: "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I gave it cheerfully. Who comes next?"—"Your son," exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—"Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed.—But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality! Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes."—"Your kinsman," cried John de Aire.—"Your kinsman," cried James Wissant.—"Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais?" The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take the last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! what a scene! they crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them: they groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

The English, by this time, were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length, St. Pierre and his fellow-victims

appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed to them on all sides; they murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"—"They are," says Mauny: "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."—"Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward: "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?"—"Not in the least, my Lord: the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted; and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands." Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example.—Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

At this instant, a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience—"My Lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced *themselves*; and their execution would be the execution *of their* own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage *on which* they would suffer, would be to them a stage of

honour; but a stage of shame to Edward—a reproach to his conquests—an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."—"I am convinced: you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward: "prevent the execution: have them instantly before us." They came: when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:—"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing, on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us, that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen—to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed—provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."—"Ah, my country!" exclaimed Pierre; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa conquers our hearts." *Fool of Quality.*

On Living to One's-Self.

WHAT I mean by living to one's-self, is living in the world, as in it, not of it: it is as if no one knew there was such a person, and you wished no one to know it: it is to be a silent spectator of the mighty scene of things, not an object of attention or curiosity in it; to take a thoughtful, anxious interest in what is passing in the world, but not to feel the slightest inclination to make or meddle with it. It is such a life as a pure spirit might be supposed to lead, and such an interest as it might take in the affairs of men —calm, contemplative, passive, distant, touched with pity for their sorrows, smiling at their follies without bitterness, sharing their affections, but not troubled by their passions, not seeking their notice, nor once dreamed of by them. He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loop-holes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray. "He hears the tumult, and is still." He is not able to mend it, nor willing to mar it. He sees enough in the universe to interest him, without putting himself forward to try what he can do to fix the eyes of the universe upon him. Vain the attempt! He reads the clouds, he looks at the stars, he watches the return of the seasons—the falling leaves of autumn, the perfumed breath of spring—starts with delight at the note of a thrush in a copse near him, sits by the fire, listens to the moaning of the wind, pores upon a book, or discourses the freezing hours away, or melts down hours to minutes in pleasing thought. All this while, he is taken up with other things, forgetting himself. He relishes an author's style, without thinking of turning author. He is fond of looking at a print from an old picture in the room, without teasing himself to copy it. He does not fret himself to death with trying to be what he is not, or to do what he cannot. He hardly knows what he is capable of, and is not in the least concerned, whether he shall ever make a figure in the world. He feels the truth of the lines—

> "The man whose eye is ever on himself,
> Doth look on one, the least of nature's works:
> One who might move the wise man to that scorn
> Which wisdom holds unlawful ever."

He looks out of himself at the wide extended prospect of *nature,* and takes an interest beyond his narrow preten-

sions in general humanity. He is free as air, and independent as the wind. Wo be to him when he first begins to think what others say of him. While a man is connected with himself and his own resources, all is well. When he undertakes to play a part on the stage, and to persuade the world to think more about him than they do about themselves; he is got into a track where he will find nothing but briars and thorns, vexation and disappointment. *Hazlitt.*

Comal and Galvina.

"MOURNFUL is thy tale, son of the car," said Carril of other times.—"It sends my soul back to the ages of old, and to the days of other years.—Often have I heard of Comal, who slew the friend he loved; yet victory attended his steel; and the battle was consumed in his presence.

"Comal was the son of Albion; the chief of an hundred hills.—His deer drank of a thousand streams.—A thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs.—His face was the mildness of youth.—His hand the death of heroes. —One was his love, and fair was she! the daughter of mighty Conloch.—She appeared like a sun-beam among women.—Her hair was like the wing of the raven.—Her dogs were taught to the chase.—Her bow-string sounded on the winds of the forest.—Her soul was fixed on Comal. —Often met their eyes of love.—Their course in the chase was one —Happy were their words in secret.—But Gormal loved the maid, the dark chief of the gloomy Ardven. —He watched her lone steps in the heath; the foe of unhappy Comal!

"One day, tired of the chase, when the mist had concealed their friends, Comal and the daughter of Conloch met, in the cave of Ronan.—It was the wonted haunt of Comal.—Its sides were hung with his arms.—A hundred shields of thongs were there; a hundred helms of sounding steel.—'Rest here,' he said, 'my love, Galvina; thou light of the cave of Ronan!—A deer appears on Morar's brow.—I go; but I will soon return.'—'I fear,' she said, 'dark Gormal my foe; he haunts the cave of Ronan!—I will rest among the arms; but soon return, my love.'

"He went to the deer of Mora.—The daughter of Conloch would try his love.—She clothed her white sides with *his armour,* and strode from the cave of Ronan.—He

thought it was his foe.—His heart beat high.—His colour changed, and darkness dimmed his eyes.—He drew the bow.—The arrow flew.—Galvina fell in blood!—He ran with wildness in his steps, and called the daughter of Conloch.—No answer in the lonely rock.—'Where art thou, O my love?' He saw, at length, her heaving heart beating around the feathered arrow.—'O Conloch's daughter, is it thou?' He sunk upon her breast.—

"The hunters found the hapless pair.—He afterwards walked the hill—but many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of his love.—The fleet of the ocean came.—He fought; the strangers fled.—He searched for death along the field.—But who could slay the mighty Comal!—He threw away his dark-brown shield.—An arrow found his manly breast.—He sleeps with his loved Galvina, at the noise of the sounding surge!—Their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds o'er the waves of the north."

Ossian.

On the Psalms.

BESIDES the figure, supplied by the history of Israel, and by the law; there is another set of images often employed in the Psalms, to describe the blessings of redemption. These are borrowed from the natural world, the manner of its original production, and the operations continually carried on in it. The visible works of God are formed to lead us, under the direction of his word, to a knowledge of those which are invisible; they give us ideas, by analogy, of a new creation rising gradually, like the old one, out of darkness and deformity, until at length it arrives at the perfection of glory and beauty: so that while we praise the Lord for all the wonders of his power, wisdom, and love, displayed in a system which is to wax old and perish; we may therein contemplate, as in a glass, those new heavens, and that new earth, of whose duration there shall be no end *. The sun, that fountain of life, and heart of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven, enthroned in glorious majesty; the moon shining with a

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* Read nature; nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is Christian, preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

lustre borrowed from his beams; the stars glittering by night in the clear firmament; the air giving breath to all things that live and move; the interchanges of light and darkness; the course of the year, and the sweet vicissitude of seasons; the rain and the dew descending from above, and the fruitfulness of the earth caused by them; the bow bent by the hands of the Most High, which compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle; the awful voice of thunder, and the piercing power of lightning; the instincts of animals, and the qualities of vegetables and minerals; the great and wide sea, with its unnumbered inhabitants—all these are ready to instruct us in the mysteries of faith, and the duties of morality.

> "They speak their Maker as they can,
> But want and ask the tongue of man."

The advantages of Messiah's reign are represented in some of the Psalms, under images of this kind. We behold a renovation of all things; and the world, as it were, new created, breaks forth into singing. The earth is clothed with sudden verdure and fertility: the field is joyful, and all that is in it; the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord; the floods clap their hands in concert, and ocean fills up the mighty chorus, to celebrate the advent of the great King. *Horne.*

Anningait and Ajut.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities; a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait, for some time, heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion; but, at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her, with her parent, to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear, but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to

renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, that "she was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amarock, and rescue her from the ravin of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish, that "whoever should attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow; and that, in the land of souls, his scull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut, for a time, always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage: he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; [illegible] the seals into the water; and leapt upon the back [illegible]le, while he was yet struggling with the remains [illegible] was his diligence less to accumulate all that [illegible]ssary to make winter comfortable: he dried [illegible]es, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer [illegible] dressed their skins to a[illegible] his bride; he [illegible] eggs from the rocks [illegible]wed her tent

[illegible] that a tempest dro[illegible] to a distant [illegible]t, before Anninga[illegible]pleted his [illegible] entreated Ajut, [illegible]uld at last [illegible]d, and accompan[illegible]hat part of

the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension; but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return, at the end of summer, to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost, or unexpected fogs! then must the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways enclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries, by the sight of green hills, or scattered buildings. Even in summer, we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can remove to any distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few summer-days, and a few winter-nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gaiety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smiles of Ajut?"

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her, at his departure, with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals; with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal-oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased [illegible] a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of [illegible]icorns.

[illegible] was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, [illegible]ch overpowered by his magnificence, that she fol[illegible]m to the sea-side; and, when she saw him enter [illegible] wished aloud, that he might return with plenty

of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood awhile to gaze upon the departing vessel; and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer-skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts, by continual application to feminine employments; gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and, while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, "that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the rein-deer; that his dart might never err, and that his boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water; that the seal might rush upon his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families, are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work, which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but, recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed, in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. "O life!" says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance, but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar; while the storms drive, and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above, and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure! but a sudden blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger; drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all

power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had not yet called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer-sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy! Then shall the roefish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait, having with these sentiments consoled his grief, and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in child-birth; and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches. He was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty seals buried in the snow, against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult a diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated in that part of the country; and, by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise, that, when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of

souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The diviner knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home, with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but, finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander: they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated; she remonstrated; she wept, and raved; but, finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare; taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran, with all the impatience of affection, to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. ——————When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat; and they expected, at their arrival, to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her: but, when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach, where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation; and, telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were *changed* into stars; others imagine, that Anningait was *seized* in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that

Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls, where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapless maid departed; and, when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut. *Johnson.*

On the Pleasure of Painting.

To give one instance more, and then I will have done with this rambling discourse. One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and scarred with the small-pox. I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury's Characteristics, in a fine old binding, with Gribelin's etchings. My father would as lieve it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content—was "riches fineless." The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied: and, besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist —though he would rather I should have written a sermon, than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin-redbreast in our garden—that "ever in the haunch of winter sings"—as my afternoon's work drew to a close, were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours, when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil, when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein, when I gave the ruddy complexion of health—the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face—I thought my fortune made; or rather, it was already more than made, in my fancying that I *might* one day be able to say with Corregio, "I also

am a painter!" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair, to look at it through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it, before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington (now Sir George). There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I finished this portrait (or another afterwards) on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came. I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned, saw the evening-star set over a poor man's cottage, with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh, for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly!—The picture is left; the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity! *Hazlitt.*

Damon and Pythias.

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the king intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself as security for his friend; which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and, therefore, when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias, in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the king delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked

upon them as terms invented by the wise, to keep in awe and impose upon the weak—"My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I shall have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!" Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered: he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive, and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators: "My prayers are heard," he cried, "the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O could I erase from your bosom every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods: but I hasten to prevent his speed. Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people—a distant voice was heard—the crowd caught the words, and, "stop, stop the execution," was repeated by the

whole assembly. A man came at full speed—the throng gave way to his approach: he was mounted on a steed of foam: in an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe. My friend, my beloved friend, the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, cold, and half-speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents—"Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; he wept; and, leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried, "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned: and, oh! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy the participation of so sacred a friendship." *Fool of Quality.*

On the Abuse of Genius, with reference to the Works of Lord Byron.

I HAVE endeavoured to show, that the intrinsic value of genius is a secondary consideration, compared with the use to which it is applied; that genius ought to be estimated chiefly by the character of the subject upon which it is employed, or of the cause which it advocates—considering it, in fact, as a mere instrument, a weapon, a sword, which may be used in a good cause, or in a bad one; may be wielded by a patriot, or a highwayman; may give protection to the dearest interests of society, or may threaten those interests with the irruption of pride, and profligacy, and folly—of all the vices which compose the curse and degradation of our species. I am the more disposed to dwell a little upon this subject, because I am persuaded that it is not sufficiently attended to—nay, that *in ninety*-nine instances out of a hundred, it is not attended *to at all!* That works of imagination are perused, for the

sake of the wit which they display; which wit not only reconciles us to, but endears to us, opinions, and feelings, and habits, at war with wisdom and morality—to say nothing of religion. In short, that we admire the polish, the temper, and shape of the sword, and the dexterity with which it is wielded; though it is the property of a lunatic, or of a bravo; though it is brandished in the face of wisdom and virtue; and, at every wheel, threatens to inflict a wound, that will disfigure some feature, or lop some member; or, with masterly adroitness, aims a death-thrust at the heart! I would deprive genius of the worship that is paid to it, for its own sake. Instead of allowing it to dictate to the world, I would have the world dictate to it —dictate to it, so far as the vital interests of society are affected. I know it is the opinion of many, that the moral of mere poetry is of little avail; that we are charmed by its melody and wit, and uninjured by its levity and profaneness; and hence, many a thing has been allowed in poetry, which would have been scouted, deprecated, reviled, had it appeared in prose: as if vice and folly were less pernicious, for being introduced to us with an elegant and insinuating address; or, as if the graceful folds and polished scales of a serpent, were an antidote against the venom of its sting.

There is not a more prolific source of human error, than that railing at the world, which obtrudes itself so frequently upon our attention, in the perusing of Lord Byron's poems—that sickness of disgust, which begins its indecent heavings, whensoever the idea of the species forces itself upon him. The species is not perfect; but it retains too much of the image of its Maker, preserves too many evidences of the modelling of the hand that fashioned it, is too near to the hovering providence of its disregarded, but still cherishing Author, to excuse, far less to call for, or justify, desertion, or disclaiming, or revilings, upon the part of any one of its members. I know not a more pitiable object, than the man, who, standing upon the pigmy eminence of his own self-importance, looks round upon the species, with an eye that never throws a beam of satisfaction on the prospect, but visits with a scowl, whatsoever it lights upon. The world is not that reprobate world, that it should be cut off from the visitation of charity; that it should be represented, as having no alternative, but to inflict or bear. Life is not one continued scene of

wrestling with our fellows. Mankind are not for ever grappling one another by the throat. There is such a thing as the grasp of friendship, as the outstretched hand of benevolence, as an interchange of good offices, as a mingling, a crowding, a straining together, for the relief, or the benefit of our species. The moral he thus inculcates, is one of the most baneful tendency. The principle of self-love—implanted in us for the best, but capable of being perverted to the worst of purposes—by a fatal abuse, too often disposes us to indulge in this sweeping depreciation of the species, founded upon some fallacious idea of superior value in ourselves; with which imaginary excellence we conceive the world to be at war. A greater source of error cannot exist. We are at once deprived of the surest prop of virtue—distrust of our own pretensions, and compound, as it were, with our fellows, for an interchange of thwartings and jostlings; or else, withdrawing from all intercourse with them, commune with rocks, and trees, and rivers; fly from the moral region of sublimity and beauty, to the deaf, voiceless, sightless, heartless department of the merely physical one. *Knowles.*

Harley's Death.

"THERE are some remembrances," said Harley, "which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them—but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world, in general, is selfish, interested, and unthinking; and throws the imputation of romance, or melancholy, on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot but think, in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist;—they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses, here;—but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues." He sighed, as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. "My dear," said she, "here is Miss Wal-

ton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself." I could perceive a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat.—"If to know Miss Walton's goodness," said he," be a title to deserve it, I have some claim." She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. His aunt accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously after his health. "I believe," said he, "from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery."—She started, as he spoke; but, recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know," said he, "that it is usual with persons at my time of life, to have these hopes which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few: I would endeavour to make it mine:—nor do I think, that I can ever be better prepared for it than now;—'tis that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach." "Those sentiments," answered Miss Walton, "are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value.—As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired.—To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough, even here, to fix its attachments."

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted up his eyes from the ground—"There are," said he, "in a low voice—"there are attachments, Miss Walton."—His glance met her's—they both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments—"I am," he said, "in such a state as calls for sincerity; let that alone excuse it—it is, perhaps, the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption,—by a sense of your perfections."—He paused again—"Let it not offend you," he resumed, "to know their power over one so unworthy. My heart will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime.—If to declare it is one, the expiation will be made." Her tears were now flowing without controul.—"Let me entreat you," said she, "to have better hopes—let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value upon it—I will not pretend to misun-

derstand you—I know your worth—I have long known it—I have esteemed it—what would you have me say?—I have loved it, as it deserved!" He seized her hand:—a languid colour reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—he sighed, and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—his aunt and the servants rushed into the room—they found them lying motionless together.—His physician happened to call at that instant—every art was tried to recover them—with Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone for ever!

Mackenzie.

Advantages of uniting Gentleness of Manners, with Firmness of Mind.

I MENTIONED to you, some time ago, a sentence which I would most earnestly wish you always to retain in your thoughts, and observe in your conduct; it is, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* I do not know any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life.

The *suaviter in modo,* alone, would degenerate and sink into a mean, timid complaisance, and passiveness, if not supported and dignified by the *fortiter in re;* which would also run into impetuosity and brutality, if not tempered and softened by the *suaviter in modo:* however, they are seldom united. The warm, choleric man, with strong animal spirits, despises the *suaviter in modo,* and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortiter in re.* He may, possibly, by great accident, now and then succeed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be, to shock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning, crafty man, thinks to gain all his ends by the *suaviter in modo* only: he becomes all things to all men; he seems to have no opinion of his own, and servilely adopts the present opinion of the present person; he insinuates himself only into the esteem of fools, but is soon detected, and surely despised by every body else. The wise man—who differs as much from the cunning, as from the choleric man—alone joins the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re.*

If you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands, delivered *suaviter in modo,* will be willingly, cheerfully, and—consequently—well obeyed: where-

as, if given only *fortiter*, that is, brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus says, be *interpreted*, than *executed*. For my own part, if I bade my footman bring me a glass of wine, in a rough, insulting manner; I should expect, that, in obeying me, he would contrive to spill some of it upon me: and, I am sure, I should deserve it. A cool, steady resolution should show, that, where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but, at the same time, a gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience, should make it a cheerful one, and soften, as much as possible, the mortifying consciousness of inferiority. If you are to ask a favour, or even to solicit your due, you must do it *suaviter in modo*, or you will give those, who have a mind to refuse you either, a pretence to do it, by resenting the manner; but, on the other hand, you must, by a steady perseverance, and decent tenaciousness, show the *fortiter in re*. In short, this precept is the only way I know in the world, of being loved, without being despised; and feared, without being hated. It constitutes that dignity of character, which every wise man must endeavour to establish.

If, therefore, you find, that you have a hastiness in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiscreet sallies, or rough expressions, to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors; watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *suaviter in modo* to your assistance: at the first impulse of passion, be silent, till you can be soft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance so well, that those emotions may not be read in it—a most unspeakable advantage in business! On the other hand, let no complaisance, no gentleness of temper, no weak desire of pleasing, on your part; no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery, on other people's; make you recede one jot from any point, that reason and prudence have bid you pursue: but, return to the charge, persist, persevere; and you will find most things attainable, that are possible. A yielding, timid meekness, is always abused and insulted, by the unjust and the unfeeling; but, meekness, when sustained by the *fortiter in re*, is always respected, commonly successful. In your friendships and connections, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful—let your firmness and vigour preserve and invite attachments to you; but, at the same time, let your manner prevent the enemies of your friends and dependants from becoming

yours: let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manner; but, let them feel, at the same time, the steadiness of your just resentment; for, there is a great difference between bearing malice—which is always ungenerous—and a resolute self-defence—which is always prudent and justifiable.

I conclude with this observation, That gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full, description of human perfection, on this side of religious and moral duties. *Chesterfield.*

The Elder's Death-bed.

"JAMIE, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father, nor thy mother; for that, thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man; and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hand. "Oh! if my husband knew but of this—he would never, never desert his dying father!" And I now knew, that the Elder was praying on his death-bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time, the Minister took the Family-Bible on his knees, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the fifteenth psalm;" and he read, with a tremulous and broken voice, those beautiful verses,

"Within thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill,
Who shall a dweller be?—

"The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express."

Ere the psalm was yet over, the door was opened, and a tall, fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and *remorse*. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the *melancholy* and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair

and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said, with a solemn voice, "My son—thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The Minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice—Now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to Heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners!"

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bedside, and at last found voice to say, "Father—I am not without the affections of nature—and I hurried home the moment I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover; and, if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness—for, though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William; kneel down by the bedside, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son—for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church-yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul,—aye, too much the pride! for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—aye, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son, my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice, and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But

what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?" "Oh! press him not too hardly," said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. "Spare, oh! spare my husband—He has ever been kind to me;" and, with that, she knelt down beside him, with her long soft white arms mournfully, and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the Elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm, the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father, the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the gospel according to St. John." The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and, with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He had not forgotten them—There was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed-side. The sacred stream of the gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man, triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy!" "I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven." The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hand seemed to wax *strong*—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its *prime*. "Into thy hands, O God! I commit my spirit;"

and, so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow; and I thought I heard a sigh.—There was then a long deep silence; and the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and, without lamentations—save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul—we stood around the DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER. *Wilson.*

On Lord Byron's Lines upon the Field of Waterloo.

HERE is the very cunning of the poet—one train of ideas excited to prepare you for receiving, in its full force, the shock of their opposite. The ball-room thrown open to you; beauty and chivalry, in all the splendour that should grace the festive hour, presented to you; the voluptuous swell of music awakened for you; your senses, your imagination, and your affections, environed with scenes and images of sweetness, and grace, and loveliness, and joy—to strike you aghast with alarm, to bring trepidation and terror before you, in their most appalling shapes and attitudes. The whole scene, as by the waving of an enchanter's wand, changed in a moment! For smiles, tears; for blushes, paleness; for meetings, partings; for the assembly, the muster; for the dance, the march; for the music, the cannon; for the ball-room, the battle-field! This is one of the most favourite feats of poetry, and occurs frequently in the works of all great masters. It is a means by which they provoke that agitation and hurry of spirits, which enable them to take possession of their readers; and which consists in bringing contraries into sudden collision. The luxuriant valley opens upon the sterile heath; the level plain borders upon the rugged mountain; you walk in imagined security, and find yourself upon the brink of an abyss; you fall asleep with the languor of the calm, and awaken with the fury of the tempest! Campbell soothes the apprehensions of Gertrude—places Albert and his interesting family in their lighted bower, prolonging the joy of converse—when Outalissi rushes in to tell them, that

> "The mammoth comes! the foe! the monster Brandt!
> With all his howling—desolating band!"

Thomson avails himself of the serenity of a placid summer's day, and the security and calm of requited, happy,

communing love—to introduce the tempest, whose lightning strikes Amelia to the earth, a blackened corse! Milton works up his infernal hero to the highest pitch of demoniac exultation, to prepare his ear for the dismal, universal hiss, that aptly gratulates his triumph—extends, expands him into the full dimensions of monarchal pride, to throw him down, a reptile, upon the floor of Pandemonium! Shakespeare prepares a feast for the reception of the ghost of Banquo—brings the exultation and the agony of triumphant guilt, into immediate contact—exhibits to us, at the same moment, and in the same person, the towering king, and the grovelling murderer!—or, in the tragedy of Hamlet, makes the grave-digger's carol, the prelude to the dirge of Ophelia! *Knowles.*

The Perfect Orator.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended—How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject! —Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion?—Adequate! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!——To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude; by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole

assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP, LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER OR DIE!

Sheridan.

Lord Byron considered as a Moralist, and a Poet.

As a moralist, Lord Byron is most exceptionable. There is not a more prolific source of positive virtue, than the habit of feeling benevolently towards our fellow-creatures. This he endeavours to cut up by the root. There is nothing of benignity, or even of urbanity, in his writings; all is sourness and harshness, a perpetual dreariness, sterility, that puts forth no medicinal shoot or cheering flower. So far as the kindly movements of the heart are concerned, among his species, Lord Byron is a rock; and among rocks only, a man. His works are not absolutely destitute of touches of virtuous emotion; but those that occur, are never of the social kind, unless you allow some few traits of merely animal affection. Lord Byron's morality counsels you to relax the grasp of friendship, to withhold the trust of confidence, to shut out your fellow from your heart, and lock it upon him. But, putting aside the tone of misanthropy which pervades his writings, how chaotic an idea does he give you of the government of his own mind, when he dedicates to his daughter the song in which he celebrates his mistress; when he can find no more fitting office for the hand of a parent, than that of imprinting upon the mind of a daughter, the indulgent position, that a woman may surrender her honour, and preserve her purity! We do not pretend to scan the real character of Lord Byron. We know nothing of him, but what we learn from his works; and it is they that are to blame, if we do not profess the most exalted opinion of him. We slight him upon the warrant of his own hand. There is something perfectly puerile in the sketch that he so repeatedly gives us of his own character—a man whining forth his private discontents and dislikings, vending them, as it were, in every village, town, and city of the empire; making them as notorious, as if they had been committed to the oratory of the town-sergeant. A father, professing the most passionate tenderness for his offspring; and making her, in the fervour of his love, a gift of the public record of his

weaknesses, caprices, passions, and vices, collected, drawn up, and authenticated by his own paternal hand.

As a poet, Lord Byron is the most easy, the most nervous, and—with the exception perhaps of Wordsworth—the most original of the day. His verses possess all the flowing property of extemporaneous eloquence. His diction seems to fall into numbers, rather than to be put into them. He reminds us of one who has written down his ideas just as they occurred, and finds that he has expressed himself in rhyme. No ekeing out of the verse; no accommodating of the sense to the sound; nothing that indicates a looking out for materials; every thing at hand, to be had only for the reaching, and fitting at the first trial. It would savour too much of pedantry, to point out errors of a merely grammatical description; but, it is somewhat singular, that so classical a writer should abound more in solecisms, than all his cotemporaries put together. This may be readily pardoned, however, if we take into consideration the rapidity with which he is reputed to compose. In all other respects, Lord Byron is seldom incongruous, rarely redundant, never vapid; often pathetic, frequently sublime, always eloquent. If once he lays hold of your attention —unless, indeed, it be by some sudden start of displeasure —the chances are against your getting loose again, until he is satisfied to let you go. *Knowles.*

Story of Le Fevre.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small side-board.—I say sitting; for, in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain,—when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him: for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more *little* squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five and twenty years together.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: "'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house, four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing—till just now that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.'—

—"If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing" —added the landlord,—"I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope he will still mend," continued he: "we are all of us concerned for him."

—"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that, in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host"—"And of his whole family," added the Corporal; "for they are all concerned for him."—"Step after him," said my uncle Toby—"do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

—"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal; "but I can ask his son again."—"Has he a son with him, then?" said my uncle Toby.—"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father—He does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word; and, in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," said my uncle Toby—"*Trim!*"—*said my uncle Toby*, after he lighted his pipe,

and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—" Corporal!" said my uncle Toby; —The Corporal made his bow—My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

" Trim," said my uncle Toby, " I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman." —" Your honour's roquelaure," replied the Corporal, "has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that, what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death."—" I fear so," replied my uncle Toby: " but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair"—added my uncle Toby, " or that I had known more of it: how shall we manage it?"—" Leave it, an't please your honour, to me," quoth the Corporal:—" I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly: and I'll bring your honour a full account in an hour."—" Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby, " and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant."—" I'll get it all out of him," said the Corporal, shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

" I despaired at first," said the Corporal, " of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant"—" Is he in the army, then?" said my uncle Toby—" He is," said the Corporal—" And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby —" I'll tell your honour," replied the Corporal, " every thing straight forward as I learnt it."—" Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, " and not interrupt thee; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again." The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, " Your honour is good:"—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the Lieutenant and his son; for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked"—"That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby—"I was answered, an't please your honour, that he had no servant with him:—that he had come to the inn with hired horses: which, upon finding himself unable to proceed—to join, I suppose, the regiment—he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—'we can hire horses from hence.'—'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me,—'for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the Corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of.—'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth.—Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it. 'I believe, Sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.'—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears!"—"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby,—"he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here."

—"I never in the longest march," said the Corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an't please your honour?"—"Nothing in the world, Trim." said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—"but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the Corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour—though a stranger—was extremely concerned for his father:—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar"—"and thou *mightest have added* my purse too," said my uncle Toby;

—"he was heartily welcome to it: He made a very low bow—which was meant to your honour—but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong," added the Corporal.—"I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord,' he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon his chair by his bed-side; and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up his cushion.'——

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.'—'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.'—'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate.—A soldier, an't please your reverence, said I, prays as often—of his own accord—as a parson:—and, when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'—"'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. But when a soldier, said I, an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for five months together, in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow;—detached here—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I——for I was piqued," quoth the Corporal, "for the reputation of the army—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'—"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby;—"for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment—and not till then

—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, —and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly."—"I hope we shall," said Trim.—"It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby; "and I will show it thee to-morrow.—In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."—"I hope not," said the Corporal."—"But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with the story."

"When I went up," continued the Corporal, "into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion—upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed; and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away at the same time, 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the Lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me.'—'If he was of Leven's'—said the Lieutenant;—I told him your honour was.—'Then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's:—but he knows me not'—said he a second time, musing:—'possibly he may know my story'—added he;—'pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.'—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—'then well may I.'——In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and *kissed it twice*—'Here, Billy,' said he.—The boy flew

across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed, and wept.

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—"I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your honour," replied the Corporal, "is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?"—"Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife—and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other—I forget what—was universally pitied by the whole regiment:—but finish the story."—"'Tis finished already,' said the Corporal—"for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good-night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But, alas!" said the Corporal—"the Lieutenant's last day's march is over!"—"Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed—"and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist, as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself."—"Your honour knows," said the Corporal, "I had no orders."—"True," quoth my uncle Toby—"thou didst very right, Trim, as a *soldier*,—but certainly very wrong as a *man*.

"In the second place—for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse"—continued my uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was *in* my house—thou should have offered him my *house too*,—a sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us—we could tend and look to him; thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—"In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."—"He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world," said the Corporal.—"He will march," said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off,—"An't please your honour," said the Corporal, "he will never march, but to his grave."—"He shall march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—"He shall march to his regiment."—"He cannot stand it," said the Corporal.—"He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby.—"He'll drop at last," said the Corporal; "and what will become of his boy?"—"He shall not drop," said my uncle Toby firmly.—"A-well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point—"the poor soul will die."—"He shall not die, by H——n," cried my uncle Toby.—

The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word—and blotted it out for ever!

My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village, but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle—when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain, in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to serve him?—and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal, the night before, for him.—

—"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse,—and I'll be your servant, *Le Fevre!*"

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature:—To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate, to come and take shelter under him; so that, before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him——. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back!—the film forsook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy.—And that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken!

Nature instantly ebbed again—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on?—No!

Sterne.

The Distressed Father.

Henry Newberry, a lad of thirteen years, and Edward Chidley, aged seventeen, were fully committed for trial, charged with stealing a silver tea-pot from the house of a gentleman, in Grosvenor-place. There was nothing extraordinary in the circumstances of the robbery.—The younger lad was observed to go down into the area of the house, whilst his companion kept watch, and they were caught endeavouring to conceal the tea-pot under some rubbish in the Five-fields: but the case was made peculiarly interesting by the unsophisticated distress of Newberry's father.

The poor old man, who it seems had been a soldier, and was at this time a journeyman pavier, refused at first to believe that his son had committed the crime imputed to him, and was very clamorous against the witnesses; but, as their evidence proceeded, he himself appeared to become gradually convinced. He listened with intense anxiety to the various details; and when they were finished, *he* fixed his eyes in silence, for a second or two, upon his *son*; and turning to the magistrate, with his eyes swimming

in tears, he exclaimed—"I have carried him many a score miles on my knapsack, your honour!"

There was something so deeply pathetic in the tone with which this fond reminiscence was uttered by the old soldier, that every person present, even the very gaoler himself, was affected by it. "I have carried him many score miles on my knapsack, your honour," repeated the poor fellow, whilst he brushed away the tears from his cheek with his rough unwashed hand, "but it's all over now!—He has done—and—so have I!"

The magistrate asked him something of his story. He said he had formerly driven a stage-coach, in the north of Ireland, and had a small share in the proprietorship of the coach. In this time of his prosperity, he married a young woman with a little property, but failed in business, and, after enduring many troubles, enlisted as a private soldier in the 18th, or Royal Irish Regiment of Foot; and went on foreign service, taking with him his wife and four children. Henry (the prisoner) was his second son, and his "darling pride." At the end of nine years he was discharged, in this country, without a pension, or a friend in the world; and coming to London, he, with some trouble, got employed as a pavier, by "the gentlemen who manage the streets at Mary-la-bonne."—"Two years ago, your honour," he continued, "my poor wife was wearied out with the world, and she deceased from me, and I was left alone with the children; and every night, after I had done work, I washed their faces, and put them to bed, and washed their little bits o' things, and hanged them o' the line to dry, myself—for I'd no money, your honour, and so I could not have a housekeeper to do for them, you know. But, your honour, I was as happy as I well could be, considering my wife was deceased from me, till some bad people came to live at the back of us, and they were always striving to get Henry amongst them; and I was terribly afraid something bad would come of it, as it was but poorly I could do for him; and so I'd made up my mind to take all my children to Ireland.—If he had only held up another week, your honour, we should have gone, and he would have been saved. But now!——"

Here the poor man looked at his boy again, and wept: and when the magistrate endeavoured to console him by observing that his son would sail for Botany Bay, and probably do well there; he replied, somewhat impatiently,

—"Aye, it's fine talking, your worship; I pray to the great God he may never sail any where, unless he sails with *me* to Ireland!" and then, after a moment's thought, he asked, in the humblest tone imaginable, "Doesn't your honour think a little bit of a petition might help him?"

The magistrate replied, it possibly might; and added, "If you attend his trial at the Old Bailey, and plead for him as eloquently in word and action as you have done here, I think it would help him still more."

"Aye, but then *you* wont be there, I suppose, will you?" asked the poor fellow, with that familiarity which is in some degree sanctioned by extreme distress; and when his worship replied that he certainly should not be present, he immediately rejoined, "Then—what's the use of it? There will be nobody there who knows *me;* and what stranger will listen to a poor old broken-hearted fellow, who can't speak for crying?"

The prisoners were now removed from the bar, to be conducted to prison; and his son, who had wept incessantly all the time, called wildly to him, "Father, father!" as if he expected that his father could snatch him out of the iron grasp of the law: but the old man remained rivetted, as it were, to the spot on which he stood, with his eyes fixed on the lad; and, when the door had closed upon him, he put on his hat, unconscious where he was; and, crushing it down over his brows, he began wandering round the room in a state of stupor. The officers in waiting reminded him that he should not wear his hat in the presence of the magistrate, and he instantly removed it: but he still seemed lost to every thing around him; and, though one or two gentlemen present put money into his hands, he heeded it not, but slowly sauntered out of the office, apparently reckless of every thing.

Mornings at Bow-street.

On Shakspeare.

THE four greatest names in English poetry are almost the four first we come to—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. There are no others that can really be put in competition with these. The two last have had justice done them by the voice of common fame. Their names are blazoned in the very firmament of reputation; while the two first (though "the fault has been more in their

stars than in themselves that they are underlings") either never emerged far above the horizon, or were too soon involved in the obscurity of time. The three first of these are excluded from Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets (Shakspeare, indeed, is so from the dramatic form of his compositions); and the fourth, Milton, is admitted with a reluctant and churlish welcome.

In comparing these four writers together, it might be said, that Chaucer excels as the poet of manners, or of real life; Spenser, as the poet of romance; Shakspeare, as the poet of nature (in the largest use of the term); and Milton, as the poet of morality. Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are; Spenser, as we wish them to be; Shakspeare, as they would be; and Milton, as they ought to be. As poets, and as great poets, imagination—that is, the power of feigning things according to nature,—was common to them all: but the principle, or moving power, to which this faculty was most subservient in Chaucer, was habit, or inveterate prejudice; in Spenser, novelty, and the love of the marvellous; in Shakspeare, it was the force of passion, combined with every variety of possible circumstances; and in Milton, only with the highest. The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakspeare, every thing.

It has been said by some critic, that Shakspeare was distinguished from the other dramatic writers of his day, only by his wit; that they had all his other qualities but that; that one writer had as much sense, another as much fancy, another as much knowledge of character, another the same depth of passion, and another as great a power of language. This statement is not true; nor is the inference from it well founded, even if it were. This person does not seem to have been aware, that, upon his own showing, the great distinction of Shakspeare's genius was its virtually including the genius of all the great men of his age, and not its differing from them in one accidental particular.—But to have done with such minute and literal trifling.

The striking peculiarity of Shakspeare's mind, was its generic quality, its power of communication with all other minds—so that it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself, and had no one peculiar bias, or exclusive excellence more than another. He was just like

any other man, but that he was like all other men. He was the least of an egotist that it was possible to be. He was nothing in himself; but he was all that others were, or that they could become. He not only had in himself the germs of every faculty and feeling, but he could follow them by anticipation, intuitively, into all their conceivable ramifications, through every change of fortune, or conflict of passion, or turn of thought. He had "a mind reflecting ages past," and present:—all the people that ever lived, are there. There was no respect of persons with him. His genius shone equally on the evil and on the good, on the wise and the foolish, the monarch and the beggar: "All corners of the earth, kings, queens, and states, maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave," are hardly hid from his searching glance. He was like the genius of humanity, changing places with all of us at pleasure, and playing with our purposes as with his own. He turned the globe round for his amusement; and surveyed the generations of men, and the individuals as they passed, with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, virtues, actions, and motives—as well those that they knew, as those which they did not know, or acknowledge to themselves. The dreams of childhood, the ravings of despair, were the toys of his fancy. Airy beings waited at his call, and came at his bidding. Harmless fairies "nodded to him, and did him curtesies;" and the night-hag bestrode the blast, at the command of "his so potent art." The world of spirits lay open to him, like the world of real men and women: and there is the same truth in his delineations of the one as of the other; for, if the preternatural characters he describes could be supposed to exist, they would speak, and feel, and act, as he makes them. He had only to think of any thing, in order to become that thing, with all the circumstances belonging to it. When he conceived of a character, whether real or imaginary, he not only entered into all its thoughts and feelings, but seemed instantly, and as if by touching a secret spring, to be surrounded with all the same objects, "subject to the same skyey influences,"—the same local, outward, and unforeseen accidents, which would occur in reality. Thus the character of Caliban not only stands before us with a language and manners of his own, but the scenery and situation of the enchanted island he inhabits, the traditions of the place, its strange noises, its hidden

recesses, "his frequent haunts and ancient neighbourhood," are given with a miraculous truth of nature, and with all the familiarity of an old recollection. The whole "coheres semblably together" in time, place, and circumstance. In reading this author, you do not merely learn what his characters say,—you see their persons. By something expressed or understood, you are at no loss to decipher their peculiar physiognomy, the meaning of a look, the grouping, the bye-play, as we might see it on the stage. A word, an epithet, paints a whole scene, or throws us back whole years in the history of the person represented. So (as it has been ingeniously remarked) when Prospero describes himself as left alone in the boat with his daughter, the epithet which he applies to her, "Me and thy *crying* self," flings the imagination instantly back from the grown woman to the helpless condition of infancy, and places the first and most trying scene of his misfortunes before us, with all that he must have suffered in the interval. How well the silent anguish of Macduff is conveyed to the reader, by the friendly expostulation of Malcolm—"What! man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows!" Again, Hamlet, in the scene with Rosencraus and Guildenstern, somewhat abruptly concludes his fine soliloquy on life, by saying, "Man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so." Which is explained by their answer—"My lord, we had no such stuff in our thoughts. But we smiled to think, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you, whom we met on the way:"—as if, while Hamlet was making this speech, his two old schoolfellows from Wittenberg had been really standing by, and he had seen them smiling by stealth, at the idea of the players crossing their minds. It is not "a combination and a form" of words, a set speech or two, a preconcerted theory of a character, that will do this: but all the persons concerned must have been present in the poet's imagination, as at a kind of rehearsal; and whatever would have passed through their minds on the occasion, and have been observed by others, passed through his, and is made known to the reader. *Hazlitt.*

Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

To bring together in a narrower compass what seem to us the great leading features of the intellectual and moral character of Napoleon Bonaparte, we may remark, that his intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood by a glance what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own, and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of an army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible, to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule; and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralyzed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them; and, whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. This power of disheartening the foe, and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence, and exhilarating courage, which made war a pastime, and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through nations, had no small agency in fixing his character, and determining, for a period, the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory, and raised his fiery hopes to empire. The burst of admiration, which his early career called forth, must, in particular, have had an

influence in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterized, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with *astonishing* the world, with producing a sudden and universal *sensation*, such as modern times had not witnessed. To *astonish*, as well as to sway, by his energies, became the great aim of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object; but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and, by the suddenness of its new creations, should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires.

Such seems to us to have been the distinction or characteristic modification of his love of fame. It was a diseased passion for a kind of admiration, which, from the principles of our nature, cannot be enduring, and which demands for its support perpetual and more stimulating novelty. Mere esteem he would have scorned. Calm admiration, though universal and enduring, would have been insipid. He wanted to electrify and overwhelm. He lived for effect. The world was his theatre; and he cared little what part he played, if he might walk the sole hero on the stage, and call forth bursts of applause which would silence all other fame. In war, the triumphs which he coveted were those in which he seemed to sweep away his foes like a whirlwind; and the immense and unparalleled sacrifice of his own soldiers, in the rapid marches and daring assaults to which he owed his victories, in no degree diminished their worth to the victor. In peace, he delighted to hurry through his dominions; to multiply himself by his rapid movements; to gather at a glance the capacities of improvement which every important place possessed; to suggest plans which would startle by their originality and vastness; to project, in an instant, works which a life could not accomplish, and to leave behind the impression of a superhuman energy.

Our sketch of Bonaparte would be imperfect, indeed, if we did not add, that he was characterized by nothing more strongly than by the spirit of *self-exaggeration*. The singular energy of his intellect and will, through which he had mastered so many rivals and foes, and overcome what seemed insuperable obstacles, inspired a consciousness of being something more than man. His strong original tendencies to pride and self-exaltation, fed and pampered by strange success and unbounded applause, swelled into an almost insane conviction of superhuman greatness. In his own view, he stood apart from other men. He was not to be measured by the standard of humanity. He was not to be retarded by difficulties, to which all others yielded. He was not to be subjected to laws and obligations which all others were expected to obey. Nature and the human will were to bend to his power. He was the child and favourite of fortune; and, if not the lord, the chief object of destiny. His history shows a spirit of self-exaggeration, unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an Oriental king to whom incense had been burnt from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood, which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind,—to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude,—that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown.

Channing.

The Indian Jugglers.

COMING forward, and seating himself on the ground, in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian Jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do; and concludes with keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, nor if we were to take our whole lives to do it in. Is it, then, a trifling power we see at work? or is it not something next to miraculous? It is the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, which nothing but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it, from the tenderest infancy, with incessant, ever-anxious application, up to manhood, can accomplish, or make even a slight approach to. Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways past finding out! Thou canst do strange things; but thou turnest them to little account!—To conceive of this effort of extraordinary dexterity, distracts the imagination, and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do, but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators. A single error of a hair's-breadth, of the smallest conceivable portion of time, would be fatal: the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth,—their rapidity is like lightning. To catch four balls in succession in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming consciousness to the hand again; to make them revolve round him at certain intervals, like the planets in their spheres; to make them chase one another like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors; to throw them behind his back, and twine them round his neck like ribbons or like serpents; to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable; to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries; to follow them with his eye, as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage —there is something in all this, which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired any thing in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill It seems as if the difficulty once mastered, naturally resolved itself into ease and grace; and as if to be overcome at all, it must be

overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness, or want of pliancy or self-possession, would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children. Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful,—such as the balancing the artificial tree, and shooting a bird from each branch through a quill; though none of them have the elegance or facility of the keeping up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result, and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed, unchecked delight, as the former, and I would not give much to be merely astonished, without being pleased at the same time. As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it. When I saw the Indian Juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on the toes, which kept turning round all the time of the performance, as if they moved of themselves.—The hearing a speech in Parliament, drawled or stammered out by the Honourable Member or the Noble Lord, the ringing the changes on their common-places, which any one could repeat after them as well as they, stirs me not a jot, shakes not my good opinion of myself: but the seeing the Indian Jugglers does. It makes me ashamed of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this? Nothing. What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labour and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves; rolling a stone up a hill, and then down again; trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts; and looking for causes in the dark, and not finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection, in which others cannot find a flaw? The utmost I can pretend to, is to write a description of what this fellow can do. I can write a book: so can many others who have not even learned to spell. What abortions are these Essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do. I endeavour to recollect all I have ever observed or thought upon a subject, and to express it as nearly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands, to correct my

opinions, and polish my periods: but the one I cannot, and the other I will not do. I am fond of arguing: yet, with a good deal of pains and practice, it is often as much as I can do to beat my man; though he may be a very indifferent hand. A common fencer would disarm his adversary in the twinkling of an eye, unless he were a professor like himself. A stroke of wit will sometimes produce this effect; but there is no such power or superiority in sense or reasoning. There is no complete mastery of execution to be shown there: and you hardly know the professor from the impudent pretender, or the mere clown.

Hazlitt.

On Milton.

FROM this very imperfect view of the qualities of Milton's poetry, we hasten to his great work, Paradise Lost, perhaps the noblest monument of human genius. The two first books, by universal consent, stand pre-eminent in sublimity. Hell and Hell's King have a terrible harmony; and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness, the longer we contemplate them. From one element—"solid and liquid fire"—the poet has framed a world of horror and suffering, such as imagination had never traversed. But fiercer flames, than those which encompass Satan, burn in his own soul. Revenge, exasperated pride, consuming wrath, ambition though fallen, yet unconquered by the thunders of the Omnipotent, and grasping still at the empire of the universe,—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than Hell. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser passions and more vehement will of Satan; and the ruined Archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the scene which surrounds him. This forms the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. We see mind triumphant over the most terrible powers of nature. We see unutterable agony subdued by energy of soul. We have not indeed in Satan those bursts of passion, which rive the soul, as well as shatter the outward frame of Lear. But we have a depth of passion which only an Archangel could manifest. The all-enduring, all-defying pride of Satan, assuming so majestically Hell's burning throne, and coveting the diadem, which scorches his thunder-blasted brow, is a creation requiring in its

author almost the spiritual energy with which he invests the fallen seraph. Some have doubted whether the moral effect of such delineations of the storms and terrible workings of the soul, is good; whether the interest felt in a spirit so transcendently evil as Satan, favours our sympathies with virtue. But our interest fastens in this and like cases, on what is not evil. We gaze on Satan with an awe not unmixed with mysterious pleasure, as on a miraculous manifestation of the *power of mind*. What chains us, as with a resistless spell, in such a character, is spiritual might made visible by the racking pains which it overpowers. There is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind; and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage of evil agents.

Milton's description of Satan attests, in various ways, the power of his genius. Critics have often observed, that the great difficulty of his work was to reconcile the spiritual properties of his supernatural beings with the human modes of existence, which he was obliged to ascribe to them; and the difficulty is too great for any genius wholly to overcome; and we must acknowledge, that our enthusiasm is, in some parts of the poem, checked by a feeling of incongruity between the spiritual agent, and his sphere and mode of agency. But we are visited with no such chilling doubts and misgivings in the description of Satan in Hell. Imagination has here achieved its highest triumph, in imparting a character of reality and truth to its most daring creations. That world of horrors, though material, is yet so remote from our ordinary nature, that a spiritual being, exiled from heaven, finds there an appropriate home. There is, too, an indefiniteness in the description of Satan's person, which incites without shocking the imagination, and aids us to combine in our conception of him the massiness of a real form, with the vagueness of spiritual existence. To the production of this effect, much depends on the first impression given by the poet; for this is apt to follow us through the whole work; and here we think Milton eminently successful. The first glimpse of Satan is given us in the following lines, which, whilst too indefinite to provoke the scrutiny of the reason, fill the imagination of the reader with a form which can hardly be effaced.

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, * * *

Par. Lost, b. i. lines 192—196.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.

Ibid. 221—224.

We have more which we should gladly say of the delineation of Satan; especially of the glimpses which are now and then given of his deep anguish and despair, and of the touches of better feelings which are skilfully thrown into the dark picture; both suited and designed to blend with our admiration, dread, and abhorrence, a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living, thinking being ought to be regarded, and without which all other feelings tend to sin and pain. But there is another topic which we cannot leave untouched. From Hell we flee to Paradise, a region as lovely as Hell is terrible; and which, to those who do not know the universality of true genius, will appear doubly wonderful, when considered as the creation of the same mind which had painted the infernal world.

Paradise and its inhabitants are in sweet accordance, and together form a scene of tranquil bliss, which calms and soothes, whilst it delights the imagination. Adam and Eve, just moulded by the hand, and quickened by the breath of God, reflect in their countenances and forms, as well as minds, the intelligence, benignity, and happiness of their Author. Their new existence has the freshness and peacefulness of the dewy morning. Their souls, unsated and untainted, find an innocent joy in the youthful creation, which spreads and smiles around them. Their mutual love is deep—for it is the love of young, unworn, unexhausted hearts, which meet in each other the only human objects on whom to pour forth their fulness of affection: and still it is serene—for it is the love of happy beings, who know not suffering even by name; whose innocence excludes not only the tumults, but the thought of jealousy and shame; who, "imparadised in one another's arms," *scarce dream of futurity*—so blessed is their present.

being. We will not say, that we envy our first parents; for we feel that there may be higher happiness than theirs,—a happiness won through struggle with inward and outward foes, the happiness of power and moral victory, the happiness of disinterested sacrifices and wide-spread love, the happiness of boundless hope, and of "thoughts which wander through eternity." Still there are times, when the spirit, oppressed with pain, worn with toil, tired of tumult, sick at the sight of guilt, wounded in its love, baffled in its hope, and trembling in its faith, almost longs for the "wings of a dove, that it might fly away," and take refuge amidst the "shady bowers," the "vernal airs," the "roses without thorns," the quiet, the beauty, the loveliness of Eden. It is the contrast of this deep peace of Paradise with the storms of life, which gives to the fourth and fifth books of this poem a charm so irresistible, that not a few would sooner relinquish the two first books, with all their sublimity, than part with these. It has sometimes been said, that the English language has no good pastoral poetry. We would ask, In what age or country has the pastoral reed breathed such sweet strains, as are borne to us on "the odoriferous wings of gentle gales," from Milton's Paradise?

We should not fulfil our duty, were we not to say one word on what has been justly celebrated,—the harmony of Milton's versification. His numbers have the prime charm of expressiveness. They vary with, and answer to the depth, or tenderness, or sublimity of his conceptions; and hold intimate alliance with the soul. Like Michael Angelo, in whose hands the marble was said to be flexible, he bends our language, which foreigners reproach with hardness, into whatever forms the subject demands. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sound are at his command. Words, harsh and discordant in the writings of less gifted men, flow through his poetry in a full stream of harmony. This power over language is not to be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches; and finds or frames in sounds, motions, and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.

Channing.

Wit injures Eloquence.

To all those rules which art furnishes for conducting the plan of a discourse, we proceed to subjoin a general rule, from which orators, and especially Christian orators, ought never to swerve.

When such begin their career, the zeal for the salvation of souls which animates them, doth not render them always unmindful of the glory which follows great success. A blind desire to shine and to please, is often at the expense of that substantial honour which might be obtained, were they to give themselves up to the pure emotions of piety, which so well agree with the sensibility necessary to eloquence.

It is, unquestionably, to be wished, that he who devotes himself to the arduous labour which preaching requires, should be wholly ambitious to render himself useful to the cause of religion. To such, reputation can never be a sufficient recompense. But if motives so pure have not sufficient sway in your breast, calculate, at least, the advantages of self-love; and you may perceive how inseparably connected these are with the success of your ministry.

Is it on your own account that you preach? Is it for you that religion assembles her votaries in a temple? You ought never to indulge so presumptuous a thought. However, I only consider you as an orator. Tell me, then, what is this you call Eloquence? Is it the wretched trade of imitating that criminal, mentioned by a poet in his satires, who "balanced his crimes before his judges with antithesis?" Is it the puerile secret of forming jejune quibbles?—of rounding periods?—of tormenting one's-self by tedious studies, in order to reduce sacred instruction into a vain amusement? Is this, then, the idea which you have conceived of that divine art, which disdains frivolous ornaments, which sways the most numerous assemblies, and which bestows on a single man the most personal and majestic of all sovereignties? Are you in quest of glory? —You fly from it. Wit alone is never sublime; and it is only by the vehemence of the passions, that you can become eloquent.

Reckon up all the illustrious orators. Will you find among them conceited, subtle, or epigrammatic writers? No: these immortal men confined their attempts to affect and persuade; and their having been always simple, is

that which will always render them great. How is this! You wish to proceed in their footsteps, and you stoop to the degrading pretensions of a rhetorician! and you appear in the form of a mendicant, soliciting commendation from those very men who ought to tremble at your feet. Recover from this ignominy. Be eloquent by zeal, instead of being a mere declaimer through vanity. And be assured, that the most certain method of preaching well for yourself, is to preach usefully to others. *Mason.*

On the Dignity of Human Nature.

I ANTICIPATE from some an objection to this position, drawn, as they will say, from experience. I may be told that I have talked of the godlike capacities of human nature, and have spoken of man as a divinity; and when it will be asked, are the warrants of this high estimate of our race? I may be told that I dream, and that I have peopled the world with the creatures of my lonely imagination. What! Is it only in dreams that beauty and loveliness have beamed on me from the human countenance —that I have heard tones of kindness, which have thrilled through my heart,—that I have found sympathy in suffering, and a sacred joy in friendship? Are all the great and good men of past ages only dreams? Are such names as Moses, Socrates, Paul, Alfred, Milton, only the fictions of my disturbed slumbers? Are the great deeds of history, the discoveries of philosophy, the creations of genius, only visions? Oh! no. I do not dream when I speak of the divine capacities of human nature. It was a real page in which I read of patriots and martyrs,—of Fenelon and Howard, of Hampden and Washington. And tell me not, that these were prodigies, miracles, immeasurably separated from their race; for their very reverence, which has treasured up and hallowed their memories,—the very sentiments of admiration and love with which their names are now heard, show that the principles of their greatness are diffused through all your breasts. The germs of sublime virtue are scattered liberally on our earth. How often have I seen, in the obscurity of domestic life, a strength of love, of endurance, of pious trust, of virtuous resolution, which in a public sphere would have attracted public homage! I cannot but pity the man, who may

to felicity!"—While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation. *Aikin's Miscellanies.*

The Planetary and Terrestrial Worlds.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star—as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night; in the other, ushers in and anticipates the dawn—is a planetary world. This planet, and the nine others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life: all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immoveable; it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side, through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid content to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the

power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled so prodigious a fire; and keeps alive, from age to age, so enormous a mass of flame!" let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe: every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of day. So that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence; all which are lost to our sight, in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive, and scarcely distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is; since a ball, shot from a loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so-much-admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into great

and bloated dimensions: but, when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size! how contemptible their figure! They shrink into pompous nothings.

Addison.

Effects of Sympathy in the Distresses of Others.

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects,—if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them —if it makes us dwell upon them; in this case, I suppose, we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature, with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, and the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distresses of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight, in cases of this kind, is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person, who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject-matter be what it will: and, as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was

simply painful, we should shun, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impressions, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind: there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that, whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer: and all this, antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence. *Burke.*

An Exhortation to the Study of Eloquence.

I CANNOT conceive any thing more excellent, than to be able, by language, to captivate the affections, to charm the understanding, and to impel or restrain the will of whole assemblies, at pleasure. Among every free people, especially in peaceful, settled governments, this single art has always eminently flourished, and always exercised the greatest sway. For what can be more surprising, than that, amidst an infinite multitude, one man should appear, who shall be the only, or almost the only man capable of doing what Nature has put in every man's power? Or, can any thing impart such exquisite pleasure to the ear, and to the intellect, as a speech in which the wisdom and dignity of the sentiments, are heightened by the utmost force and beauty of expression? Is there any thing so commanding, so grand, as that the eloquence of one man should direct the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges, and the majesty of senates? Nay, farther, can aught be esteemed so great, so generous, so public-spirited, as to assist the suppliant, to rear the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, and to save a fellow-citizen from exile? Can any thing be so necessary, as to keep those arms always in readiness, with which you may defend yourself, attack the profligate, and redress your own, or your country's wrongs?

But, let us consider this accomplishment as detached

from public business, and from its wonderful efficacy in popular assemblies, at the bar, and in the senate; can any thing be more agreeable, or more endearing in private life, than elegant language? For the great characteristic of our nature, and what eminently distinguishes us from brutes, is the faculty of social conversation, the power of expressing our thoughts and sentiments by words. To excel mankind, therefore, in the exercise of that very talent, which gives them the preference to the brute creation, is what every body must not only admire, but look upon as the just object of the most indefatigable pursuit. And now, to mention the chief point of all, what other power could have been of sufficient efficacy to bring together the vagrant individuals of the human race; to tame their savage manners; to reconcile them to social life; and, after cities were founded, to mark out laws, forms, and constitutions, for their government?—Let me, in a few words, sum up this almost boundless subject. I lay it down as a maxim, that upon the wisdom and abilities of an accomplished orator, not only his own dignity, but the welfare of vast numbers of individuals, and even of the whole state, must greatly depend. Therefore, young gentlemen, go on: ply the study in which you are engaged, for your own honour, the advantage of your friends, and the service of your country. *Cicero.*

On the Cultivation of the Intellectual Powers.

A DUTY peculiarly applicable to the season of youth, is the diligent cultivation of the intellectual powers. Yours is the time, my young friends, for forming good mental habits, and acquiring those liberal and rational tastes, which will prove a source of the purest happiness to the very close of existence. Now or never is the time for giving a bent to the character. As yet, you are not deeply involved in the perplexing cares of life; as yet, you are not the slaves of any low and debasing habits: your minds and all their best powers are your own; your curiosity is awake; and your attention capable of being easily directed and fixed to any object—to any pursuit. Yours are the light and cheerful spirits—the ever-active interest—the clear and unembarrassed memory; yours, the joyous hope and eager expectation, which at once dispose your minds to seek for knowledge, and qualify them for

gaining it. For you, nature unlocks her stores, and art displays her thousand wonders; to you, are opened the wide fields of science; to you, is unrolled the ample page of history; and for your instruction and delight, is recorded all that the sage has thought, and the poet sung. To aid your progress, and increase your knowledge, innumerable schemes are devised, and institutions reared, which invite you into the paths of wisdom, and lavish on you the opportunities of improvement. These are the prospects of your happy period. Let them not be offered you in vain. Let not "wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice, in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths;" while you turn a deaf ear to her counsels, and go aside into the ways of folly: but rather, in every thing good and liberal—in every thing connected with the progress of truth and knowledge and virtue and vital religion—endeavour to prove yourselves worthy of the age in which you live, and of the country to which you belong.

Learn, also, to be modest in your demeanour, lowly in heart, and humble in your opinion of yourselves. There is no quality more engaging and attractive in youth than modesty. What says the wisest of men? "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." An individual's modest opinion of himself, is a tolerable accurate test of his real merit; and if this be true of men in general, it is still more so of young people, who can have but little knowledge, and still less experience. Rashness, petulance, and self-conceit, will sometimes hurry even well-meaning young persons into mistakes, which they could not foresee—perhaps into crimes, which they would have blushed and trembled to think of before-hand. Enter, then, the paths of life, cautiously and circumspectly, distrustful of yourselves, and willing to be advised and directed by those who are wiser and more experienced. Feel your own weakness and liability to err, and it will lead you to cultivate a devotional spirit; acknowledge your own ignorance and want of experience, and it will dispose you to lean upon your parents; confess the feebleness of your abilities, and the small extent of your knowledge, and it will stimulate you to improve your minds diligently, and may be a means of ultimately leading you to the highest attainments in knowledge and wisdom. *Taylor.*

The Fallen Leaf.

"THE fallen leaf!" Again and again I repeated this sentence to myself, when, after traversing the avenue for some time, I had inadvertently stepped into a heap of these mementoes of the departing year. This trivial incident broke in upon a gay and buoyant train of thought; and, as for a single moment I stood fixed to the spot, the words of the prophet fell with a deep and painful meaning upon my heart. I resumed my walk, and would have resumed with pleasure the train of thought that had been broken, but in vain; and when I again reached the place where the fallen leaves were collected, I made a longer pause. With how loud a voice did they speak of the end of all things! how forcibly remind me, that those busy projects which at that moment agitated my heart, would, like them, fade, and be carried away in the tide of life! The leaves fade away, and leave the parent stem desolate: but, in a few short months, they will bud and bloom again; other leaves, as gay as those were, will supply their place, and clothe the forest with as bright a green. And is it not so with the heart? We are separated from those who are now most dear to us, or they fade away into the tomb; new interests are excited, new friendships contracted, and every former image is effaced and forgotten.

My eye now rested on the venerable pile of building before me: it seemed but as yesterday, since the master of that stately mansion stood at the gate to welcome my arrival; and now, where was he?—Gone—and for ever! The accents of his voice were never again to be heard; my eye was to behold him no more.—As these thoughts passed through my mind, a slight breeze, for a moment, agitated the naked branches: it helped to complete the work of desolation; and several of the still remaining leaves were wafted to my feet. How indiscriminately were here mingled—the pride of the forest, the majestic oak, the trembling aspen, the graceful poplar, with all the tribe of inferior shrubs! Here lay all that remained of their once-gay foliage—one undistinguishable mass of decay; with no mark to point out to which they had originally belonged. And shall not Death, the great leveller, reduce us to the same state of equality? The great, the noble, the learned, the beautiful—when they lay down their heads in the grave—what are they more than the mean, the

lowly, and the worthless? They leave a name behind them for a short time, and then—how soon are the best beloved forgotten! Feelings such as these must have been felt by thousands; and, whilst they serve to temper the enjoyment of prosperity, they contribute also to smooth the rugged path of life, and calm the sufferings of the wounded spirit. Since, whether one day has been bright or cloudy, spring and summer must, ere long, give place to autumn; and then comes the winter, when we, too, must fade as the leaf.

Anonymous.

Happiness.

WHAT is earthly happiness?—that phantom, of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given, and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Anticipation is her herald, but disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe; but the latter to our experience, that must. Happiness, that grand mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and Epicurus in both; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on none of them. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted another mode of preferring his suit: he thought, by slandering, to obtain her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed, that, by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane; smooth as the water at the edge of the cataract; and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm: but, like the image in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion, that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys; yet, often, when unsought she is found, and when unexpected, often obtained: while those who search for her the most diligently, fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love; Brutus, in glory; Cæsar, in dominion. The first found disgrace; the second, disgust; the last, ingratitude; and each, destruction.

To some she is more kind, but not less cruel: she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, and they doubt whether they are men—with Philip, or brute.

that they are gods—with Alexander. On some she smiles, as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than that of an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and, by one short caress, to embitter the pangs of separation. Ambition, avarice, love, revenge, all these seek her, and her alone: alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She despatches, however, to them her envoys. To ambition, she sends power; to avarice, wealth; to love, jealousy; to revenge, remorse:—alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment! Neither is she to be won by flatteries nor bribes: she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her; for she will come unto them.

None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able, to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings, than for their subjects; she mocks them, indeed, with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train; but she comes not herself. What, then, detains her? She is travelling incognito, to keep a private assignation with contentment, and to partake of a conversation and a dinner of herbs, with some humble, but virtuous peasant, in a cottage. *Anonymous.*

The Idiot.

A POOR widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence. He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind, than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm. From morning to evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that, while

she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon, as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection. A human creature so far below the standard of humanity, was nowhere ever seen: he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal. He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet; and, as he kissed them mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street; and, as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sang his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place; and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye; and, clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sunk the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key. The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body; and he surrendered his hold of the earthly hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment, he resumed his chant; and, lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sang, with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal-pal-lal."

Blackwood's Magazine.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The Departed Spirits of the Just are Spectators of our Conduct on Earth.

FROM what happened on the Mount of Transfiguration`, we may infer', not only that the separated spirits of good' men` live' and act`, and enjoy` happiness'; but that they take some interest in the business of this' world, and even that their interest` in it has a connection' with the pursuits` and habits' of their former` life. The virtuous cares which occupied them on earth', follow them into their new` abode. Moses' and Elias` had spent the days of their' temporal pilgrimage in promoting among their brethren', the knowledge` and the worship' of the true God`. They are still` attentive to the same great object; and, enraptured` at the prospect of its advancement', they descend` on this occasion` to animate` the labours` of Jesus', and to prepare him for his victory' over the powers of hell`.

What a delightful subject of contemplation' does this reflection open' to the pious' and benevolent` mind! what a spring' does it give to all the better energies of the heart`! Your labours of love`, your plans of beneficence`, your swellings of satisfaction` in the rising reputation of those whose virtues you have cherished', will not, we have reason` to hope, be terminated' by the stroke' of death`. No`! —your spirits will still linger around the objects of their former attachment`; they will behold with rapture, even the distant` effects of those beneficent` institutions' which they once' delighted' to rear`; they will watch with a pious satisfaction over the growing prosperity of the country' which they loved`; with a parent's fondness', and a parent's exultation`, they will share' in the fame` of their virtuous` posterity'; and—by the permission of God'—they may descend', at times`, as guardian` angels', to shield` them from danger', and to conduct' them to glory`.

Of all the thoughts that can enter the human mind, this is one of the most animating and consolatory. It scatters flowers around the bed of death. It enables us who are left behind, to support with firmness, the departure of our best beloved friends, because it teaches us that they are not lost to us for ever. They are still our friends. Though they be now gone to another apartment in our Father's house, they have carried with them the remembrance and the feeling of their former attachments. Though invisible to us—they bend from their dwelling on high, to cheer us in our pilgrimage of duty, to rejoice with us in our prosperity, and, in the hour of virtuous exertion, to shed through our souls, the blessedness of heaven. *Finlayson.*

Time and Manner of the Arrival of Death.

DEATH is called, in Scripture, the land without any order; and, without any order, the king of terrors makes his approaches in the world. The commission given from on high, was, "Go into the world: Strike! strike! so that that the dead may alarm the living." Hence it is, that we seldom see men running the full career of life; growing old among their children's children, and then falling asleep in the arms of nature, as in the embraces of a kind mother—coming to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, like flowers that shut up at the close of the day. Death walks through the world without any order. He delights to surprise, to give a shock to mankind. Hence, he leaves the wretched to prolong the line of their sorrows, and cuts off the fortunate in the midst of their career; he suffers the aged to survive himself, to outlive life, to stalk about the ghost of what he was; and aims his arrow at the heart of the young, who puts the evil day far from him. He delights to see the feeble carrying the vigorous to the grave, and the father building the tomb of his children. Often, when his approaches are least expected, he bursts at once upon the world, like an earthquake in the dead of night, or thunder in the serenest sky. All ages and conditions he sweeps away without distinction: the young man just entering into life, high in hope, elated with joy, and promising to himself a length of years; the father of a family, from the embraces of his wife and

dren; the man of the world, when his designs are ripening to execution, and the long-expected crisis of enjoyment seems to approach. These, and all others, are hurried promiscuously off the stage, and laid, without order, in the common grave. Every path in the world leads to the tomb, and every hour in life hath been to some the last hour.

Without order, too, is the manner of death's approach. The king of terrors wears a thousand forms; pains and diseases—a numerous and a direful train—compose his host. Marking out unhappy man for their prey, they attack the seat of life, or the seat of understanding; hurry him off the stage in an instant, or make him pine by slow degrees. Blasting the bloom of life, or waiting till the decline, according to the pathetic picture of Solomon, "they make the strong men bow themselves, and the keepers of the house tremble; make the grinders cease; bring the daughters of music low; darken the sun, and the moon, and the stars; scatter fears in the way, and make desire itself to fail; until the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken; when the dust returns to the dust as it was, and the spirit ascends to God who gave it."

Logan.

On the Threatened Invasion in 1803.

By a series of criminal enterprises, by the success of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished. The subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere, who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode: but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the world. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests!—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to deter-

mine—under God—in what condition the latest posterity shall be born. Their fortunes are entrusted to your care; and on your conduct, at this moment, depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here; whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic torch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence—the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders—it is for you to decide, whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger, must vanish; and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen: advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the host to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid. She will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet—many, to the sanctuary. The faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God. The feeble hands, which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall—you will have the satisfaction—the purest allotted to man—of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period—

and they will incessantly revolve them—will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine, that the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler of the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty! Go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirits of departed heroes! Inspire them with their own; and, while led by thy hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them. *Hall.*

The Christian Mother.

If the sex, in their intercourse, are of the highest importance to the moral and religious state of society, they are still more so in their domestic relations. What a public blessing, what an instrument of the most exalted good, is a VIRTUOUS CHRISTIAN MOTHER! It would require a far other pen than mine, to trace the merits of such a character. How many perhaps who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them; or may recollect, at this moment, some saint in heaven, that brought them into light, to labour for their happiness, temporal and eternal! No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses, in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes *in lesson and example* at every pore. Con-

mine—under God—in what condition the latest posterity shall be born. Their fortunes are entrusted to your care; and on your conduct, at this moment, depends the color and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here; whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic torch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence—the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders—it is for you to decide, whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger, must vanish; and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the host to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid. She will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet—many, to the sanctuary. The faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God. The feeble hands, which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall—you will have the satisfaction—the purest allotted to man—of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period—

the observation and experience of years, we have found out the objects of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, what pangs must it give to the heart, to think of parting for ever? We even contract an attachment to inanimate objects. The tree under whose shadow we have often sat; the fields where we have frequently strayed; the hill, the scene of contemplation, or the haunt of friendship; become objects of passion to the mind, and, upon our leaving them, excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction, when stretched upon that bed, from which we shall rise no more, and looking about for the last time on the sad circle of our weeping friends,—how great must be the affliction, to dissolve at once all the attachments of life; to bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we have long loved, and to part for ever with all that is dear below the sun! But let not the Christian be disconsolate. He parts with the objects of his affection, to meet them again; to meet them in a better world, where change never enters, and from whose blissful mansions sorrow flies away. At the resurrection of the just—in the great assembly of the sons of God, when all the family of heaven are gathered together—not one person shall be missing, that was worthy of thy affection or esteem. And if, among imperfect creatures, and in a troubled world, the kind, the tender, and the generous affections, have such power to charm the heart, that even the tears which they occasion, delight us; what joy unspeakable and glorious will they produce, when they exist in perfect minds, and are improved by the purity of the heavens! *Logan.*

Infatuation of Mankind, with regard to the Things of Time.

But if no danger is to be apprehended while the thunder of heaven rolls at a distance, believe me, when it collects over our heads, we may be fatally convinced, that a well-spent life is the only conductor that can avert the bolt. Let us reflect, that time waits for no man. Sleeping or waking, our days are on the wing. If we look to those that are past, they are but as a point. When I compare the present aspect of this city, with that which it exhibited within the short space of my own residence; what does the result present, but the most melancholy proof of human insta-

mine—under God—in what condition the latest posterity shall be born. Their fortunes are entrusted to your care; and on your conduct, at this moment, depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here; whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic torch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence—the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders—it is for you to decide, whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger, must vanish; and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the host to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid. She will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet—many, to the sanctuary. The faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God. The feeble hands, which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall—you will have the satisfaction—the purest allotted to man—of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period,

Danger of Delay, in Matters of Religion.

By long delaying, your conversion may become altogether impossible.

Habit, says the proverb, is a second nature; and indeed it is stronger than the first. At first, we easily take the bend, and are moulded by the hands of the master; but this nature of our own making is proof against alteration. The Ethiopian may as soon change his skin, and the leopard his spots; the tormented in hell may as soon revisit the earth; as those who have been long accustomed to do evil, may learn to do well. Such is the wise appointment of Heaven, to deter sinners from delaying their repentance. When the evil principle hath corrupted the whole capacity of the mind; when sin, by its frequency and its duration, is woven into the very essence of the soul, and is become part of ourselves; when the sense of moral good and evil is almost totally extinct; when conscience is seared, as with a hot iron; when the heart is so hard, that the arrows of the Almighty cannot pierce it; and when, by a long course of crimes, we have become, what the Scripture most emphatically calls, "vessels of wrath fitted for destruction;"—then we have filled up the measure of our sins; then Almighty God swears in his wrath, that we shall not enter into his rest; then there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking-for of wrath and indignation, which shall devour the adversary. Almighty God, weary of bearing with the sons of men, delivers them over to a reprobate mind; when, like Pharaoh, they survive only as monuments of wrath; when, like Esau, they cannot find a place for repentance, although they seek it carefully with tears; when, like the foolish virgins, they come knocking—but the door of mercy is shut for ever!

Further, let me remind you, my brethren, that if you repent not now, perhaps you will not have another opportunity. You say you will repent in some future period of time; but are you sure of arriving at that future period of time? Have you one hour in your hand? Have you one minute at your disposal? Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Before to-morrow, multitudes shall be in another world. Art thou sure that thou art not of the number? Man knoweth not his time. As the fishes that are taken in an evil net, as the

birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil hour. Can you recall to mind none of your companions—none of the partners of your follies and your sins, cut off in an unconverted state—cut off perhaps in the midst of an unfinished debauch, and hurried, with all their transgressions upon their head, to give in their account to God, the Judge of all? Could I show you the state in which they are now; could an angel from heaven unbar the gates of the everlasting prison; could you discern the late companions of your wanton hours, overwhelmed with torment and despair; could you hear the cry of their torment, which ascendeth up for ever and ever; could you hear them upbraiding you as the partners of their crimes, and accusing you as in some measure the cause of their damnation!—Great God! how would your hair stand on end! how would your heart die within you! how would conscience fix all her stings! and remorse, awaking a new hell within you, torment you before the time! Had a like untimely fate snatched you away then, where had you been now? And is this the improvement which you make of that longer day of grace with which Heaven has been pleased to favour you?—Is this the return you make to the Divine goodness, for prolonging your lives, and indulging you with a longer day of repentance! Have you in good earnest determined within yourself, that you will weary out the long-suffering of God, and force destruction from his reluctant hand?

I beseech, I implore you, my brethren, in the bonds of friendship, and in the bowels of the Lord; by the tender mercies of the God of Peace; by the dying love of a crucified Redeemer; by the precious promises and awful threatenings of the gospel; by all your hopes of heaven, and fears of hell; by the worth of your immortal souls; and by all that is dear to men—I conjure you to accept of the offers of mercy, and fly from the wrath to come.—"Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." All the treasures of heaven are now opening to you; the blood of Christ is now speaking for the remission of your sins; the Church on earth stretches out its arms to receive you; the spirits of just men made perfect are eager to enrol you amongst the number of the blessed; the angels and archangels are waiting to break out into new hallelujahs of joy on your return; the whole Trinity is now employed in your behalf; God the Father, God the

Son, and God the Holy Spirit, at this instant, call upon you, weary and heavy laden, to come unto them, that ye may have rest unto your souls! *Logan.*

On the Death of the Princess Charlotte.

THAT such an event should affect us in a manner very superior to similar calamities in private life, is agreeable to the order of nature, and the will of God; nor is the profound sensation it has produced, to be considered as the symbol of courtly adulation. The catastrophe itself, it is true, apart from its peculiar circumstances, is not a rare occurrence. Mothers often expire in the ineffectual effort to give birth to their offspring: both are consigned to the same tomb; and the survivor, after witnessing the wreck of so many hopes and joys, is left to mourn alone, "refusing to be comforted, because they are not."

There is no sorrow which imagination can picture, no sign of anguish which nature, agonized and oppressed, can exhibit, no accent of wo—but what is already familiar to the ear of fallen, afflicted humanity; and the roll which Ezekiel beheld flying through the heavens, inscribed within and without, "with sorrow, lamentation, and wo," enters, sooner or later, into every house, and discharges its contents into every bosom. But, in the private departments of life, the distressing incidents which occur, are confined to a narrow circle. The hope of an individual is crushed; the happiness of a family is destroyed; but the social system is unimpaired, and its movements experience no impediment, and sustain no sensible injury. The arrow passes through the air, which soon closes upon it, and all again is tranquil. But when the great lights and ornaments of the world, placed aloft to conduct its inferior movements, are extinguished—such an event resembles the apocalyptic vial poured into that element which changes its whole temperature, and is the presage of fearful commotions, of thunders, and lightnings, and tempests.

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference; the Princess enjoyed the highest connubial felicity; and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life, with the splendour of a royal station. Placed

on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centered, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity—excepting perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her illustrious birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature, and the charms of retirement; where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her illustrious consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power, and the cares of empire.

One thing was only wanting to render our satisfaction complete, in the prospect of the accession of such a Princess—it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event, anticipated with so much eagerness, will form the most melancholy page in our history. It is no reflection on this amiable Princess to suppose, that in her early dawn, with the "dew of her youth" so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation, which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth; she considered them as so many component parts of her own grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy, when she reflected, that it was her province to live entirely for others; to compose the felicity of a great people; to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy, the most enlarged, of wisdom, the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society, which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling, or surpassing, the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of [illegible]

attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add, that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her, in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped, that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amidst the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room, but the funeral pall and shroud; a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! Oh the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hand, "to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind."

Without the slightest warning, without the opportunity of a moment's immediate preparation, in the midst of the deepest tranquillity—at midnight—a voice was heard in the palace, not of singing men and singing women, not of revelry and mirth; but the cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" The mother, in the bloom of youth, spared just long enough to hear the tidings of her infant's death, almost immediately, as if summoned by his spirit, follows him into eternity. "It is a night much to be remembered!" Who foretold this event? Who conjectured it? Who detected at a distance the faintest presage of its approach?—which, when it arrived, mocked the efforts of human skill, as much by their incapacity to prevent, as their inability to foresee it! Unmoved by the tears of conjugal affection, unawed by the presence of grandeur, and the prerogatives of power, inexorable death hastened to execute his stern commission, leaving nothing to royalty itself, but to retire and weep. Who can fail to discern, on this awful occasion, the hand of Him who "bringeth princes to nothing, who maketh the judges of the earth as vanity; who says, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth; and he shall blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble?"

But is it now any subject of regret, think you, to this amiable Princess so suddenly removed, "that her sun went

down while it was yet day;" or that, prematurely snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world, of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? No! in the full fruition of eternal joys, for which, we humbly hope, religion prepared her; she is so far from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted, that she is surprised it had the power of affecting her so much; that she took so deep an interest in the scenes of this shadowy state of being, while so near to an "eternal weight of glory;" and, so far as memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness, by associating the present with the past, it is not by the recollection of her illustrious birth and elevated prospects—but that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those that weep; that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms; that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery; in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and walked humbly with her God.

The nation has certainly not been wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret at the sudden removal of this most lamented Princess; nor of their sympathy with the royal family, deprived, by this visitation, of its brightest ornament. Sorrow is painted in every countenance, the pursuits of business and of pleasure have been suspended, and the kingdom is covered with the signals of distress———But what (my friends) if it were lawful to indulge such a thought—what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle; or, could we realize the calamity, in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness? to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for it to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?

Hall.

On the Death of the Princess Charlotte.

OH! how it tends to quiet the agitations of every earthly interest and earthly passion, when death steps forward, and demonstrates the littleness of them all—when he stamps a character of such affecting insignificance on all that we are contending for—when, as if to make known the greatness of his power in the sight of a whole country, he stalks in ghastly triumph over the might and the grandeur of its most august family, and singling out that member of it in whom the dearest hopes and the gayest visions of the people were suspended, he, by one fatal and resistless blow, sends abroad the fame of his victory and his strength, throughout the wide extent of an afflicted nation! He has indeed put a cruel and impressive mockery on all the glories of mortality. A few days ago, all looked so full of life, and promise, and security—when we read of the bustle of the great preparation—and were told of the skill and the talent that were pressed into the service—and heard of the goodly attendance of the most eminent of the nation—and how officers of state, and the titled dignitaries of the land, were charioted in splendour to the scene of expectation, as to the joys of an approaching holiday—yes, and were told too, that the bells of the surrounding villages were all in readiness for the merry peal of gratulation, and that the expectant metropolis of our empire, on tiptoe for the announcement of her future monarch, had her winged couriers of despatch to speed the welcome message to the ears of her citizens, and that from her an embassy of gladness was to travel over all the provinces of the land; and the country, forgetful of all that she had suffered, was at length to offer the spectacle of one wide and rejoicing jubilee. O death! thou hast indeed chosen the time and the victim, for demonstrating the grim ascendency of thy power over all the hopes and fortunes of our species!—Our blooming Princess, whom fancy had decked with the coronet of these realms, and under whose sway all bade so fair for the good and the peace of the nation, has he placed upon her bier! and, as if to fill up the measure of his triumph, has he laid by her side, that babe, who, but for him, might have been the monarch of a future generation; and he has done that, which by no single achievement he could otherwise have accomplished—he has sent forth over the whole of our land, *the gloom of such* a bereavement as cannot be

replaced by any living descendant of royalty—he has broken the direct succession of the monarchy of England—by one and the same disaster, has he awakened up the public anxieties of the country, and sent a pang as acute as that of the most woful visitation into the heart of each of its families.

Amongst the rich, there is apt, at times, to rankle an injurious and unworthy impression of the poor—and just because these poor stand at a distance from them—just because they come not into contact with that which would draw them out in courteousness to their persons, and in benevolent attentions to their families. Amongst the poor, on the other hand, there is often a disdainful suspicion of the wealthy, as if they were actuated by a proud indifference to them and to their concerns; and as if they were placed away from them at so distant and lofty an elevation, as not to require the exercise of any of those cordialities, which are ever sure to spring in the bosom of man to man, when they come to know each other, and to have the actual sight of each other. But, let any accident place an individual of the higher before the eyes of the lower order, on the ground of their common humanity—let the latter be made to see that the former are akin to themselves in all the sufferings and in all the sensibilities of our common inheritance—let, for example, the greatest chieftain of the territory die, and the report of his weeping children, or of his distracted widow, be sent through the neighbourhood—or, let an infant of his family be in suffering, and the mothers of the humble vicinity be run to for counsel and assistance—or, in any other way, let the rich, instead of being viewed by their inferiors through the dim and distant medium of that fancied interval which separates the ranks of society, be seen as heirs of the same frailty, and as dependent on the same sympathies with themselves—and, at that moment, all the floodgates of honest sympathy will be opened—and the lowest servants of the establishment will join in the cry of distress which has come upon their family—and the neighbouring cottagers, to share in their grief, have only to recognise them as the partakers of one nature, and to perceive an assimilation of feelings and of circumstances between them.

Let me further apply all this to the sons and the daughters of royalty. The truth is, that they appear to the public eye as stalking on a platform so highly elevated above

the general level of society, that it removes them, as it were, from all the ordinary sympathies of our nature. And though we read at times of their galas, and their birth-days, and their drawing-rooms; there is nothing in all this to attach us to their interests and their feelings, as the inhabitants of a familiar home, as the members of an affectionate family. Surrounded as they are with the glare of a splendid notoriety, we scarcely recognise them as men and as women, who can rejoice and weep, and pine with disease, and taste the sufferings of mortality, and be oppressed with anguish, and love with tenderness, and experience in their bosoms the same movements of grief or of affection that we do ourselves. And thus it is, that they labour under a real and heavy disadvantage.

Now, if, through an accidental opening, the public should be favoured with a domestic exhibition—if, by some overpowering visitation of Providence upon an illustrious family, the members of it should come to be recognised as the partakers of one common humanity with ourselves—if, instead of beholding them in their gorgeousness as princes, we look to them in the natural evolution of their sensibilities as men—if the stately palace should be turned into a house of mourning—in one word, if death should do what he has already done,—He has met the Princess of England in the prime and promise of her days; and, as she was moving onward on her march to a hereditary throne, he has laid her at his feet.—Ah! my brethren, when the imagination dwells on that bed where the remains of departed youth and departed infancy are lying—when, instead of crowns and canopies of grandeur, it looks to the forlorn husband, and the weeping father, and the human feelings which agitate their bosoms, and the human tears which flow down their cheeks, and all such symptoms of deep affliction as bespeak the workings of suffering and dejected nature—what ought to be, and what actually is, the feeling of the country at so sad an exhibition? It is just the feeling of the domestics and the labourers at Claremont. All is soft and tender as womanhood. Nor is there a peasant in our land, who is not touched to the very heart, when he thinks of the unhappy stranger, who is now spending his days in grief, and his nights in sleeplessness—as he mourns alone in his darkened chamber, and refuses to be comforted—as he turns in vain for rest to his troubled feelings, and cannot find it—as he gazes on the memorials

of an affection that blessed the brightest, happiest, shortest year of his existence—as he looks back on the endearments of the bygone months, and the thought that they have for ever fleeted away from him, turns all to agony—as he looks forward on the blighted prospect of this world's pilgrimage, and feels that all which bound him to existence, is now torn irretrievably away from him! There is not a British heart that does not feel to this interesting visitor, all the force and all the tenderness of a most affecting relationship; and, go where he may, will he ever be recognised and cherished as a much-loved member of the British family!

Chalmers.

Sitting in the Chair of the Scorner.

THE third and last stage of impiety, is "sitting in the chair of the scorner," or laughing at all religion and virtue. This is a pitch of diabolical attainment, to which few arrive. It requires a double portion of the infernal spirit, and a long experience in the mystery of iniquity, to become callous to every sense of religion, of virtue, and of honour; to throw off the authority of nature, of conscience, and of God; to overleap the barrier of laws divine and human; and to endeavour to wrest the bolt from the red right-hand of the Omnipotent. Difficult as the achievement is, we see it sometimes effected. We have seen persons who have gloried in their shame, and boasted of being vicious for the sake of vice. Such characters are monsters in the moral world! Figure to yourselves, my brethren, the anguish, the horror, the misery, the damnation such a person must endure, who must consider himself in a state of enmity with heaven and with earth; who has no pleasant reflection from the past, no peace in the present, and no hopes from the future; who must consider himself as a solitary being in the world; who has no friend without to pour balm into the cup of bitterness he is doomed to drink; who has no friend above to comfort him, when there is none to help; and who has nought within him to compensate for that irreparable and that irredeemable loss. Such a person is as miserable as he is wicked. He is insensible to every emotion of friendship; he is lost to all sense of honour; he is seared to every feeling of virtue.

In the class of those who sit in the chair of the scorner, we may include the whole race of infidels, who misemploy

the engines of reason, or of ridicule, to overthrow the Christian religion. Were the dispute concerning a system of speculative opinions—which of themselves were of no importance to the happiness of mankind—it would be uncharitable to include them all under this censure. But on the Christian religion, not only the happiness, but the virtue of mankind depends. It is an undoubted fact, that religion is the strongest principle of virtue with all men; and, with nine tenths of mankind, is the only principle of virtue. Any attempt, therefore, to destroy it, must be considered as an attempt against the happiness, and against the virtue of the human kind. If the heathen philosophers did not attempt to subvert the false religion of their country, but, on the contrary, gave it the sanction of their example; because, bad as it was, it had considerable influence on the manners of the people, and was better than no religion at all; what shame, what contempt, what infamy ought they to incur, who endeavour to overthrow a religion which contains the noblest ideas of the Deity, and the purest system of morals that was ever taught upon earth? He is a traitor to his country, he is a traitor to the human kind, he is a traitor to Heaven, who abuses the talents that God has given him, in impious attempts to wage war against Heaven, and to undermine that system of religion, which, of all things, is the best adapted to promote the happiness and the perfection of the human kind. Blessed, then, is the man who hath not brought himself into this sinful and miserable state—who hath held fast his innocence and integrity, in the midst of a degenerate world; or if, in some unguarded hour, he hath been betrayed into an imprudent step, or overtaken in a fault; hath made ample amends for his folly, by a life of penitence and of piety. *Logan.*

The Plurality of Worlds not an Argument against the Truth of Revelation.

KEEP all this in view, and you cannot fail to perceive how the principle, so finely and so copiously illustrated in this chapter, may be brought to meet the infidelity we have thus long been employed in combating. It was nature—and the experience of every bosom will affirm it—it was nature in the shepherd, to leave the ninety and

nine of his flock forgotten and alone in the wilderness; and, betaking himself to the mountains, to give all his labour, and all his concern, to the pursuit of one solitary wanderer. It was nature—and we are told, in the passage before us, that it is such a portion of nature as belongs not merely to men, but to angels—when the woman, with her mind in a state of listlessness as to the nine pieces of silver that were in secure custody, turned the whole force of her anxiety to the one piece which she had lost, and for which she had to light a candle, and to sweep the house, and to search diligently until she found it. It was nature in her to rejoice more over that piece, than over all the rest of them; and to tell it abroad among friends and neighbours, that they might rejoice along with her—And, sadly effaced as humanity is in all her original lineaments, this is a part of our nature, the very movements of which are experienced in heaven, "where there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." For any thing I know, every planet that rolls in the immensity around me, may be a land of righteousness, and be a member of the household of God; and have her secure dwelling-place within that ample limit, which embraces his great and universal family: But I know at least of one wanderer; and how wofully she has strayed from peace and from purity; and how, in dreary alienation from him who made her, she has bewildered herself amongst those many devious tracks, which have carried her afar from the path of immortality; and how sadly tarnished all those beauties and felicities are, which promised, on that morning of her existence when God looked on her, and saw that all was very good —which promised so richly to bless and to adorn her; and how, in the eye of the whole unfallen creation, she has renounced all this goodliness, and is fast departing away from them into guilt, and wretchedness, and shame. Oh! if there be any truth in this chapter, and any sweet or touching nature in the principle which runs throughout all its parables; let us cease to wonder, though they who surround the throne of love should be looking so intently towards us—or though, in the way by which they have singled us out, all the other orbs of space should, for one short season, on the scale of eternity, appear to be forgotten—or though, for every step of her recovery, and for every individual who is rendered back again to the fold

from which he was separated; another and another message of triumph should be made to circulate amongst the hosts of paradise—or though, lost as we are, and sunk in depravity as we are, all the sympathies of heaven should now be awake on the enterprise of him who has travailed, in the greatness of his strength, to seek and to save us.

And here I cannot but remark how fine a harmony there is between the law of sympathetic nature in heaven, and the most touching exhibitions of it on the face of our world. When one of a numerous household droops under the power of disease, is not that the one to whom all the tenderness is turned, and who, in a manner, monopolizes the inquiries of his neighbourhood, and the care of his family? When the sighing of the midnight storm sends a dismal foreboding into the mother's heart; to whom of all her offspring, I would ask, are her thoughts and her anxieties then wandering? Is it not to her sailor-boy, whom her fancy has placed amid the rude and angry surges of the ocean? Does not this, the hour of his apprehended danger, concentrate upon him the whole force of her wakeful meditations? and does not he engross, for a season, her every sensibility, and her every prayer? We sometimes hear of shipwrecked passengers thrown upon a barbarous shore; and seized upon by its prowling inhabitants; and hurried away through the tracks of a dreary and unknown wilderness; and sold into captivity; and loaded with the fetters of irrecoverable bondage; and who, stripped of every other liberty but the liberty of thought, feel even this to be another ingredient of wretchedness—for what can they think of but home? and, as all its kind and tender imagery comes upon their remembrance, how can they think of it but in the bitterness of despair? Oh tell me, when the fame of all this disaster reaches his family, who is the member of it to whom is directed the full tide of its griefs and of its sympathies?—who is it that, for weeks and for months, usurps their every feeling, and calls out their largest sacrifices, and sets them to the busiest expedients for getting him back again?—who is it that makes them forgetful of themselves and of all around them?—and tell me, if you can assign a limit to the pains, and the exertions, and the surrenders, which afflicted parents and weeping sisters would make to seek and to save him? *Chalmers.*

Christ's Agony.

CHRISTIANS! what an hour was that, which our Saviour passed in the garden of Gethsemane! In the time of his passion, his torments succeeded one another. He was not at the same time betrayed, mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns, pierced with a spear, extended on a cross, and forsaken by his Father: but here all these torments rose before him at once; all his pains were united together; what he was to endure in succession, now crowded into one moment, and his soul was overcome. At this time, too, the powers of darkness, it should seem, were permitted to work upon his imagination, to disturb his spirit, and make the vale through which he was to pass, appear more dark and gloomy.

Add to this, that our Saviour having now come to the close of his public life, his whole mediatorial undertaking presented itself to his view; his eye ran over the history of that race which he came to save, from the beginning to the end of time. He had a feeling of all the misery, and a sense of all the guilt of men. If he looked back into past times, what did he behold?—The earth a field of blood, a vale of tears, a theatre of crimes. If he cast his eyes upon that one in which he lived, what did he behold?—The nation, to whom he was sent, rejecting the counsel of God against themselves, imprecating his blood to be upon them and their children, and bringing upon themselves such a desolation as has not happened to any other people. When he looked forward to succeeding ages, what did he behold? —He saw, that the wickedness of men was to continue and abound, to erect a Golgotha in every age, and, by obstinate impenitence, to crucify afresh the Son of God;—he saw, that, in his blessed name, and under the banners of his cross, the most atrocious crimes were to be committed, the sword of persecution to be drawn, the best blood of the earth to be shed, and the noblest spirits that ever graced the world to be cut off;—he saw, that, for many of the human race, all the efforts of saving mercy were to be defeated; that his death was to be of no avail, that his blood was to be shed in vain, that his agonies were to be lost, and that it had been happy for them if he had never been born;—he saw, that he was to be wounded in the house of his friends, that his name was to be blasphemed among his own followers, that he was to be dishonoured by the

wicked lives of those who called themselves his disciples; that one man was to prefer the gains of iniquity, another the blandishments of pleasure, a third the indulgence of malicious desire, and all of you, at times, the gratification of your favourite passion—to the tender mercies of the God of peace, and the dying love of a crucified Redeemer. While the hour revolved that spread forth all these things before his eyes, we need not wonder that he began to be in agony, and that he sweated, as it were, great drops of blood. *Logan.*

The Deluding Influence of the World.

My brethren, the true source of all our delusion, is a false and deceitful security of life. Thousands pass to their account around us, and we are not instructed. Some are struck in our very arms—our parents, our children, our friends—and yet we stand as if we had shot into the earth an eternal root. Even the most sudden transitions from life to dust, produce but a momentary impression on the dust that breathes. No examples, however awful, sink into the heart. Every instant we see health, youth, beauty, titles, reputation, and fortune, disappear like a flash. Still do we pass gaily on, in the broad and flowery way, the same busy, thoughtless, and irreclaimable beings; panting for every pleasure as before, thirsting for riches and pre-eminence, rushing on the melancholy ruins of one another, intriguing for the employments of those whose ashes are scarce cold; nay, often, I fear, keeping an eye on the very expiring, with the infamous view of seizing the earliest moment to solicit their spoils.

Great God! as if the all-devouring tomb, instead of solemnly pronouncing on the vanity of all human pursuits, on the contrary, emitted sparks to rekindle all our attachment to a perishable world! Let me suppose, my brethren, that the number of man's days were inscribed on his brow! Is it not clear, that an awful certainty of that nature must necessarily beget the most profound and operative reflection? Would it be possible to banish, even for a moment, the fatal term from his thoughts? The nearer he approached it, what an increase of alarm! what an increase of light on the folly of every thing but immortal good! Would all his views and aspirings be confined, as they now are, to the little span that intervenes between

his cradle and his grave; and care, and anxiety, and miserable agitation be his lot, merely to die overwhelmed with riches, and blazing with honours?

No! wedded to this miserable scene of existence, our hopes are afloat to the last. The understanding, clear in every other point, casts not a ray on the nature of our condition, however desperate. Too frequently it happens, that every one around us at that awful moment, conspires to uphold this state of delusion. They shudder for us in their hearts, yet talk to us of recovery with their lips. From a principle of mistaken, or, to give it its proper name, of barbarous lenity, the most important of all truths is withheld, till it is of little use to impart it. The consequence is obvious. We are surprised—fatally surprised. Our eyes are only opened when they are ready to close for ever. Perhaps an instant of reflection to be made the most of; perhaps to be divided between the disposition of worldly affairs, and the business of eternity! An instant of reflection, just God! to bewail an entire life of disorder—to inspire faith the most lively, hope the most firm, love the most pure! An instant of reflection, perhaps for a sinner whom vice may have infected to the very marrow of his bones, when reason is half eclipsed, and all the faculties palsied by the strong grasp of death! Oh, my brethren, terrible is the fate of those, who are only roused from a long and criminal security, by the sword of his divine justice already gleaming in their eyes! Remember, that if any truth in religion be more repeatedly pressed on us than another, it is this—that as we live, so shall we inevitably die. Few of us, I am sure, but live in the intention of throwing an interval of most serious reflection between the world and the grave. But let me warn you on that point!—It is not given to man to bestow his heart and affection on the present scene, and recall them when he pleases. No; every hour will draw our chains closer. Those obstacles to better practice, which we find insuperable at this moment, will be more insuperable as we go on. It is the property of years to give wide and immoveable root to all passions. The deeper the bed of the torrent, the more impossible to change its course. The older and more inveterate a wound, the more painful the remedy, and more desperate the cure. *Kirwan.*

There is no Peace to the Wicked.

In truth, my brethren, there is not a sin, but what one way or another is punished in this life. We often err egregiously by not attending to the distinction between happiness, and the means of happiness. Power, riches, and prosperity—those means of happiness, and sources of enjoyment—in the course of Providence, are sometimes conferred upon the worst of men. Such persons possess the good things of life, but they do not enjoy them. They have the means of happiness, but they have not happiness itself. A wicked man can never be happy. It is the firm decree of Heaven—eternal and unchangeable as Jehovah himself—that misery must ever attend on guilt; that, when sin enters, happiness takes its departure. There is no such thing in nature, my brethren,—there is no such in nature, as a vicious or unlawful pleasure. What we generally call such, are pleasures in themselves lawful, procured by wrong means, or enjoyed in a wrong way; procured by injustice, or enjoyed with intemperance;—and surely neither injustice nor intemperance have any charm for the mind: and unless we are framed with a very uncommon temper of mind and body, injustice will be hurtful to the one, and intemperance fatal to the other. Unruly desires and bad passions—the gratification of which is sometimes called pleasure—are the source of almost all the miseries in human life. When once indulged, they rage for repeated gratification, and subject us, at all times, to their clamours and importunity. When they are gratified, if they give any joy,—it is the joy of fiends, the joy of the tormented,—a joy which is purchased at the expense of a good conscience, which rises on the ruins of the public peace, and proceeds from the miseries of our fellow-creatures. The forbidden fruit proves to be the apples of Sodom, and the grapes of Gomorrah. One deed of shame is succeeded by years of penitence and pain. A single indulgence of wrath has raised a conflagration, which neither the force of friendship, nor length of time, nor the vehemence of intercession, could mitigate or appease; and which could only be quenched by the effusion of human blood. One drop from the cup of this powerful sorceress has turned living streams of joy into waters of bitterness. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

If a wicked man could be happy, who might have been so happy as Haman,—raised from an inferior station to great riches and power; exalted above his rivals, and above the princes of the empire; favourite and prime minister to the greatest monarch in the world? But with all these advantages on his side, and under all these smiles of fortune; his happiness was destroyed by the want of a bow, usual to those of his station, from one of the porters of the palace. Enraged with this neglect, this vain great man cried out, in the pang of disappointment, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai sitting at the king's gate." This seeming affront sat deep on his mind. He meditated revenge. A single victim could not satisfy his malice. He wanted to have a glutting vengeance. He resolved, for this purpose, to involve thousands in destruction, and to make a whole nation fall a sacrifice to the indulgence of his mean-spirited pride.—His wickedness proves his ruin, and he erected the gallows on which he himself was doomed to be hanged!

If we consider man as an individual, we shall see a further confirmation of the truth contained in the text, that "There is no peace to the wicked."

In order to strengthen the obligations to virtue, Almighty God hath rendered the practice of sin fatal to our peace as individuals, as well as pernicious to our interests as members of society. From the sinner God withdraws his favour, and the light of his countenance. How dark will that mind be, which no beam from the Father of lights ever visits! How joyless that heart, which the spirit of life never animates! When sin entered into paradise, the angels of God forsook the place. So from the soul that is polluted with guilt,—peace, and joy, and hope, those good angels, vanish and depart. What succeeds to this family of heaven?—Confusion, shame, remorse, despair.

Logan.

On the Importance of an Interest in the Divine Favour.

If God be the great Ruler of the world, and governs it without interruption or control, of what infinite importance is his favour!

If an earthly ruler be our friend, we reckon that all our civil interests are secure: but if God doth according to his pleasure, both in heaven and in earth, in this world and

the next; his favour must be life, and his loving-kindness must be even better than life. It must be of all things the most desirable; for it comprehends in it all things that are good. If his power could be controlled, if his will could be eluded, if his government could be interrupted, if any interest of ours lay without the reach of his sceptre or his influence; we might then occasionally hesitate concerning the importance of his favour, and deliberate whether, in this season, or in that circumstance, we stood in need of it: but at all seasons, and in all circumstances, being absolutely in his hands; holding our lives and comforts at his pleasure; suffering only through his appointment, and prolonging our days in joy or in sorrow according to his will; capable, if he pleaseth, of immortal happiness, and liable, if he commands it, to everlasting destruction; unable to resist him, and unable to recommend ourselves to any who can maintain our interest against God; what is it that should be the first object of our anxiety—what is it that should be the constant subject of our concern, but that without which we must be wretched; possessed of which no enmity can hurt us, and no evil overwhelm or injure us? Would you that your friends should love you?—Make a friend of God. Would you that their neglect, if they do neglect you, should be better to you than their love?—Make a friend of God. Would you that your enemies should be at peace with you?—Be ye reconciled to Heaven. Would you that their hatred should promote your interest?—Take care to have an interest in God. Would you prosper in the world?—You cannot do it without God's help. Say not that your prosperity may be the result of the right and vigorous application of your own powers. Ask yourselves from whom those powers are derived, by whom those powers are continued to you, and who it is that forms the connections, and constitutes the conjunctures, that are favourable to the right and successful application of your abilities? Whatever are your views in life, you cannot attain them without God: and though he should assist you to attain them, yet still you cannot improve your real interests, you cannot enjoy them in unalloyed comfort—without God. Would you that your souls should prosper?—It must be through his blessing. Are you weary of affliction?—There is no aid but in the divine compassion. Are you burdened with a load of guilt?—

There is no hope for you but in the divine mercy Is your heart sad?—Your comfort must come from God. Is your soul rejoicing?—God must prolong your joy; or, like the burning thorn, it will blaze and die. Does your inexperienced youth need to be directed?—God must be your guide. Does your declining age need to be supported?—God must be your strength. The vigour of your manly age will wither, if God does not nourish and defend it; and even prosperity is a curse, if God does not give a heart to relish and enjoy it. All hearts, all powers—are God's. Seek ye, then, the Lord while he is to be found; seek his favour with your whole souls. It is a blessing that will well reward you for all that you can sacrifice to purchase it; it is a blessing without which nothing else can bless you. His patience may, perhaps, for a moment suffer you to triumph; but do not thence conclude, that you enjoy his favour. If a good conscience do not tell you so, believe no other witness; for all the pleasures that you boast are but like the pleasures of a bright morning, and a gaudy equipage, to the malefactor, going to his execution. Every moment you are in jeopardy; and every moment may put an end to your jollity, and transform your hopes and joys into desperate and helpless misery. It is but for God to leave you, and you are left by every thing you delight in, and abandoned to every thing you fear. It is but for God to will it so, and this night your reason shall forsake you, your health shall fail you, your friends on whom you lean shall fall, and your comforts on which you are rejoicing shall distress you. It is but for God to will it so, and this moment shall begin a series of perplexities, and fears, and griefs, which in this world shall never end. It is but for God to will it so, and this night thy soul shall be ejected from its earthly tabernacle; this night thy last pulse shall beat, and thy last breath expire; and thine eyes, for ever closed on all thou lovedst on earth, shall be opened on all thou dreadest in heaven.

No, my brethren, there is not a moment's safety, but in peace with God; there is not a moment's solid comfort, but in friendship with our Maker. In every season, and in every state of life, his favour is absolutely necessary to us. What infatuation, then, has seized the sons of reason and of foresight, that you seek *first* what you fondly wish for, *whatever* it is that your hearts desire; and propose, if you propose at all, *afterwards* to seek for that favour which

can alone fulfil the desires of your hearts, and without which their wishes never can be gratified! *Cappe.*

The melancholy Effects of early Licentiousness (in a Sermon preached for the Female Orphan House).

PERHAPS of all sources of corruption in human society, there is none greater than that lamentable degradation of the female sex——which this institution, from the extensive scale on which it is conducted, must go extensively to diminish. In the consideration of this point, I place the misfortune of fallen woman, as far as it involves her own fate temporal and eternal, totally out of the question. To this I shall speak in the sequel; I would here only consider the effect which her depravity is known to produce on the morals of every rank of the community; and I do say, when we deliberately look to the variously desperate complexion of that effect, there is no principle, Christian or social, that must not give superior importance to the preventive before us. How many parents, even in the highest order of life, can bear woful testimony to the total perversion of youth, by the seductions of the vicious part of the female sex! The fondest hopes of rising excellence disappointed; fortune opprobiously dissipated; constitution radically broken down; living spectres of early decrepitude! Every ingrafted virtue, every sacred principle of education effaced; every vice that can dishonour human nature and religion springing from this one impure root. Objects to whom they tenderly looked up for the pride and consolation of their age, often presenting nothing to their eyes but the premature compound of the demon and the brute. This may appear to be strong language on the subject; but to know the world at all, is to know that it is more than justified. When youth is once allured into the mysteries of libertinism, there is no excess or enormity that is not swallowed like water. It is the property of this fatal evil even to mar the finest qualities of nature. Often are talents and spirits, fitted for the greatest purposes of society, entombed for ever in this sepulchre of the soul; nothing that belongs to mind can have power to charm where mind would appear no more. If youths who might have pressed forward to the most honourable distinction, are

daily to be seen without a spark of virtuous emulation—insensible even to that love of fame which, in default of purer motives, gives birth to such diversified objects of human ability—roaming through the capital with stupid and licentious gaze, dead to the respect of character, and equally lost to their country and the world—impute it to no other cause than that unhappy corruption of morals which extinguishes the nobler aspirings of man, to substitute the pursuits of a vile instinct. Would you vindicate, my brethren, the honour of religion and nature? would you behold in youth, the ambition of pre-eminence in virtue and usefulness? establish purity and severity of morals, by cutting off the foul source of their depravation. Do this, I say; and, instead of swarms of walking and ignominious nuisances, you will have men—you will have citizens—more—instead of the contempt of Christian practice, private and public; instead of the affected and blasphemous language of infidelity—for the libertine is invariably profane—you will have youth glorying in submission to the sacred principles of their religion, and affording the happy and edifying spectacle of its influence on their conduct. *Kirwan.*

Religion, the Distinguishing Quality of our Nature.

RELIGION is the distinguishing quality of our nature, and is one of the strongest features that marks the human character. As it is our distinguishing quality, so it possesses such extensive influence, that, however overlooked by superficial inquirers, it has given rise to more revolutions in human society, and to more changes in human manners, than any one cause whatever. View mankind in every situation, from the earliest state of barbarity, down through all the successive periods of civilization, till they degenerate to barbarity again; and you will find them influenced strongly by the awe of superior spirits, or the dread of infernal fiends. In the heathen world—where mankind had no divine revelation, but followed the impulse of nature alone—religion was often the basis of the civil government. Among all classes of men, the sacrifices, the ceremonies, and the worship of the gods, were held in the highest reverence. Judge what a strong hold religion must have taken of the human heart, when, instigated by horror of conscience, the blinded wretch has submitted to

torture his own flesh before the shrine of the incensed deity; and the fond father has been driven to offer up with his own hands his first-born for his transgression,—the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul. It is possible to shake off the reverence, but not the dread of a Deity. Amid the gay circle of his companions—in the hour of riot and dissipation—the fool may say in his heart, that there is no God; but his conscience will meet him when he is alone, and tell him that he is a liar. Heaven will avenge its quarrel on his head. Judge, then, my brethren, how miserable it must be for a being made after the image of God, thus to have his glory turned into shame. How dismal must the situation be for a subject of the divine government, to consider himself as acting upon a plan to counteract the decrees of God, to defeat the designs of eternal Providence, to deface in himself the image and the lineaments of heaven, to maintain a state of enmity and war with his Creator, and to associate with the infernal spirits, whose abode is darkness, and whose portion is despair!

Reflections upon such a state will give its full measure to the cup of trembling. Was not Belshazzar, the impious king of Babylon, a striking instance of what I am now saying? This monarch made a feast to a thousand of his lords; and assembled his princes, his concubines, and his wives. In order to increase the festivity, he sent for the consecrated vessels, which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken from the temple of Jerusalem; and, in these vessels which were holy to the Lord, he made libations to his vain idols, and, in his heart, bade defiance to the God of Israel. But, whilst thus he defied the living God—forth came the fingers of a man's hand, and, on the wall which had lately resounded with joy, wrote the sentence of his fate! In a moment, his countenance was changed, his whole frame shook, and his knees smote one against another; whilst the prophet, in awful accents, denounced his doom: "O man, thy kingdom is departed from thee!" *Logan.*

On the Internal Proofs of the Christian Religion.

THE New Testament consists of histories and epistles. The historical books, namely, the Gospels and the Acts, are a continued narrative, embracing many years, and professing to give the history of the rise and progress of

the religion. Now it is worthy of observation, that these writings completely answer their end; that they completely solve the problem, how this peculiar religion grew up and established itself in the world; that they furnish precise and adequate causes for this stupendous revolution in human affairs. It is also worthy of remark, that they relate a series of facts, which are not only connected with one another, but are intimately linked with the long series which has followed them, and agree accurately with subsequent history, so as to account for and sustain it. Now that a collection of *fictitious* narratives, coming from different hands, comprehending many years, and spreading over many countries, should not only form a consistent whole, when taken by themselves; but should also connect and interweave themselves with real history so naturally and intimately, as to furnish no clue for detection, as to exclude the appearance of incongruity and discordance, and as to give an adequate explanation, and the only explanation, of acknowledged events, of the most important revolution in society; this is a supposition, from which an intelligent man at once revolts, and which, if admitted, would shake a principal foundation of history.

I have before spoken of the unity and consistency of Christ's character, as developed in the Gospels, and of the agreement of the different writers, in giving us the singular features of his mind. Now there are the same marks of truth running through the whole of these narratives. For example, the effects produced by Jesus on the various classes of society; the different feelings of admiration, attachment, and envy, which he called forth; the various expressions of these feelings; the prejudices, mistakes, and gradual illumination of his disciples: these are all given to us with such marks of truth and reality, as could not easily be counterfeited. The whole history is precisely such as might be expected from the actual appearance of such a person as Jesus Christ, in such a state of society as then existed.

The Epistles, if possible, abound in marks of truth and reality, even more than the Gospels. They are imbued thoroughly with the spirit of the first age of Christianity. They bear all the marks of having come from men, plunged in the conflicts which the new religion excited, alive to its interests, identified with its fortunes. They betray the very state of mind, which must have been generated by

the peculiar condition of the first propagators of the religion. They are letters written on real business, intended for immediate effects, designed to meet prejudices and passions, which such a religion must at first have awakened. They contain not a trace of the circumstances of a later age, or of the feelings, impressions, and modes of thinking, by which later times were characterized, and from which later writers could not easily have escaped. The letters of Paul have a remarkable agreement with his history. They are precisely such as might be expected from a man of a vehement mind, who had been brought up in the schools of Jewish literature, who had been converted by a sudden overwhelming miracle, who had been entrusted with the preaching of the new religion to the Gentiles, who had been every where met by the prejudices and persecuting spirit of his own nation. They are full of obscurities growing out of these points of Paul's history and character, and out of the circumstances of the infant church, and which nothing but an intimate acquaintance with that early period can illustrate. This remarkable infusion of the spirit of the first age into the Christian records, cannot easily be explained but by the fact, that they were written in that age by the real and zealous propagators of Christianity, and that they are records of real convictions and of actual events.

There is another evidence of Christianity, still more internal than any on which I have yet dwelt, an evidence to be *felt* rather than described, but not less real because founded on feeling. I refer to that conviction of the divine original of our religion, which springs up and continually gains strength in those who apply it habitually in their tempers and lives, and who imbibe its spirit and hopes. In such men, there is a consciousness of the adaptation of Christianity to their noblest faculties; a consciousness of its exalting and consoling influences, of its power to confer the true happiness of human nature, to give that peace which the world cannot give; which assures them that it is not of earthly origin, but a ray from the Everlasting Light, a stream from the Fountain of Heavenly Wisdom and Love. This is the evidence which sustains the faith of thousands, who never read and cannot understand the learned books of Christian apologists; who want, perhaps, words to explain the ground of their belief, but whose faith is of adamantine firmness; who hold the Gospel with a

conviction more intimate and unwavering than *mere* argument ever produced.

But I must tear myself from a subject which opens upon me continually as I proceed. Imperfect as this discussion is, the conclusion, I trust, is placed beyond doubt, that Christianity is true. And, my hearers, if true, it is the greatest of all truths, deserving and demanding our reverent attention and fervent gratitude. This religion must never be confounded with our common blessings. It is a revelation of pardon, which, as sinners, we all need. Still more, it is a revelation of human Immortality; a doctrine, which, however undervalued amidst the bright anticipations of inexperienced youth, is found to be our strength and consolation, and the only effectual spring of persevering and victorious virtue, when the realities of life have scattered our visionary hopes; when pain, disappointment, and temptation, press upon us; when this world's enjoyments are found unable to quench that deep thirst of happiness which burns in every breast; when friends, whom we love as our own souls, die, and our own graves open before us. —To all who hear me, and especially to my young hearers, I would say, Let the truth of this religion be the strongest conviction of your understandings; let its motives and precepts sway with an absolute power your character and lives. *Channing.*

On the Regulation of Temper.

THE general history of mankind, and the brief page of our own observation and experience, incontestably prove, that men are almost entirely the creatures of education. Our knowledge, our tastes, our habits, our manners, our morals, nay, even our very religious opinions, principally depend upon it. There is no being in creation so little what Nature formed it, as man. If we look to any of the inferior animals, we find the same species almost exactly similar, on every part of the globe: but we never see two tribes or two nations of men alike; nor even two individuals of the very same country and society. Manners and customs, virtues and vices, knowledge and ignorance, principles and habits, are, with but little variation, transmitted from one generation to another; and, if we look for man in a state of nature, he is a being no where to be found. In every country, education and circumstances

chiefly form his principles and habits; and these almost invariably remain with him through life; so that he is much more permanently what he has become, than what he was created. The wise men and the fools, the saints and the sinners, the ornaments and the disgraces, the benefactors and the scourges of the world, are not the work of Nature, but of man. Constitutional temperament and mental powers may render some an easier prey to temptation and circumstances, than others; but I do most firmly believe, that in almost every case, the natural energies and talents, which have carried unfortunate wretches onward to the commission of enormous crimes, would, if they had been properly directed from childhood, have exalted them to eminence in virtue. The very same misguided ingenuity that has brought many a miserable malefactor to the gallows, might have raised him, under happier circumstances and better instruction, to fortune and to fame. Do we not find, indeed, in strict conformity with this position, that almost all the wretched beings who forfeit their lives to the outraged laws of society, attribute their destruction to a neglected education, or to evil company in their earlier days? What an awful and important lesson is this circumstance calculated to teach parents, and, indeed, all who have, in any way, the oversight and guidance of the young! A single folly encouraged, a single evil passion suffered to triumph, a single vicious habit permitted to take root,—in what an awful catastrophe may it one day terminate!

It may not be unnecessary to state here, that by the word *education*, which I have already used, and which I shall have occasion frequently to use in this discourse, I do not mean merely, nor even principally, school learning; but, in the widest sense, every thing which has a tendency to influence the mind, the principles, the temper, and the habits of the young. In this legitimate sense of the term, we are bound to consider the restraining of improper desires, and the encouragement of virtuous sentiments, to be a much more important part of education, than having children taught to read and write, and cast accounts. This valuable species of moral instruction, even the most illiterate parent is capable of bestowing, and has constant opportunities of bestowing: and, believe me, he or she who omits this duty, will, one day, have bitter cause to lament such negligence.

The temper and dispositions of a child, upon which so much of the happiness or misery of life depends, are the earliest objects of watchfulness and interest; and every person, who has at all observed children, must be aware how exceedingly early these begin to develope themselves. In fact, they appear almost with the first smile, or the first tear; and it is quite astonishing, how soon the infant can read the expression of the countenance, and how soon it becomes sensible of praise or blame. Long before it can either utter or understand a single syllable, the little physiognomist can decipher the sentiments of the mind in the features of the face. So wonderful is this almost instinctive perception of character, that, I think, I have never seen a child spontaneously extend its arms to a person who was decidedly cruel or ill-natured. Even then, education may begin; nay, I am persuaded, ought to begin. I know that there is nothing more common with parents, and with others who have the care of children, than to laugh at violent bursts of bad temper, or instances of peevishness and selfishness: and this practice is usually palliated, upon the weak supposition, that such feelings may be easily subdued as the child grows older; or, to use the vulgar phrase, "when it gets more sense." But, I firmly believe, that in nine cases out of ten, the requisite portion of sense never comes; whilst the pernicious tendency and habit as certainly remain. This may appear a very trifling, perhaps undignified, or even ludicrous remark: but, from experience and observation, I am deeply convinced of its importance; well knowing, that nothing so materially tends to sweeten or to embitter the cup of human life, as TEMPER. A well-regulated temper is not only an abundant source of personal enjoyment and general respect to its fortunate possessor, but also of serious advantage to others, in all the social relations. I have seen the mother of a family, under its hallowed influence, moving in the domestic circle with a radiant countenance, and, like the sun in the firmament, diffusing light and joy on all around her. I have seen her children artless and happy, her domestics respectful and contented, and her neighbours emulous in offices of courtesy and kindness. Above all, I have seen her husband returning, with a weary body and an anxious mind, from the harassing avocations of the world: but, the moment he set his foot upon his own threshold, and witnessed the smiling cheerfulness within;

the cloud of care instantly passed away from his brow, and his heart beat lightly in his bosom; and he felt how much substantial happiness a single individual, in a comparatively humble station, may be enabled to dispense. Yet, how many scenes of a very different character are every day exhibited in the world, where the evils of poverty are augmented ten-fold, by the miserable burthen of a peevish and repining spirit; and where the blessings of affluence seem only to supply their possessors with additional means of manifesting the extent of wretchedness, personal and social, which ill-regulated tempers are able to produce! Many a man, whose judgment is adequate to direct the destinies of nations, whose eloquence enraptures senates, and whose playful wit and vivid fancy render him the idol of the brilliant circles of fashion, is, nevertheless, totally unable to govern his own temper; and never enters his home—that spot which, of all others upon earth, should be peculiarly consecrated to gentleness and affection—in any other character than of a cold, gloomy, and capricious tyrant. Let it be remembered too, that the influence of temper is co-extensive with society itself; and it will not appear a matter of trifling moment, to devise the best means of regulating and restraining a principle, so intimately associated with the general happiness of our species. *Montgomery.*

Character of Ruth.

RUTH was a Moabitess by birth, bred among idolators, and, if not herself an idolator when she came to Bethlehem, her language, "thy God shall be my God," at least implies the absence of those elevated views of the supremacy of the one God, and the universality of his dominion, which it was the object of Judaism to inculcate. Little of morality could she have learned from either the existing inhabitants, or the fabled gods, of her native land. How absurd is the bigotry which, merely on the evidence of erroneous opinions, pronounces the condemnation of individual character! The existence, or the absence, of moral worth, should always be ascertained as a matter of fact; and not assumed as matter of inference from any tenets whatever, however false, however extravagant. In proportion as their tendency is unfavourable, does it show the triumph of that law of God which is written on the

heart. What a stimulus should such examples give to those who have every advantage for forming them to goodness! What a powerful and affecting momento is it to the young, of the multiplied privileges of their condition! How many of the youth of the present day are in circumstances which afford a most felicitous contrast to those of some, whose dispositions and conduct have yet done honour to humanity, and would have done honour to an infinitely purer faith than that in which they were educated! That you have the Bible in your hands, and so much of it peculiarly adapted to interest and influence your minds and hearts; that friends, parents, and teachers, combine, by the gentle power of affection, to draw you on in wisdom's ways—ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace, as they infallibly are; that religion appears before you in the native loveliness of her spirit—that spirit embodied in the words of the sacred volume—embodied, as we hope, in the lives of those about you: these are privileges, which (could you, as others more advanced in life, see the full value of) would make you bless your God for his bounty, in the fulness of your hearts, and from the bottom of your hearts, every night and morning; would make you intensely anxious to act up to your advantages, by the discharge of every religious duty, and of every social obligation of respect and goodness; and, with a promptness, a justice, and a fervency, which would do yourselves good, would call forth your applause and honourable emulation of the good in character and conduct exhibited by others in less propitious circumstances.

The excellence of the character before us was severely tried. A whirlwind of calamity had passed over the fugitive Israelitish family, with which she had connected herself, and that in a land where they were strangers, and she a denizen; she clung to the blighted trunk which remained, when all its branches were torn off and scattered; she adhered to Naomi, when Orpah shrunk back from the melancholy companionship; she came into a land whose religion was strange, whose temper was unsocial, whose inhabitants always were proud and jealous of their privileges, and eminently exclusive in their spirit; she devoted herself to poverty and labour, and to all the resignation of personal enjoyment, and the forbearance and patience required in ministering to one on whom a forlorn old age, with its infirmities of body and of temper, was coming;

and she nobly and triumphantly endured all that her lot imposed. Goodness is majestic and venerable, even in the poorest and youngest, when it can abide such tests. Sorrow is the refiner's fire of Providence, to try the purity, and exhibit in splendour the purity of early worth and virtue. The calamities of a parent, show the merits of a child. To our young friends we would say, Far from you may that trial be! but should it come, should the fluctuations of commerce, the inflictions of disease, or any other storm of distress burst over the heads of those to whom you owe so much; oh then, may your sympathies, and attention, and exertion, be a shield of defence for them, as they will be a crown of glory to yourselves!

This excellence was honourably rewarded. It was rewarded by her coming into a land where that God was known, whose government is the security and blessedness of those who do his will; by the station to which she was ultimately raised; by her being one in the list of the progenitors of the promised seed of Abraham, which was a coveted glory in Israel; by the memorial which has made her name, and character, and history, known and celebrated through long ages and over distant regions; and by that final recompense of heaven, which awaits the excellent of earth. And heaven and earth conspire to reward goodness. Though the Jewish economy, with its temporal sanctions, has passed away; there is many a promise of the life that now is to godliness, as well as of that which is to come. Riches are not promised; fame is not promised; health is not promised: but rarely will earth's best blessing of the esteem of the estimable be withheld; and never an internal quiet, peace, self-approbation, and hope, which do for present happiness much more, while they harmoniously blend with the future happiness towards which they point and conduct. *Fox.*

The Union of Friendship with Religion recommended.

FRIENDSHIP, considered as the medicine of life,—as the source of pure and rational enjoyment in this infancy of our being, possesses no mean value; but how infinitely is that value enhanced, when we regard it as the guide to immortality! Who might be satisfied to be a friend for time, when he might be one for eternity? Who would rest contented to minister to a mere temporary gratifica-

tion, when he might impart a solid, substantial, never-fading bliss? Look around, my brethren, upon those who are dear to you. What is it you wish for them? Every blessing, your hearts reply, that a bounteous God can bestow,—bliss, pure, and strong, and permanent. Teach them, then, by your example and by your conversation, by the reverence with which you speak of God's awful perfections, by the gratitude with which you make mention of his overflowing mercies, by the firm confidence which you express in his glorious promises,—only teach them to love God, with pure hearts, fervently; and the most ardent wishes that you can frame for their happiness, will be realized. Truth is always beautiful and lovely; but religious truth has a dignity and interest peculiar to itself. Who shall estimate its possible effects, when displayed in its native power, and urged home to the heart by the voice of a friend, at those seasons when the heart is warmest, and most susceptible of every virtuous impression? Were it not for the pernicious influence of false shame, which has often led even the wise and good, from a fear of being thought hypocritical or righteous overmuch, to withhold the honest expression of their best and purest feelings; the voice of virtuous friendship might have early reclaimed and persuaded many a lost sinner,—invigorated and warmed, with the holy glow of piety and benevolence, many a cold and lifeless Christian. "He who turns a sinner from the error of his way," says an Apostle, "shall save a soul from death, and cover its multitude of sins." This is an affecting consideration, and should actively influence our conduct, however remote and unconnected with us by ties of love or kindred the fellow-being who is the subject of it: but should this fellow-being be a friend, how unspeakably is the interest increased! Glorious office, to save the soul of a friend from death,—to open for a friend the gates of paradise! Blessed and happy privilege, to make the partners of our earthly journey our associates for evermore! This privilege every one may exercise and enjoy, in a greater or less degree, who is careful to cultivate in himself, and to carry with him into the familiar intercourse of social life, the purifying spirit of religion. Even where there is most virtue, such is the frailty of our nature, that many faults will still exist, both in ourselves and those who are dear to us, the removal, or even partial correction, of any one of which, cannot but prove an everlasting bene-

fit. Every deficiency in moral excellence, in the degree in which it prevails, must render him who discovers it, not merely unworthy, but incapable, of partaking the pure and perfect happiness, designed for the purely and perfectly virtuous. All those defects of temper and disposition which the discipline of this world fails to remove, will remain, we must suppose, still to be done away,—to delay, therefore, or to lessen, so long as they continue, the happiness of heaven. He, then, who releases the mind of a friend from the bondage of a single sin, advances him one degree farther,—a degree which he can never lose, in the infinite progress to perfection: by a milder and more delightful process, he renders needless the purifying but painful discipline of chastisement: he is the hastener and the heightener of his friend's everlasting joy. How little, then, does he understand of the true value of that influence which friendship gives, who makes it his highest aim to minister to the temporal wants, the short-lived gratifications, or the trifling amusements, of the beloved associate, whose immortal mind he might inform with wisdom and with virtue, and assist to qualify for a joyful admission into that world which flesh and blood cannot inherit!

Nor let us falsely imagine, that we are at liberty to act as we please, in this respect. The mutual influence that we have over each other, by means of those strong and delightful sympathies which God has implanted in our breasts, is a talent, and a most valuable and important one, for the use of which we are strictly accountable to Him. If we abuse this talent, or bury it in a napkin,—if we exert not this influence to the noblest purposes,—if we dare to squander these treasures of the heart, which, rightly employed, might purchase "everlasting habitations" for ourselves and for our friends, upon the trifles of earth and time; our guilt and our condemnation will indeed be great. Conscience, if we reflect for a moment on the subject, will pronounce our sentence. Suppose a friend upon the bed of death—suppose him even suddenly severed from you by the fortunes of life—is it no cause of sorrow and self-accusation, that you have suffered him to depart unblessed with any abiding memorial of your love?—that, when you shall appear together before the awful judgment-seat of God, all traces of your connection shall have vanished for ever with the fleeting shadows of time? The case, had you acted otherwise, might have been very dif-

ferent. "Father," he might have had the power to say, "this was indeed my friend. He told me of Thy perfections, and he taught me to love Thee; he spake to me of the Saviour whom Thou didst send, and persuaded me to follow in his footsteps; he admonished me with truth and tenderness of my faults, and besought me, as I valued Thy favour, and his friendship, and my own salvation, to turn from them. If I now stand in Thy presence, a forgiven sinner, and rejoice in the light of Thy countenance, it is to him, under Thy favour and blessing, that I owe it; for 'we took sweet counsel together,' and 'walked to thy house of prayer in company,' and 'spake often one to another, as those who feared the Lord.' Religion sanctified and blessed our earthly intercourse. Father of mercies," might he have pleaded, "if it be thy will, suffer not our intercourse to be interrupted now; let not remaining frailty separate between us; but, if it be possible, give me my friend."

O foolish mortal! to neglect to secure such a supporter in thy hour of need—such an advocate against thy day of trembling! But, what, if thou hast been worse than negligent,—if thou hast ministered to the follies,—if thou hast corrupted the virtues,—if thou hast confirmed the vices, of thy friend, of him who loved thee, and sat at thy table, and drank of thy counsel like water? Unhappy man! hast thou not sins enough of thine own to answer for?—hast thou not sorrows enough of thine own to bear? How shalt thou endure to hear the groans, the lamentations, the bosom-rending sorrows of him whose hope thou hast cut off, whose bud of life thou hast blighted, whose stream of happiness thou hast polluted at its source! Then, indeed, shalt thou exclaim, with bitter anguish, "If it was an enemy, I could have borne it; but it was mine own familiar friend." O think—ye who in your misnamed friendships despise religion,—ye who scruple not to pollute the virtue of those whom you profess to love—think what ye are doing, and have mercy upon the objects of your cruel kindness, if ye will not upon yourselves. *With religion*, friendship is an everlasting possession; in oriental phrase, "beautiful as the dawn rising on the obscurity of night, precious as the water of immortality issuing from the land of darkness." It is, indeed, a cup mingled by the hand of God himself, and presented by him to the most favoured of his children, bringing joy to the heart,

and life to the soul of him who quaffs it. But what is friendship *without* religion? It is, at best, but a fleeting and transient good—a meteor, that sheds a momentary light upon our path, which the eager eye has no sooner caught, than it vanishes for ever—a cup of sweets, dashed from the lips almost before it can be tasted. *Hutton.*

On the Education of Females.

LET it not be supposed, that I am an enemy to what are generally termed, "female accomplishments." On the contrary, I consider them, when moderately and rationally pursued, as eminently calculated to refine the taste, and harmonize the feelings of those who possess them; whilst they powerfully tend to sweeten the intercourse of the domestic and friendly circle, to augment the enjoyments of general society, and to cast a sunshine over the gloomy realities of life. Amidst the ten thousand pursuits and cares of the world, the mind and the spirits require relaxation, as well as the body; and the tastes and circumstances of women pecularly fit them for the acquisition of those accomplishments, which interest the understanding, whilst they soothe the heart. Many a father have I seen, after a toilsome and anxious day, relaxing his brow of care, and considering all his exertions as more than repaid; whilst, with parental pride, he noted the improvement, or joined the innocent amusements of his children, and cast a look of gratified affection upon the faithful companion of his life. I know nothing in philosophy, I know nothing in religion, which forbids such feelings and such enjoyments. Yet, I am persuaded, that accomplishments should only be the adjuncts of education, and not its principal business, or its chief end: and, in my mind, there is nothing incompatible between elegance and solidity. On the contrary, I am convinced, that the mind which is most enlarged by the possession of substantial knowledge, is the best calculated to appreciate and to enjoy those less serious branches of education, which tend to cheer and to ornament society. I do not despair of seeing the time, when young females shall consider themselves infinitely better employed in reading the real history of nations, than in perusing volumes of unnatural fiction, which only fills the mind with false ideas, and the heart with injurious

feelings—when they shall be no more ashamed of learning ancient than modern languages, or of attending instructions in philosophy which would enlarge their understandings, than of frequenting the gaudy circles of fashion and amusement—when they shall think it more honourable to possess such a knowledge of moral science, and the principles of human action and duty, as would render them useful mothers; than to imitate, after years of labour, "the wing of a butterfly, or the hue of a rose."

It may be inquired, however, would I educate every woman for a governess? Yes, most assuredly. Every mother is, or at least ought to be, a teacher of the holiest and most interesting kind. Various avocations may prevent her from being a regular instructor; but no earthly consideration should preclude her from being the occasional, nay, the frequent teacher of her children. In order that she may be able to act thus, to select proper assistants in the sacred work, to judge of their fidelity in the execution, and to preserve a spirit of energy and zeal; it is absolutely necessary that she should, herself, possess the requisite qualifications. I care not what may be her station, this is her duty. If her rank be humble, prudence, economy, and a laudable desire to advance her family, demand it. If her rank be exalted, many considerations render it still more imperative. Too many, I fear, in affluent circumstances, imagine, that because they can afford ample remuneration to competent instructors, they are therefore exempted from all personal attention to the education of their children. No error could be more fatal. In the higher ranks of life, where young persons are perpetually surrounded by fawning and interested flatterers—where the innate vanity and presumption of the human heart are inflamed by indulgence and conscious superiority—no authority less than parental, is adequate to restrain the passions, to discipline the principles, to form the habits, and to animate exertion. And, let it be farther considered, that in proportion as the station is exalted, so is the influence of the individual occupying it extended. The happiness of thousands frequently depends upon the disposition and character of a single person. The affluent man, of enlightened piety, humane sentiments, cultivated understanding, and enlarged views of public usefulness, is often the means of diffusing over a wide circle the inestimable blessings of religion and

morality, of industry and prosperity, of cheerfulness and peace. On the other hand, the ignorant and profligate man of wealth, without knowledge or inclination to do good, possessing ample means for the gratification of degrading passions and tyrannical propensities, necessarily becomes a moral pestilence, diffusing the contagion of vice and misery through all the channels of social life around him. Of what peculiar importance is it therefore, not only for their own honour and happiness, but also for the good of society, that persons occupying influential stations, should receive a solid and virtuous education! The Christian mother, who imagines that her rank exempts her from the duties of parental vigilance and instruction, wofully miscalculates the nature of her office; and she who looks upon it as a degradation, to become the instructress of her own children, is a total stranger to that which would constitute the highest honour of her sex and station. In the splendid circle of fashion, she may be fair and lovely; her rank may awaken envy, and command respect; her accomplishments may secure the admiration of others, and swell her own heart with vanity: but, after all, such is not the true scene of her genuine interest, and respectability, and happiness. The sphere of her substantial, unfading honour, lies far away from the crowded haunts of amusement, in a peaceful and secluded apartment of her happy home. There, in the midst of her little ones, she represses the frowardness of one, encourages the diffidence of another, and, "in familiar phrase and adapted story," pours lessons of instruction into the minds of all. With a mother's gentleness, she draws forth their talents; with a mother's firmness, she regulates their tempers; with a mother's prudence, she prepares them to adorn their station upon earth; and with a mother's piety, she leads them in the onward path towards heaven. The wide expanse of the globe presents no object more interesting, more exalted, or more useful, than such a Christian parent; nor is there any spot of nature, on which the eye of Omniscience rests with more complacency, than upon the retired and peaceful scene of her virtuous labours. Such a mother becomes the centre of a system of usefulness, of whose extent, the imagination can form no adequate conception; for there is not a single worthy principle which she instils, that may not descend as the *ornament and solace* of ten thousand generations. For my

own part, I have always considered parents, who devoted their leisure hours to the instruction of their offspring, as the most estimable and the most useful members of society; and I never could read the story of the Spartan king, who was found by the Persian ambassadors playing in the midst of his children, without looking upon that circumstance as more honourable than all his victories. I do especially believe, that no plan could be devised for elevating the entire frame of society, half so efficacious as that which would produce a succession of well-instructed, judicious, and virtuous Christian mothers. The laws of the statesman, and the lessons of the divine, would be but feeble instruments of prevention and reformation, in comparison with the hallowed, all-pervading agency of maternal wisdom, energy, and affection. Let it not be supposed, however, that I am the advocate of visionary schemes of education. It would neither be practicable nor desirable, for every woman to become deeply learned: but I would have every female substantially educated, in proportion to her rank, her abilities, and her opportunities. This is surely neither unreasonable nor impracticable; and I am persuaded, that in this age of increasing light, it is a subject which will gradually secure a larger portion of public consideration. *Montgomery.*

Exhortation to Youth to cultivate a Devotional Spirit.

I EARNESTLY wish, that I could induce all young persons to divest religion of every gloomy and repulsive association;—to feel, that it does not consist—as some would fain represent it—in grave and solemn looks, and a sanctified demeanour, or in an affected fondness for long sermons and long prayers: but that, properly understood, it is—and especially for the young—a cheerful and lightsome spirit, springing up naturally in pure and innocent hearts, whose affectionate confidence in the universal Father is not yet alloyed with fear, or weakened by distrust. Would you have within your bosoms that peace, which the world can neither give nor take away? Would you possess a source of the purest and sweetest pleasures? Would you have that richest of all blessings—a disposition to relish, in their highest perfection, all the innocent and rational enjoyments of life? Let me conjure you to

cherish a spirit of devotion—a simple-hearted, fervent, and affectionate piety. Accustom yourselves to conceive of God, as a merciful and gracious parent—continually looking down upon you with the tenderest concern, and inviting you to be good, only that you may become everlastingly happy. Consider yourselves as placed upon earth, for the express purpose of doing the will of God; and remember, if this be your constant object—whatever trials, disappointments, and sorrows, you may be doomed to experience—you will be sustained under them all by the noblest consolations. With the view of keeping up a perpetual sense of your dependence on God, never omit to seek him habitually in prayer, and to connect the thought of Him with all that is affecting and impressive in the events of your lives—with all that is stupendous and vast and beautiful in the productions of his creative power and skill. Whatever excites you—whatever interests you—whatever in the world of nature, or the world of man, strikes you as new and extraordinary—refer it all to God; discover in it some token of his providence, some proof of his goodness; convert it into some fresh occasion of praising and blessing his holy and venerable name. Do not regard the exercises of devotion as a bare duty, which have a merit in themselves, however they are performed; but recur to them, as a privilege and a happiness, which ennobles and purifies your nature, and binds you by the holiest of ties to the greatest and best of all beings.

When you consider what God is, and what he has done—when you cast your eyes over the broad field of creation, which he has replenished with so many curious and beautiful objects; or raise them to the brilliant canopy of heaven, where other worlds and systems of worlds beam upon the wondering view—when day and night, and summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest—when the things nearest to you and most familiar to you, the very structure of your own bodily frame, and that principle of conscious life and intelligence which glows within you—all speak to you of God, and call upon your awakened hearts to tremble and adore:—when to a Being thus vast—thus awful—you are permitted to approach in prayer,—when you are encouraged to address him by the endearing appellation of a Father in heaven; and, with all the confidence and ingenuousness of affectionate children, to tell him your wants and your fears, to implore his forgiveness,

and earnestly to beseech him for a continuance of his mercies:—you cannot, my young friends, if you have any feeling—any seriousness about you, regard the exercises of devotion as a task; but must rejoice in it, as an unspeakable privilege, to hold direct intercourse with that great and good Being—that unseen, but universal Spirit, to whose presence all things in heaven and on earth bear witness, and in whom we all live and move and have our being. Thus excite and cherish the spirit of devotion: whenever any thing touches your hearts, or powerfully appeals to your moral feelings—give way to the religious impulse of the occasion, and send up a silent prayer to the Power who heareth in secret. And, in your daily addresses to God, do not confine yourselves to any stated form of words, which may be repeated mechanically, without any concurrence either of the heart or of the head; but, after having reviewed the mercies of your particular condition—after having collected your thoughts, and endeavoured to ascertain the wants and weaknesses of your character—give utterance, in the simple and unstudied language which comes spontaneously to the lips, to all those emotions of gratitude and holy fear, of submission and trust, which cannot fail to arise in your hearts, when you have previously reflected what you are, and find yourselves alone in the presence of an Almighty God.

Beloved friends, yours is the time to cultivate this pure, this heavenly frame of mind. You have as yet known God only in his countenance of love; you have felt his presence only in the communications of his loving-kindness and tender mercy. Your hearts are as yet strangers to the fear of habitual guilt; but swell, with a holy, trembling joy, to think, that He who made heaven and earth is your God and Father,—that He who controls the course of nature, and rules the destinies of nations, is not unmindful even of you. Seize, then, oh seize this precious, this golden period of existence! improve it, while it is yours; for, believe me, it will never return again. When the heart has once been alienated from God—when guilt has once polluted it—though repentance and reformation may at length bind up its broken peace, it will never more experience that warmth and fulness of affectionate confidence—that entire and unhesitating trust in the Father of mercies, which belong only to pure and innocent minds.

Taylor.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ORATORY.

Hannibal to his Soldiers.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you' or your prisoners'* be encompassed by fortune' with the stricter bonds' and necessities'. Two' seas' enclose' you on the right' and left';—not a ship' to flee to for escaping'. Before' you is the Po', a river' broader' and more rapid' than the Rhone'; behind' you are the Alps', over which', even when your numbers were undiminished', you were hardly able to force a passage'.—Here', then, soldiers, you must either conquer' or die', the very' first' hour' you meet' the enemy'. But the same fortune which has laid you under the necessity' of fighting, has set before your eyes' those rewards of victory', than which' no' men are ever wont to wish for greater' from the immortal' gods'. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily' and Sardinia', which were ravished from our fathers', those would be no inconsiderable' prizes. Yet, what' are these? The wealth of Rome', whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations', all these', with the masters' of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania' and Celtiberia'; you have hitherto met with no' reward worthy' the labours' and dangers' you have undergone. The time is now' come to reap the full' recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains' and rivers,' and through so many nations', all' of them in arms'. This' is the place, which fortune has appointed to be the limits' of your labours; it is here' that you will finish' your glorious warfare, and receive an ample' recompense' of your completed' service'. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding'. It has often happened, that a despised' enemy' has given' a bloody'

* Relative emphasis. In his contempt for the Romans, he treats them as if they were already *conquered*.

battle', and the most renowned' kings' and nations' have by a small' force been overthrown'. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name', what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you'? For'—to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together, with so much valour and success'—from the very pillars of Hercules', from the ocean', from the utmost bounds of the earth', through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious'? And with whom are you now' to fight? With raw' soldiers, an undisciplined' army, beaten', vanquished', besieged by the Gauls the very last summer', an army unknown' to their leader, and unacquainted' with him.

Or shall I', who was—born', I might almost say—but certainly brought up', in the tent of my father, that most excellent general'; shall I', the conqueror of Spain' and Gaul', and not only of the Alpine' nations', but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves'; shall I' compare myself with this half'-year' captain'?—A captain'! before whom, should one place the two armies without their ensigns', I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul'! I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one' among you', who has not often been an eye-witness of my' exploits in war; not one', of whose valour I myself' have not been a spectator', so as to be able to name the times' and places' of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand' times praised' and rewarded', and whose pupil' I was before I became their general', I shall march' against an army' of men', strangers' to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes', I behold all full of courage' and strength'; a veteran' infantry'! a most gallant' cavalry'! you, my allies, most faithful' and valiant'; you, Carthaginians', whom not only your country's' cause, but the justest anger', impels' to battle. The hope', the courage' of assailants', is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive'. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy'; you' bring the war. Grief', injuries', indignities', fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge'.—First, they demanded me'; that I', your general', should be delivered up to them; next, all of you', who had fought at the siege of Saguntum'; and we were to be put to death by the extremest' tortures'. Proud' and cruel' nation! Every' thing must be yours', and at you

disposal'! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war', with whom we shall make peace'! You are to set us bounds'; to shut us up within hills' and rivers'; but you'—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves' have fixed'! "Pass not the Iberus'." What next'? "Touch not the Saguntines';" Saguntum is upon' the Iberus. "Move not a step' towards that city." Is it a small' matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily' and Sardinia'; you would have Spain' too? Well, we shall yield' Spain; and then'—you will pass into Africa'! Will' pass, did I say? This' very' year' they ordered one' of their consuls into Africa'; the other', into Spain'. No', soldiers, there is nothing' left' for us but what we can vindicate with our swords'. Come on' then! Be' men'! The Romans' may with more' safety' be cowards'. They have their own country behind them', have places of refuge to flee' to, and are secure from danger' in the roads' thither; but for you' there is no' middle' fortune' between death' and victory'. Let this be but well' fixed' in your minds', and once' again', I say'—you are conquerors'! *Livy.*

Speech of Lord Chatham, in the House of Peers, against the American War, and against employing the Indians in it.

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence."—The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with

every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American—as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;——Never!—never!—never!—

But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means, which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and

nature, that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature, to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution.——To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—our brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war!—Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico! We, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong, to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

Cicero against Verres.

THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state—that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you—to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation—one, whose life and actions condemn him, in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted—I mean Caius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily! If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public; but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case, was—not a criminal nor a prosecutor—but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia—what did it produce but the ruin of those countries; in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him? What was his conduct in the prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples and public works—neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on—bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those who suffered by his injustice answer. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mis-

chiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them: for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoined the protection of their own original laws; of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman Senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth; nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies; Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures; the most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters, condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them; but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked

prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. In vain the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Precius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence!" The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and from infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that, while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!—Oh liberty!—Oh sound, once delightful to every Roman ear!—Oh sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred!—now trampled upon! But what then?—Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of all liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a

total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Invective against Hastings.

HAD a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla—that man, who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character; and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated, and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, What war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country?—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages?—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—what merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword?—what severe visitation of providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage, no merciless enemy—no affliction of providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then! shall we be told, that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamor and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the

Begums? When we hear the description of the fever-paroxysm—delirium, into which despair had thrown th natives, when, on the banks of the polluted Ganges, pan ing for death, they tore more widely open the lips of the gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution; and, whil their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes t Heaven; breathing their last and fervent prayer, that th dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, bu that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse th eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their countr —Will it be said, that this was brought about by the in cantations of these Begums, in their secluded Zenana? o that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despai into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, an had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could hav such influence in their bosom? What motive? Th which Nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom o man; and which, though it may be less active in the India than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and make part of his being—That feeling which tells him, that ma was never made to be the property of man; but that, whe through pride and insolence of power, one human creatu dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, an resistance is a duty—That feeling which tells him, th all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury o the people; and that, when it is converted from the origin purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be re sumed—That principle which tells him, that resistance t power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to hi self and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to hi God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gav him, in the creation!—to that common God, who, whe he gives the form of man, whatever may be the complex ion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—Th principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can st fle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—Th principle, which makes it base for a man to suffer when h ought to act—which, tending to preserve to the specie the original designations of providence, spurns at the arro gant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independen quality of his race.

Sheridan

Cicero for Milo.

My Lords,—That you may be able the more easily to determine upon that point before you, I shall beg the favour of an attentive hearing, while, in a few words, I lay open the whole affair.—Clodius, being determined, when created prætor, to harass his country with every species of oppression, and finding the comitia had been delayed so long the year before, that he could not hold this office many months, all on a sudden threw up his own year, and reserved himself to the next; not from any religious scruple, but that he might have, as he said himself, a full, entire year, for exercising his prætorship—that is, for overturning the commonwealth. Being sensible he must be controlled and cramped in the exercise of his prætorian authority under Milo, who, he plainly saw, would be chosen consul by the unanimous consent of the Roman people; he joined the candidates that opposed Milo—but in such a manner, that he overruled them in every thing, had the sole management of the election, and, as he used often to boast, bore all the comitia upon his own shoulders. He assembled the tribes; he thrust himself into their councils, and formed a new tribe of the most abandoned of the citizens. The more confusion and disturbance he made, the more Milo prevailed. When this wretch, who was bent upon all manner of wickedness, saw that so brave a man, and his most inveterate enemy, would certainly be consul—when he perceived this, not only by the discourses, but by the votes of the Roman people, he began to throw off all disguise, and to declare openly that Milo must be killed. He often intimated this in the Senate, and declared it expressly before the people; insomuch, that when Favonius, that brave man, asked him what prospect he could have of carrying on his furious designs, while Milo was alive—he replied, that, in three or four days at most, he should be taken out of the way—which reply Favonius immediately communicated to Cato.

In the mean time, as soon as Clodius knew—nor indeed was there any difficulty to come at the intelligence—that Milo was obliged by the 18th of January to be at Lanuvium, where he was dictator, in order to nominate a priest—a duty which the laws rendered necessary to be performed every year; he went suddenly from Rome the day before, in order, as it appears by the event, to way-lay

Milo in his own grounds; and this at a time when he was obliged to leave a tumultuous assembly, which he had summoned that very day, where his presence was necessary to carry on his mad designs—a thing he never would have done, if he had not been desirous to take the advantage of that particular time and place for perpetrating his villany. But Milo, after having stayed in the Senate that day till the house was broke up, went home, changed his clothes, waited a while, as usual, till his wife had got ready to attend him, and then set forward, about the time that Clodius, if he had proposed to come back to Rome that day, might have returned. He meets Clodius, near his own estate, a little before sun-set, and is immediately attacked by a body of men, who throw their darts at him from an eminence, and kill his coachman. Upon which, he threw off his cloak, leaped from his chariot, and defended himself with great bravery. In the mean time, Clodius's attendants drawing their swords, some of them ran back to the chariot, in order to attack Milo in the rear; whilst others, thinking that he was already killed, fell upon his servants who were behind. These being resolute and faithful to their master, were, some of them slain; whilst the rest, seeing a warm engagement near the chariot, being prevented from going to their master's assistance, hearing besides from Clodius himself that Milo was killed, and believing it to be a fact, acted upon this occasion—I mention it, not with a view to elude the accusation, but because it was the true state of the case—without the orders, without the knowledge, without the presence of their master, as every man would wish his own servants should act in the like circumstances.

This, my Lords, is a faithful account of the matter of fact: the person who lay in wait was himself overcome, and force subdued by force, or rather audaciousness chastised by true valour. I say nothing of the advantage which accrues to the state in general, to yourselves in particular, and to all good men: I am content to waive the argument I might draw from thence in favour of my client—whose destiny was so peculiar, that he could not secure his own safety, without securing yours and that of the republic at the same time. If he could not do it lawfully, there is no room for attempting his defence. But, if reason teaches the learned; necessity, the barbarian; common custom, all nations in general; and even nature itself instructs

the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives, when attacked, by all possible methods; you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining, at the same time, that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by the sword or your decisions. Had Milo been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to have fallen by the hand of Clodius —who had, more than once before this, made an attempt upon his life—rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But, if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, not whether Clodius was killed? for that we grant: but whether justly or unjustly? If it appear that Milo was the aggressor, we ask no favour; but if Clodius, you will then acquit him of the crime that has been laid to his charge.

Every circumstance, my Lords, concurs to prove, that it was for Milo's interest Clodius should live; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius; that, on the one side, there was a most implacable hatred; on the other, not the least; that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other, only in opposing them; that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius, whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo; that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew not when Clodius was to return; that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary; that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning; that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his; that, if Milo had designed to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark; but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider whether the place where the encounter happened, was most favourable to Milo or to Clodius. But can there, my Lords, be any room for doubt or deliberation upon that? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building. Did Milo think he *should have* an advantage, by attacking him from

an eminence? and did he, for this reason, pitch upon that spot for the engagement? or was he not rather expected in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my Lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs. When the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him; which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance?—the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapped up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other, now—in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? In the evening; what urged him? Late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey?—He knew he was at Allium. To see his house?—He had been in it a thousand times. What, then, could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about?—He wanted to be upon the spot, when Milo came up.

But if, my Lords, you are not yet convinced—though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence—that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unstained with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you, by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum, while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had entrusted with the care of the whole republic; to whom he would never have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause.

What now remains, but to beseech and adjure you, my Lords, to extend that compassion to a brave man, which he disdains to implore; but which I, even against his consent, implore and earnestly entreat. Though you have

not seen him shed a single tear, while all are weeping around him—though he has preserved the same steady countenance, the same firmness of voice and language; do not, on this account, withhold it from him.

On you—on you I call, ye heroes, who have lost so much blood in the service of your country! To you, ye centurions, ye soldiers, I appeal in this hour of danger, to the best of men, and bravest of citizens! While you are looking on, while you stand here with arms in your hands, and guard this tribunal; shall virtue like this be expelled, exterminated, cast out with dishonour? By the immortal gods, I wish—Pardon me, oh my country! for I fear what I shall say, out of a pious regard for Milo, may be deemed impiety against thee—that Clodius not only lived, but were prætor, consul, dictator, rather than be witness to such a scene as this. Shall this man, then, who was born to save his country, die any where but in his country? Shall he not, at least, die in the service of his country? Will you retain the memorials of his gallant soul, and deny his body a grave in Italy? Will any person give his voice for banishing a man from this city, whom every city on earth would be proud to receive within its walls? Happy the country that shall receive him! ungrateful this, if it shall banish him! wretched, if it should lose him! But I must conclude: my tears will not allow me to proceed, and Milo forbids tears to be employed in his defence. You, my Lords, I beseech and adjure, that, in your decision, you would dare to act as you think. Trust me, your fortitude, your justice, your fidelity, will more especially be approved of by him, who, in his choice of judges, has raised to the bench the bravest, the wisest, and the best of men.

Lord Chatham's Reply to Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely *age may become* justly contemptible, if the oppor-

tunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail, when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not bind myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply, that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator, and a villain;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves,—nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and superciliious, without punishment. But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them, is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

Caius Marius to the Romans.

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition, from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected —to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me, with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that, whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment; my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care, that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you may not be disappointed in me; and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed

to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body? A person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant—that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness, and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth, against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine; what would they answer, but that they would wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me?—let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most

industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are, in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves, by celebrating their forefathers; whereas, they do the very contrary: for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. "He has no statues," they cry, "of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors."—What, then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family! I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished. I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of —not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood;—scenes of action where these effeminate Patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

Sallust.

Demosthenes to the Athenians, exciting them to prosecute the War against Philip.

When I compare, Athenians, the speeches of some amongst us with their actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see with what I hear. Their protestations are full of zeal against the public enemy; but their measures are so inconsistent, that all their professions become suspected. By confounding *you* with a variety of projects, they per-

plex your resolutions; and lead you from executing what is in your power, by engaging you in schemes not reducible to practice.

'Tis true, there was a time when we were powerful enough, not only to defend our own borders, and protect our allies, but even to invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians; there was such a juncture; I remember it well. But, by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders. It will be well for us, if we can provide for our own defence, and our allies. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this. However, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures. The opportunities which have so often escaped us, have not been lost through ignorance, or want of judgement, but through negligence or treachery.—If I assume, at this time, more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently those truths which have no other end but your own good. You have too many reasons to be sensible how much you have suffered by hearkening to sycophants. I shall, therefore, be plain in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct.

You may remember, it is not above three or four years since we had the news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno in Thrace. It was, as I think, in October, we received this intelligence. We voted an immediate supply of threescore talents; forty men-of-war were ordered to sea; and so zealous we were, that, preferring the necessities of state to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five and forty years were commanded to serve. What followed?—A whole year was spent idly without any thing done; and it was but in the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feast of Ceres, that Charademus set sail, furnished with no more than five talents, and ten galleys not half manned.

A rumour was spread, that Philip was sick. That rumour was followed by another, that Philip was dead; and, then, as if all danger died with him, you dropped your preparations: Whereas, then—then was your time to push and be active; then was your time to secure yourselves, and confound him at once. Had your resolutions, taken with so much heat, been as warmly seconded by action, you had been then as terrible to Philip, as Philip, recovered,

is now to you.—"To what purpose, at this time, these reflections? What is done, cannot be undone."—But, by your leave, Athenians, though past moments are not to be recalled, past errors may be retrieved. Have we not, now, a fresh provocation to war? Let the memory of oversights, by which you have suffered so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present danger. If the Olynthians are not instantly succoured, and with your utmost efforts, you become assistants to Philip, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself.

It is not, surely, necessary to warn you, that votes alone can be of no consequence. Had your resolutions, of themselves, the virtue to compass what you intend, we should not see them multiply every day, as they do, and upon every occasion, with so little effect; nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner. Proceed, then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigour. You have heads capable of advising what is best; you have judgment and experience to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time so proper for action? what occasion so happy? and when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not, at this instant, straiten and invade your confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy—a faithless ally—the usurper of provinces to which he has no title nor pretence—a stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant? and, indeed, what is he not?

Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different your conduct appears from the practices of your ancestors:—they were friends to truth and plain dealing, and detested flattery and servile compliance. By unanimous consent, they continued arbiters of all Greece, for the space of forty-five years, without interruption. A public fund, of no less than ten thousand talents, was ready for any emergency. They exercised over the kings of Macedon, that authority which is due to barbarians; obtained, both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories; and, by their noble exploits, transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the reach of malice and detraction. It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices, by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world in beauty and

magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples, so richly embellished, but, above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies.—But visit their own private habitations; visit the houses of Aristides, Miltiades, or any other of those patriots of antiquity—you will find nothing, not the least mark or ornament, to distinguish them from their neighbours. They took part in the government, not to enrich themselves, but the public: they had no scheme or ambition, but for the public; nor knew any interest, but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety towards the immortal gods, by a strict faith and religious honesty betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform and of a piece, they established that reputation, which remains to this day, and will last to utmost posterity.

Such, O men of Athens! were your ancestors—so glorious in the eye of the world; so beautiful and munificent to their country; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance of these great men can we find in the present generation? At a time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage—when the Lacedæmonians are disabled; the Thebans employed in troubles of their own—when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you;—in short, when you are at full liberty—when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiters of Greece;—you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war; and, to sum up all, you yourselves—by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders—abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? Let him arise, and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip.—"But," you reply, "what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendour at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity; a greater face of plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired

and beautified?"—Away with such trifles! Shall I be paid with counters? An old square new-vamped up! a fountain! an aqueduct! are these acquisitions to brag of? Cast your eye upon the magistrate under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised, all at once, from dirt to opulence; from the lowest obscurity to the highest honours. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats, vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished?

To what are we to impute these disorders, and to what cause assign the decay of a state so powerful and flourishing in past times?—The reason is plain. The servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people; punishments and rewards were properties of the people; all honours, dignities, and preferments, were disposed by the voice and favour of the people: but the magistrate, now, has usurped the right of the people, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You, miserable people!—the meanwhile, without money, without friends,—from being the ruler, are become the servant; from being the master, the dependant: happy that these governors, into whose hands you have thus resigned your own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Believe me, Athenians, if, recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit of your fathers—if you would be your own soldiers and your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands—if you would charge yourselves with your own defence; employing abroad, for the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home—the world might, once more, behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians.—"You would have us, then," you say, "do service in our armies in our own persons; and, for so doing, you would have the pensions we receive in time of peace, accepted as pay in time of war. Is it thus we are to understand you?"—Yes, Athenians, 'tis my plain meaning. I would make it a standing rule, that no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who should grudge to employ it for the public service.

Are we in peace? the public is charged with your subsistence. Are we in war, or under a necessity, at this time, to enter into a war? let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay in defence of your benefactors, what you receive, in peace, as mere bounty. Thus, without any innovation—without altering or abolishing any thing, but pernicious novelties, introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness; by converting only, for the future, the same funds, for the use of the serviceable, which are spent, at present, upon the unprofitable; you may be well served in your armies, your troops regularly paid, justice duly administered, the public revenues reformed and increased, and every member of the commonwealth rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burden to the state.

This, O men of Athens! is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion.—May the gods inspire you to determine upon such measures as may be most expedient for the particular and general good of our country!

Curran for Hamilton Rowan.

THIS paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland; and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year—if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year—how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose. In what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? or has the stability of the government, or that of the country, been weakened? or is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "You have demanded

emancipation, and you have got it: but we abhor your persons; we are outraged at your success; and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language, at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think, that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament, by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths: do you think, that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so-much-censured words of this paper, "Universal Emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot on British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery: the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.

The Beginning of the First Philippic of Demosthenes.

HAD we been convened, Athenians, on some new subject of debate, I had waited till most of your usual counsellors had declared their opinions. If I had approved of what was proposed by them, I should have continued silent; if not, I should then have attempted to speak my sentiments. But, since those very points on which those speakers have oftentimes been heard already, are at this time to be considered; though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon: for, if they on former occasions had advised the proper measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians, however wretched the situation of our affairs at present seems, it must not by any means be thought desperate. What I am now going to advance, may possibly appear a paradox; yet it is a certain truth, that our past misfortunes afford a circumstance most favourable to our future hopes. And what is that?—even that our present difficulties are owing entirely to our total indolence, and utter disregard of our own interest. For were we thus situated, in spite of every effort which our duty demanded, then indeed we might regard our fortunes as absolutely desperate. But now, Philip hath only conquered your supineness and inactivity: the state he hath not conquered. You cannot be said to be defeated: your force hath never been exerted.

If there is a man in this assembly who thinks, that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip; while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies which surround him; and, on the other, the weakness of our state, despoiled of so much of its dominions; I cannot deny that he thinks justly. Yet, let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians, when we possessed Pydna, Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round; when many of the states now subjected to him, were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. If Philip, at that time weak in himself, and without allies, had desponded of success against you, he would never have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success, nor could have raised himself to that pitch of grandeur at which you now behold him. But he knew well, that the strongest places are only prizes laid between the combatants, and ready for

the conqueror. He knew that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine, to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole nations. He either rules universally, as a conqueror, or governs as a protector. For mankind naturally seek confederacy with such, as they see resolved and preparing not to be wanting to themselves.

If you, my countrymen, will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you be disposed to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities enable him; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those hopes which every single person entertains, that the active part of public business may lie upon others, and he remain at his ease: you may then, by the assistance of the gods, recall those opportunities which your supineness hath neglected, regain your dominions, and chastise the insolence of this man.

But when, O my countrymen! will you begin to exert your vigour? Do you wait till roused by some dire event? —till forced by some necessity? What, then, are we to think of our present condition? To free men, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or, say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip dead?" "No—but he is sick." Pray, what is it to you, whether Philip is sick or not? Supposing he should die, you would raise up another Philip, if you continue thus regardless of your interest.

Many, I know, delight in nothing more than in circulating all the rumours they hear, as articles of intelligence. Some cry, Philip hath joined with the Lacedæmonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes. Others assure us, he hath sent an embassy to the king of Persia; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about, framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians, that he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary projects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him. But

I cannot be persuaded, that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us—for the weakest they are who spread such rumours—know what he is next to do. Let us disregard their tales. Let us only be persuaded of this, that he is our enemy; that we have long been subject to his insolence; that whatever we expected to have been done for us by others, hath turned against us; that all the resource left us is in ourselves; and that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we should be forced to engage him at home. Let us be persuaded of these things; and then we shall come to a proper determination, and be no longer guided by rumours. We need not be solicitous to know what particular events are to happen. We may be well assured, that nothing good can happen, unless we give due attention to our affairs, and act as becomes Athenians.

The First Oration of Cicero against Cataline.

CATALINE! how far art thou to abuse our forbearance? How long are we to be deluded by the mockery of thy madness? Where art thou to stop, in this career of unbridled licentiousness? Has the nightly guard at the Palatium nothing in it to alarm you; the patroles throughout the city, nothing; the confusion of the people, nothing; the assemblage of all true lovers of their country, nothing; the guarded majesty of this assembly, nothing; and all the eyes that, at this instant, are rivetted upon yours—have they nothing to denounce, nor you to apprehend? Does not your conscience inform you, that the sun shines upon your secrets? and do you not discover a full knowledge of your conspiracy, revealed on the countenance of every man around you? Your employment on the last night—your occupations on the preceding night—the place where you met—the persons who met—and the plot fabricated at the meeting:—of these things, I ask not, who knows; I ask, who, among you all, is ignorant?

But, alas! for the times thus corrupted; or, rather, for mankind, who thus corrupt the times! The senate knows all this! The consul sees all this! and yet the man who sits there—lives. Lives! ay—comes down to your senate-house; takes his seat, as counsellor for the commonwealth; and, with a deliberate destiny in his eye, marks out our members, and selects them for slaughter; while,

for us, and for our country, it seems glory sufficient, to escape from his fury—to find an asylum from his sword.

Long, very long, before this late hour, ought I, the consul, to have doomed this ringleader of sedition to an ignominious death;—ought I to have overwhelmed you, Cataline, in the ruins of your own machinations. What! did not that great man, the high priest, Publius Scipio—although at the time, in private station—sacrifice Tiberius Gracchus for daring even to modify our constitution? and shall we, clothed as we are with the plenitude of consular power, endure this nuisance of our nation, and our name? Shall we suffer him to put the Roman empire to the sword, and lay waste the world, because such is his horrid fancy? With the sanction of so late a precedent, need I obtrude the fate of the innovator, Spurius Melius, immolated at the altar of the constitution, by the hand of Servilius Ahala? There has—yes, there has been, and lately been, a vindicatory virtue, an avenging spirit in this republic, that never failed to inflict speedier and heavier vengeance on a noxious citizen, than on a national foe. Against you, Cataline, and for your immediate condemnation, what, therefore, is wanting? Not the grave sanction of the senate—not the voice of the country—not ancient precedents—not living law. But *we* are wanting—I say it more loudly—WE, the consuls themselves.

When the senate committed the republic into the hands of the consul, L. Opimius, did presumptive sedition palliate the punishment of Caius Gracchus? or could his luminous line of ancestry yield even a momentary protection to his person? Was the vengeance of the executive power on the consular Fulvius and his children, arrested for a single night? When similar power was delegated to the consuls, C. Marius and L. Valerius, were the lives which the prætor Servilius, and the tribune Saturninus, had forfeited to their country, prolonged for a single day? But, now, twenty days and nights have blunted the edge of our axes, and our authorities. Our sharp-pointed decree sleeps, sheathed in the record—that very decree, which, a moment after its promulgation, was not to find you a living man. You do live; and live, not in the humiliating depression of guilt, but in the exultation and triumph of insolence. Mercy, Conscript Fathers, is my dearest delight, as the vindication of the constitution is

my best ambition; but I now stand self-condemned of guilt in mercy, and I own it as a treachery against the state.

Conscript Fathers, a camp is pitched against the Roman republic, within Italy, on the very borders of Etruria. Every day adds to the number of the enemy. The leader of those enemies, the commander of that encampment, walks within the walls of Rome; takes his seat in this senate, the heart of Rome; and, with venomous mischief, rankles in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth. Cataline, should I, on the instant, order my lictors to seize and drag you to the stake; some men might, even then, blame me for having procrastinated punishment: but no man could criminate me for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed; and then, even then, when there shall not be found a man so flagitious, so much a Cataline, as to say, you were not ripe for execution. You shall live, as long as there is one who has the forehead to say you ought to live; and you shall live, as you live now, under our broad and wakeful eye, and the sword of justice shall keep waving round your head. Without the possibility of hearing, or of seeing, you shall be seen, and heard, and understood.

What is it now you are to expect, if night cannot hide you, nor your lurking associates; if the very walls of your own houses resound with the secret, and proclaim it to the world; if the sun shines, and the winds blow upon it? Take my advice: adopt some other plan, wait a more favourable opportunity for setting the city in flames, and putting its inhabitants to the sword. Yet, to convince you, that you are beset on every side, I shall enter, for a little, into the detail of your desperations, and my discoveries.

Do you not remember, or is it possible you can forget my declaration on the 21st October last, in the senate, that Caius Manlius, your life-guards-man, and confidential bravo, would, on a certain day, take up arms, and this day would be before the 25th? Was I mistaken in the very day selected for a deed so atrocious—so apparently incredible? Did not I, the same man, declare, in this house, that you had conspired the massacre of the principal men in the state, upon the 28th; at which time they

withdrew, for the sake of repressing your design, rather than on account of safety to themselves? Are you daring enough to deny your being, on that very day, so manacled by my power—so entangled by my vigilance, that you durst not raise your finger against the stability of the state; although, indeed, you were tongue-valiant enough to say, that you must even be content with the heads which the runaways had left you? What! with all your full-blown confidence of surprising Preneste, in the night, on the 1st of November, did you not find me in arms, at the gate? did you not feel me in watch on the walls?—Your head cannot contrive, your heart cannot conceive, a wickedness of which I shall not have notice; I measure the length and breadth of your treasons, and I sound the gloomiest depths of your soul.

Was not the night before the last, sufficient to convince you, that there is a good genius protecting that republic, which a ferocious demoniac is labouring to destroy? I aver, that, on that same night, you and your complotters assembled in the house of M. Lecca. Can even your own tongue deny it? Yet secret! speak out, man; for, if you do not, there are some I see around me, who shall have an agonizing proof that I am true in my assertion.

Good and great gods! where are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here, HERE, Conscript Fathers, mixed and mingled with us all—in the centre of this most grave and venerable assembly—are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot against my life, against all your lives; the life of every virtuous senator, and citizen: while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate; and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice, who ought, long since, to have been cut down with the sword.

In the house of Lecca, you were, on that night. Then and there did you divide Italy into military stations; did you appoint commanders of those stations; did you specify those whom you were to take along with you, and those whom you were to leave behind; did you mark out the limit of the intended conflagration; did you repeat your resolution of shortly leaving Rome, only putting it off for a little, as you said, until you could have the head of the consul. Two knights—Roman knights—promised to deliver that head to you before sunrise the next morning;

but scarcely was this stygian council dissolved, when the consul was acquainted with the result of the whole. I doubted the guards of my house; and, after announcing to a circle of the first men in the state—who were with me at the time—the very minute when these assassins would come to pay me their respects, that same minute they arrived, asked for entrance, and were denied it.

Proceed, Cataline, in your honourable career. Go where your destiny and your desire are driving you. Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! What a shame that the Manlian army should look out so long for their general! Take all your loving friends along with you; or, if that be a vain hope, take, at least, as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between thee and me; for, at present, you are much too near me. I will not suffer you. I will not longer undergo you.

Lucius Cataline, away! Begin, as soon as you are able, this shameful and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen; on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country, and glory to myself: and, when this you have done, then, do Thou, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our state—Thou, the stablisher of this city, pour out thy vengeance upon this man, and all his adherents. Save us from his fury; our public altars, our sacred temples, our houses, and household gods; our liberties—our lives. Pursue, tutelar god, pursue them—these foes to the gods and goodness—these plunderers of Italy—these assassins of Rome. Erase them out of this life; and, in the next, let thy vengeance pursue them, insatiable, implacable, immortal!

An Extract from Mr. Brougham's Speech on Negro Slavery.

I TRUST that at length the time is come, when parliament will no longer bear to be told, that slave-owners are the best lawgivers on slavery; no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic, in empty warnings and fruitless orders. Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny his right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal

made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world—the same in all times; such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge, to another all unutterable woes—such is it at this day: it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal—while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and hate blood—they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties—to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite—and not untruly; for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by parliament leading the way: but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware—let their assemblies beware—let the government at home beware—let the parliament beware! The same country is once more awake—awake to the condition of Negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering that annihilated the slave-trade; and if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall, will not be destroyed before I have warned them: but I pray, that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God.

Peroration to Sheridan's Invective against Warren Hastings.

BEFORE I come to the last magnificent paragraph, let me call the attention of those who, possibly, think themselves capable of judging of the dignity and character of *justice in this country*;—let me call the attention of those

who, arrogantly perhaps, presume that they understand what the features, what the duties of justice are here and in India;—let them learn a lesson from this great statesman, this enlarged, this liberal philosopher:—"I hope I shall not depart from the simplicity of official language, in saying, that the Majesty of Justice ought to be approached with solicitation, not descend to provoke or invite it, much less to debase itself by the suggestion of wrongs, and the promise of redress, with the denunciation of punishment before trial, and even before accusation." This is the exhortation which Mr. Hastings makes to his Counsel. This is the character which he gives of British justice.

But I will ask your Lordships, do you approve this representation? Do you feel, that this is the true image of Justice? Is this the character of British Justice? Are these her features? Is this her countenance? Is this her gait or her mien? No; I think even now I hear you calling upon me to turn from this vile libel, this base caricature, this Indian pagod, formed by the hand of guilty and knavish tyranny, to dupe the heart of ignorance,—to turn from this deformed idol, to the true Majesty of Justice here. *Here*, indeed, I see a different form, enthroned by the sovereign hand of Freedom,—awful, without severity—commanding, without pride—vigilant and active, without restlessness or suspicion—searching and inquisitive, without meanness or debasement—not arrogantly scorning to stoop to the voice of afflicted innocence, and in its loveliest attitude when bending to uplift the suppliant at its feet.

It is by the majesty, by the form of that Justice, that I do conjure and implore your Lordships, to give your minds to this great business; that I exhort you to look, not so much to words which may be denied or quibbled away, but to the plain facts,—to weigh and consider the testimony in your own minds: we know the result must be inevitable. Let the truth appear, and our cause is gained. It is this—I conjure your Lordships, for your own honour, for the honour of the nation, for the honour of human nature, now entrusted to your care,—it is this duty that the Commons of England, speaking through us, claim at your hands.

They exhort you to it by every thing that calls sublimely upon the heart of man—by the Majesty of that

Justice which this bold man has libelled—by the wide fame of your own tribunal—by the sacred pledge by which you swear in the solemn hour of decision; knowing that that decision will then bring you the highest reward that ever blessed the heart of man—the consciousness of having done the greatest act of mercy for the world, that the earth has ever yet received from any hand but Heaven.—My Lords, I have done.

Panegyric on the Eloquence of Sheridan.

He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honour on himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished; nothing has equalled what we have this day heard. No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we, this day, listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected. *Burke.*

PROMISCUOUS SELECTIONS IN VER

Apostrophe to Love.

O HAPPY' love'! where love' like this' is found;
O heart-felt' raptures'! bliss' beyond compare'!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round',
And sage Experience bids me this' declare'—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare',
One cordial in this melancholy vale',
'Tis when a youthful', loving', modest' pair',
In other's' arms' breathe out' the tender' tale',
Beneath' the milk-white' thorn', that scents' the even
gale'!

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's' unsuspecting youth?
Curse' on his perjured arts! dissembling' smooth'!
Are honour', virtue', conscience', all' exiled?
Is there no pity', no relenting ruth',
Points' to the parents' fondling' o'er their child';
Then paints' the ruin'd' maid', and their' distraction' wil
Bu

The Soldier's Dream.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die—

When, reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dream'd it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
  Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
  To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
  In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
  And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
  From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
  And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart—

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn!"
  And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
  And the voice in my dreaming ear—melted away!

Campbell.

On True Dignity.

"HAIL, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph-wings.
O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:—
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:—
To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:—
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold what deeds of wo the locust can perform!

"True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow!"—
This strain, from 'midst the rocks, was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds, emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Beattie.

Glenara.

Oh! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?—
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire and her people are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd all in silence—they look'd to the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:
"Now here let us place the grey-stone of her cairn—
"Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain: no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

"I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud, and that coffin, did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen;
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—
'Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn—

"I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her grief,
I dream'd that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

n dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
.nd the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
'rom a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne:
'ow joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn! *Campbell.*

The Death of Marmion.

WITH fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound;
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear;
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
'here mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
Oh look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine!
Oh, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

Sir Walter Scott.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

We buried him darkly,—at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought—as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow!

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him."

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him—alone with his glory!

The Battle of Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery!

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
  To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven!
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven!
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
  Far flash'd the red artillery!

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly!

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
  Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
  And charge with all thy chivalry!—

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
  Shall be a soldier's sepulchre! *Campbell.*

On the Downfall of Poland.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet-horn;
Tumultuous Horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height, survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid:
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?

Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our COUNTRY yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear, for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
REVENGE, OR DEATH!—the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain—alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your vollied thunder flew:
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
The storm prevails! the rampart yields away—
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook!—red meteors flash'd along the sky!
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God?
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd, till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the MIGHTY DEAD!—
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!

Campbell.

Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

WHO is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?—
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains—but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress!

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare; and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair!

Yet cheerful and happy—nor distant the day—
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been:
The traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn!

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say,
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burn'd bright;
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fire-side,
"To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied:
Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who would wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now:"
"Then wager, and lose," with a sneer he replied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow!"

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaim'd, with a smile:
"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent—
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high;
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she enter'd—she felt not afraid—
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough—
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear—
She paused, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now!

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head:—
  She listen'd;—nought else could she hear.
The wind ceased, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread
  Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
  She crept, to conceal herself there;
That instant, the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
  And between them—a corpse did they bear!

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
  Again the rough wind hurried by—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd—
  She fell—and expected to die!

"Curse the hat!"—he exclaims—"Nay, come on, and fast
  The dead body!" his comrade replies. [hide
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
  And fast through the Abbey she flies!

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
  She look'd horribly eager around:
Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;
But, exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,
  Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
  For a moment the hat met her view—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, O Heaven! what cold horror thrill'd thro' her heart,
  When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
  His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye;
The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
  Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn. *Southey.*

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
  Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
  To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter:—

"And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather—

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"—

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady!

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So—though the waves are raging white—
I'll row you o'er the ferry!"

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking,
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men!—
Their trampling sounded nearer!

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries;
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When—oh! too strong for human hand!
The tempest gather'd o'er her—

And still they row'd, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
  His child he did discover!
One lovely arm was stretch'd for aid,
  And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
  "Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
  My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"—

'Twas vain!—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
  Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
  And he was left lamenting. *Campbell.*

Song from the Lady of the Lake.

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
  Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
  Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
  Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
  At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here.
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons tramping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumberous spells assail you,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillie.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream, in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun;
For, at dawning to assail you,
Here no bugles sound reveillie. *Scott.*

The Exile of Erin.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when, at twilight, repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fervour of youth's warm emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of ERIN GO BRAGH!

"Sad is my fate!"—said the heart-broken stranger—
"The wild deer and wolf to the covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger:
A home and a country remain not to me!
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of ERIN GO BRAGH!

"Erin! my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!
But, alas! in a far—foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more!
Oh! cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!—
They died to defend me!—or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Ah! my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure!
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

"Yet—all its fond recollections suppressing—
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw:—
Erin!—an exile bequeathes thee—his blessing!
Land of my forefathers!—ERIN GO BRAGH!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
ERIN MAVOURNIN! ERIN GO BRAGH!" *Campbell.*

On the Plain of Marathon.

WHERE'ER we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground!
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould!
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun—the soil—but not the slave the same—
Unchanged in all, except its foreign lord,
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame:
The Battle-field—where Persia's victim-horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word—
Which utter'd—to the hearer's eye appear
The camp—the host—the fight—the conqueror's career!

The flying Mede—his shaftless broken bow!
The fiery Greek—his red pursuing spear!
Mountains above—Earth's—Ocean's plain below!
Death in the front—Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn—the violated mound—
The dust—thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around!

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past,
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate, and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth!
But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian die

Byr

Lochinvar.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad-sword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridemen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all!
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
Or to dance at our bridal? young Lord Lochinvar!"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,—
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood [near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Scott.

A Beth Gelert.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
  And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
  Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
  The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
  A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
  The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,
  And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
  The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
  And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
  The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
  With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
  The chase of hart or hare:
And scant and small the booty proved;
  For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
  When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
  Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle-door,
  Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
  His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
  Unused such looks to meet:
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
  And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
  And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
  Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed, he found
  The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
  With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
  He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! Blood! he found on every side,
  But no where found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"
  The frantic father cried;
And, to the hilt, his vengeful sword
  He plunged in Gelert's side!—

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
  No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
  Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
  Some slumberer waken'd night:
What words the parent's joy can tell,
  To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
  His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
  His cherub-boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
  But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
  Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
  For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
  To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's wo;
  "Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
  This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
  With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
  Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
  Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
  And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
  Poor Gelert's dying yell!

Bruce to his Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
  Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
  Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
  Let us do, or die!

The Sailor's Orphan Boy.

Stay, lady—stay, for mercy's sake,
  And hear a helpless orphan's tale:
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake—
  'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
  And my brave father's hope and joy:
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
  And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,
  When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
  To see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought—
  She could not bear to see my joy!
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
  And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;
  My mother, shuddering, closed her ears:
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd—
  My mother answered with her tears!
"Oh! why do tears steal down your cheeks,
  Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"
She kiss'd me, and, in accents weak,
  She call'd me—her "poor orphan boy!"

"What is an orphan boy?" I said;
  When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes closed; I shriek'd for aid:—
  But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!
My hardships since—I will not tell:
  But now, no more a parent's joy,
Ah! lady, I have learn'd too well
  What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!—
  Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—
  The sailor's orphan boy has pride!
"Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
  You'll give me clothing, food, employ!"
Look down, dear parents! look, and see
  Your happy, happy orphan boy! *Mrs. Opie.*

Harmony of Expression.

BUT most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:

Bruce to his Army.

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Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
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Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!

By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest—held his breath
For a time!

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun!

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom!

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save!—
So peace, instead of death, let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our *king*."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose;
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look'd smiling-bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away!

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light!—
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant—good Riou!
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Campbell.

The Ocean.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, when none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews; in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with thy shore;—upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown!

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise,
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage! their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests!—in all time—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime!
The image of Eternity!—the throne
Of the invisible!—Even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made! Each zone
Obeys thee! Thou goest forth, dread! fathomless! alone!

Byron.

The Present Aspect of Greece.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fix'd, yet tender traits, that streak
The languor of the placid cheek—
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality;
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these—and these alone—
Some moments—ay—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
The first—last look—by death reveal'd!
  Such is the aspect of this shore.
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath:
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Byron

The Curfew.

The curfew tolls—the knell of parting day!
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way;
  And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.—

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.—

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed!

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share!

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
  How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
  The short and simple annals of the poor.—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour—
  The paths of glory lead—but to the grave!

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.—

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust?
  Or flattery *soothe the dull* cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul!

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air!

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest—
  Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
  With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way!

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spell'd by the unletter'd muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
  To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say—
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love!

"One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next—with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach, and read—for thou canst read—the lay,
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
  He gain'd from Heaven—'twas all he wish'd—a frie

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
  The bosom of his Father and his God! *G*

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer's evening,
  Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he, before his cottage door,
  Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
  Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
  In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
  Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
  And, with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's scull," said he
"Who fell in the great victory!

"I find them in the garden,
  For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
  The ploughshare turns them out:
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory!"

"Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
  Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
  With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now, tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout:
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head!

"With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died!—
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say, it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun!—
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—Nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!

"And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory!" *Southey*

Song of Fitz Eustace.

WHERE shall the lover rest
Whom the Fates sever
From his true maiden's breast—
Parted for ever?—

Where through groves deep and high
  Sounds the sad billow,
Where early violets die
  Under the willow—
  Soft shall be his pillow!

There through the summer days
  Cool streams are laving,
There while the tempest plays,
  Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
  Parted for ever!
Never again to wake,
  Never!—oh, never!

Where shall the traitor rest—
  He!—the deceiver,
Who would win woman's breast,
  Ruin and leave her?—
In the lost battle
  Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
  With groans of the dying,
  There shall he be lying.—

Her wings shall the eagle flap
  O'er the false-hearted!
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
  Ere life be parted!
Shame and dishonour sit
  By his grave ever!
Blessings shall hallow it—
  Never!—oh, never!

Scott.

The Field of Waterloo.

STOP!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be.—
How that red rain—hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
Arm! Arm! it is!—it is!—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear:
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With their fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Byron.

The Smuggler.

And think ye now, ye sons of ease,
The smuggler's life is rough and rude;
'Mid bawling winds, and roaring seas,
He lives a man of cheerless mood?

Ye little guess how many a smile
  To Fortune's rugged form we owe!
Ye little guess, the son of toil
  Knows sweeter ease than you can know!

"Now, bless thee, girl! the wind is fair
  And fresh, and may not long be so;
We've little time, you know, to spare;
  So, gie's a buss, and let us go!"

The smuggler cries. A wight is he
  Fit for his trade: so rough and rude,
He looks like—something of the sea—
  He is not of the landsman's brood!

His stature's big; his hazel eye
  Glistens beneath his bushy hair;
His face is of a sunny die,
  His hands—his bosom, that is bare:

His voice is hoarse, and sounding too:
  He has been wont to talk with winds
And thunders, and the boisterous crew
  Of waves, whose moods he little minds.

His little, hardy infant son
  Sits crowing on his lusty neck:
His wife—a fair and tender one—
  Murmurs and weeps upon his cheek:

He must not stay!—the treasures dear
  He hurries from him with a sigh:
His rugged soul disdains a tear—
  Not but he has one in his eye!

The sail is set, she clears the shore,
  She feels the wind, and scuds away;
Heels on her little keel, and o'er
  The jostling waves appears to play.

This is the smuggler's hardy crew:
  The mate, his tall and strapping son;
Another active youth or two;
  Besides an old and childless man,

Who many a storm and wreck had seen;
  His head as hoary as the foam
Of the vex'd wave. He once had been
  Another man!—had now no home,

Save what the ocean and the winds
  Made for him—'twas a restless one!—
And they were harsh and wayward friends;
  But every other friend was gone!

And now the cliff is seen no more:
  Around is nought but sea and sky:
And now the smuggler ponders o'er
  His fears and hopes alternately.

O Hope! thou little airy form,
  Thou thing of nothing; subtlest thing
That deals in potent spell, or charm!
  Queen of the little fairy ring,

That dances up and down the beam
  Of the midnight moon, and loves to play
Such antics, by its witching gleam,
  As scare or rap the sons of day!

When was the smile of human bliss
  So fair as fiction'd forth by thee?
Thy phantom gives a sweeter kiss
  Than e'en the lover's fairest she!

Illusion bless'd! how many a son
  Of rude and wayward destiny,
Whom fortune never smiled upon,
  Has yet been taught to smile by thee!

Now, with thy little golden wand,
  Perch'd on the smuggler's helm, the wild
And savage sea thou wouldst command,
  And make it merciful and mild:

But, 'tis a black and squally sky,
  A restless, rough, and raging sea,
Whose saucy waves thy power defy,
  And make their moody mock of thee:

Yet, nothing moved, thou keep'st thy place
  Beside the stern and hardy wight,
Who looks thee cheerly in the face,
  And little apprehends thy flight;

Till, through the war of waves and winds,
  Regardless of their threatening roar,
Thou guidest the smuggler, till he finds
  The port, and treads the sunny shore!

The traffic's made, the treasure stow'd,
  The wind is fair, the sail is spread;
And, labouring with her secret load,
  Scarce heaves the little skiff her head.

Now is the smuggler's time of care:
  A weary watch he keeps; nor night,
Nor day, he rests; nor those who share
  The fortunes of the venturous wight.

A veering course they steer, to shun
  The armed sail; and strive to reach
The nearest friendly land, and run
  For some safe creek, or shelter'd beach;

Which soon, at night, they near; and then
  Laugh at their fears and perils o'er!—
When, lo! the wary beacon's seen
  To blaze!—An enemy's ashore—

Down goes the helm, about the sheet—
  The little bark obeys; and now,
To clear the fatal land, must beat
  The heavy surge with labouring prow.

She weathers it, when, lo! a sail,
  By the faint star-light gleam, they find
Has left the shore: as they can tell,
  She is about a league behind,

In chase of them!—Along the shore—
  The smuggler knows it well—there lies
A little creek, three leagues, or more,
  And thither will he bear his prize.

Well sails the little skiff! but vain
  Her efforts; every knot they run
The stranger draws on them amain—
  She nears them more than half a one!

The smuggler thinks 'tis over now;
  Thrice has he left the rudder, and
The fruitless dew from his sullen brow
  Has dash'd with his indignant hand:

When lo!—and think you not there was
  Some bright and pitying spirit there,
That hover'd o'er the smuggler, as
  He gave his rudder to despair?—

Just as the heavy tears begin,
  Upon the smuggler's cheek, to roll
Warm from that not unholy shrine,
  The husband's and the father's soul—

The cutter springs her mast! and lies
  A useless log upon the seas;
While the staunch skiff her wrath defies,
  And likes the fair and freshening breeze!

But look!—what threatens yet behind?
  The wrath-fraught waves swell high and proud,
It 'gins to grow a squally wind,
  With many a little ragged cloud

Sailing before the muffled storm,
  Wrapp'd in a hundred clouds, with frown
As dark as death, and giant-form,
  Threatening to rush in thunder down,

In lightnings, and in deluge!—Now
  It comes!—it blows a hurricane!—
Great is the roar above—below!—
  The flashes thick as the big rain,

That beats and batters the huge wave,
  Rolling in wrath along!—what now
The smuggler's little skiff can save?—
  If Heaven ordains, I think I know!

Her mainsail and her jib are down;
  Under her foresail reef'd she flies,
Through the black, fiery storm, whose frown
  Of death the smuggler still defies—

With dauntless arm the rudder rules,
  Erect his brow, and bold his mien;
And as it scowls at him, he scowls,
  And looks it in the face again!

All night it rages on: but now,
  As night declines, it dies away;
And leaves the blessed East, to show
  The rosy lids of waking day,

That opes its glittering eye; and oh!
  How radiantly it shines!—it shines
Upon the smuggler's cliff!—'tis so!
  Yet how 'tis so he scarce divines!

And, look! who stands upon the beach,
  And waves a welcome with her hand?
What little cherub strives to reach
  Its father from the nearing land?

Oh treasures dear!—What dome of state,
  The haunt of luxury and show,
Contains so blithe a joy as that
  The smuggler's hut will shelter now?

Oh! how he glows again, to tell
  What perils he hath run!—what store
Of merchandise he brings!—how well
  The skiff her share of duty bore!

Now tell me not, but, in my mind,
  Whate'er the smooth and sophist tongue
Of luxury may sing,—you'll find
  Our sweetest joys from pain have sprung!

Knowles.

Outalissi.

NIGHT came,—and in their lighted bower, full late,
The joy of converse had endur'd—when, hark!
Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate;
And, heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fallen upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arch'd:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first!
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parch'd,
From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim;
At length, the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasp'd—but Albert knew not him.

"And hast thou then forgot,"—he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air,—
"Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?

Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age hath bow'd me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know!

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew:
"Bless thee, my guide!"—but, backward, as he came,
The chief, his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him through.
'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:—
At last, delight o'er all his features stole,
"It is—my own!" he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.—

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bow-string of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's couch I fear'd,
For I was strong as mountain-cataract!
And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd?

"Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced!"
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath,
But, with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds, with fever'd joy, that more profusely bled.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with wo-denouncing hand—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup!
The Mammoth comes!—the foe!—the monster Brandt!—
With all his howling, desolating band!—
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake, at once, and silence—half your land!
Red is the cup they drink;—but not with wine!
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No!—not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth
Escaped, that night of blood, upon our plains!
All perish'd!—I alone am left on earth,
To whom nor relative nor blood remains—
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

"But go and rouse your warriors!—for—if right
These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starred banners—on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines,
Some fort embattled by your country shines:
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
Go, seek the light its warlike beacons show!
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!"

Campbell.

Jaspar.

JASPAR was poor, and vice and want
Had made his heart like stone;
And Jaspar look'd with envious eyes
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent, abroad he went
Toward the close of day;
And loiter'd on the lonely road,
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came: he loiter'd long,
And often look'd around,
And paused and listen'd eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sate him down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way—
So fair a scene might well have charm'd
All evil thoughts away:

He sate beneath a willow-tree,
Which cast a trembling shade;
The gentle river full in front
A little island made;

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone
  Upon the poplar-trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
  Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd—and he heard the wind
  That waved the willow-tree;
He heard the waters flow along,
  And murmur quietly.

He listen'd for the traveller's tread—
  The nightingale sung sweet;—
He started up, for now he heard
  The sound of coming feet;—

He started up, and grasp'd a stake,
  And waited for his prey;
There came a lonely traveller,
  And Jaspar cross'd his way.

But Jaspar's threats and curses fail'd
  The traveller to appal,
He would not lightly yield the purse
  Which held his little all.

Awhile he struggled, but he strove
  With Jaspar's strength in vain;
Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd,
  And never spake again.

Jaspar raised up the murder'd man,
  And plunged him in the flood,
And in the running water then
  He cleansed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse,
  And cleansed his hands from gore;
The willow waved, the stream flow'd on,
  And murmur'd as before.

There was no human eye had seen
  The blood the murderer spilt,
And Jaspar's conscience never knew
  The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed
  The gold he gain'd so ill;
And years of secret guilt pass'd on,
  And he was needy still.

One eve, beside the alehouse fire
  He sate, as it befell,
When in there came a labouring man,
  Whom Jaspar knew full well.

He sate him down by Jaspar's side,
  A melancholy man;
For, spite of honest toil, the world
  Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn'd, and he
  With little was content;
But sickness on his wife had fallen,
  And all he had was spent.

Then, with his wife and little ones,
  He shared his scanty meal;
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
  And felt what wretches feel.

That very morn, the landlord's power
  Had seized the little left;
And now the sufferer found himself
  Of every thing bereft.

He lean'd his head upon his hand,
  His elbow on his knee;
And so by Jaspar's side he sate,
  And not a word said he.

"Nay—why so downcast?" Jaspar cried;
  "Come—cheer up, Jonathan!
Drink, neighbour, drink! 'twill warm thy heart—
  Come! come! take courage, man!"

He took the cup that Jaspar gave,
  And down he drain'd it quick;
"I have a wife," said Jonathan,
  "And she is deadly sick.

"She has no bed to lie upon,
  I saw them take her bed—
And I have children—would to Heaven
  That they and I were dead!

"Our landlord he goes home to-night,
  And he will sleep in peace—
I would that I were in my grave,
  For there all troubles cease.

"In vain I pray'd him to forbear,
Though wealth enough has he!
Heaven be to him as merciless
As he has been to me!"

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
On all his ills intent,
He plied him with the heartening cup,
And with him forth he went.

"This landlord on his homeward road
'Twere easy now to meet:
The road is lonesome, Jonathan—
And vengeance, man, is sweet!"

He listen'd to the tempter's voice,
The thought it made him start;
His head was hot, and wretchedness
Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went,
And waited for their prey;
They sate them down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way.

They sate them down beside the stream,
And never a word they said;
They sate, and listen'd silently
To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,
No star was in the sky,
The wind it waved the willow-boughs,
The stream flow'd quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sung the nightingale—
The soul of Jonathan was soothed,
His heart began to fail.

"'Tis weary waiting here," he cried,
"And now the hour is late;—
Methinks he will not come to-night,
No longer let us wait."

"Have patience, man!" the ruffian said,
"A little we may wait,
But longer shall his wife expect
Her husband at the gate."

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart,
"My conscience yet is clear!
Jaspar—it is not yet too late—
I will not linger here."

"How now!" cried Jaspar, "why, I thought
Thy conscience was asleep:
No more such qualms! the night is dark,
The river here is deep!"

"What matters that?" said Jonathan,
Whose blood began to freeze,
"When there is One above, whose eye
The deeds of darkness sees!"

"We are safe enough," said Jaspar then,
"If that be all thy fear!
Nor eye below, nor eye above,
Can pierce the darkness here."

That instant, as the murderer spake,
There came a sudden light;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night:

It hung upon the willow-tree,
It hung upon the flood;
It gave to view the poplar-isle,
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journeys there,
He surely hath espied
A madman, who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,
His look bespeaks despair;
For Jaspar, since that hour, has made
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day;
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll;
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul!

Southey.

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'Twere easy now to meet:
The road is lonesome, Jonathan—
And vengeance, man, is sweet!"

He listen'd to the tempter's voice,
The thought it made him start;
His head was hot, and wretchedness
Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went,
And waited for their prey;
They sate them down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way.

They sate them down beside the stream,
And never a word they said;
They sate, and listen'd silently
To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,
No star was in the sky,
The wind it waved the willow-boughs,
The stream flow'd quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sung the nightingale—
The soul of Jonathan was soothed,
His heart began to fail.

"'Tis weary waiting here," he cried,
"And now the hour is late;—
Methinks he will not come to-night,
No longer let us wait."

"Have patience, man!" the ruffian said,
"A little we may wait,
But longer shall his wife expect
Her husband at the gate."

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart,
"My conscience yet is clear!
Jaspar—it is not yet too late—
I will not linger here."

"How now!" cried Jaspar, "why, I thought
Thy conscience was asleep:
No more such qualms! the night is dark,
The river here is deep!"

"What matters that?" said Jonathan,
Whose blood began to freeze,
"When there is One above, whose eye
The deeds of darkness sees!"

"We are safe enough," said Jaspar then,
"If that be all thy fear!
Nor eye below, nor eye above,
Can pierce the darkness here."

That instant, as the murderer spake,
There came a sudden light;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night:

It hung upon the willow-tree,
It hung upon the flood;
It gave to view the poplar-isle,
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journeys there,
He surely hath espied
A madman, who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,
His look bespeaks despair;
For Jaspar, since that hour, has made
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day;
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll;
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul!

Southey.

Outalissi's Death-Song.

"And I could weep;"—the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son!
Or bow his head in wo;
For, by my wrongs and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

"To-morrow let us do or die!—
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?—
Seek we thy once-loved home?—
The hand is gone that cropp'd its flowers!
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"Or shall we cross yón mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?—
Ah! there, in desolation, cold,

The desert-serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old!
Then seek we not their camp—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

"But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears!
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll!
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry—the last!—the first!
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul!
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief." *Campbell.*

Robin and Anna.

She listens;—"'Tis the wind," she cries:
The moon, that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast: she looks, she sighs,
She fears 'twill be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed. Her mate,
A fisherman, was out at sea:
The night is dark, the hour is late,
The wind is high—and where is he?

"Oh! who would love! oh! who would wed
A wandering fisherman, to be
A wretched, lonely wife, and dread
Each breath that blows, when he's at sea!"

Not long was Anna wed. One pledge
Of tender love her bosom bore:
The storm comes down! the billows rage!
Its father is not yet on shore!

"Oh! who would think her portion bless'd
A wandering seaman's wife to be,
To hug the infant to her breast,
Whose father's on a stormy sea!"

The thunder bursts! the lightning falls!
  The casement rattles with the rain!
And, as the gusty tempest bawls,
  The little cottage quakes again!—

She doesn't speak; she doesn't sigh;
  She gazes on her infant dear—
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
  Which dims its mother's with a tear!

"Oh! who would be a seaman's wife!
  Oh! who would bear a seaman's child!
To tremble for her husband's life!
  To weep—because her infant smiled!"

Ne'er hadst thou borne a seaman's boy—
  Ne'er had thy husband left the shore—
Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy,
  To see—thy Robin at the door!—

To press his weather-beaten cheek,
  To kiss it dry and warm again,
To weep the joy thou couldst not speak—
  So pleasure's in the debt of pain.

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast
  Thy little couch of love, I ween,
Were ten times sweeter than the last—
  And not a cloud that night was seen!

O happy pair! the pains you know
  Still hand in hand with pleasure come;
For often does the tempest blow,
  And Robin still is safe at home!

Knowl

Lord William.

No eye beheld when William plunged
  Young Edmund in the stream;
No human ear, but William's, heard
  Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
  The murderer for their lord;
And he, as rightful heir, possess'd
  The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
  Stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
  Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the wayfaring man
  Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
  To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
  To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
  He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain, at midnight's silent hour,
  Sleep closed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream, the murderer saw
  Young Edmund's form arise!

In vain, by restless conscience driven,
  Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
  In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled—
  But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again—but peace
  Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
  The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd, that shook
  With terror William's soul—

A day that William never felt
  Return without dismay;
For well had conscience kalendar'd
  Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains
  Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
  Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
  In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
  The anguish of his soul—

The tempest, as its sudden swell
  In gusty howlings came,
With cold and deathlike feelings seem'd
  To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
  His lonely couch he press'd;
And wearied out, he sunk to sleep,—
  To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
  Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand;
Such and so pale, as when in death
  He grasp'd his brother's hand.

Such and so pale his face, as when,
  With faint and faultering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
  He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love
  My orphan Edmund guard—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge?
  Now take thy due reward!"

He started up, each limb convulsed
  With agonizing fear:
He only heard the storm of night,—
  'Twas music to his ear.

When, lo! the voice of loud alarm
  His inmost soul appals;
"What, ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
  The water saps thy walls!"

He rose in haste, beneath the walls
  He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,
  No human aid was near!

He heard the shout of joy, for now
  A boat approach'd the wall;
And, eager to the welcome aid,
  They crowd for safety all.—

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
  "'Twill bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William! and do ye
  In God's protection stay."

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice,
Even at that hour of wo,
That, save their lord, there was not one
Who wish'd with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,
His terror was so sore;
"Thou shalt have half my gold!" he cried,
"Haste!—haste to yonder shore!"

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream—
Sudden Lord William heard a cry,
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused: "Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!"
"'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
Lord William made reply;

"Haste!—haste!—ply swift and strong the oar!
Haste!—haste across the stream!"—
Again Lord William heard a cry,
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

"I heard a child's distressful voice,"
The boatman cried again.
"Nay, hasten on!—the night is dark—
And we should search in vain!"

"And, oh! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou, without pitying, hear
A child's expiring cry?

"How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the chilly stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream!"

The shriek again was heard: It came
More deep, more piercing loud:
That instant, o'er the flood, the moon
Shone through a broken cloud:

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone
  Upon the poplar-trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
  Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd—and he heard the wind
  That waved the willow-tree;
He heard the waters flow along,
  And murmur quietly.

He listen'd for the traveller's tread—
  The nightingale sung sweet;—
He started up, for now he heard
  The sound of coming feet;—

He started up, and grasp'd a stake,
  And waited for his prey;
There came a lonely traveller,
  And Jaspar cross'd his way.

But Jaspar's threats and curses fail'd
  The traveller to appal,
He would not lightly yield the purse
  Which held his little all.

Awhile he struggled, but he strove
  With Jaspar's strength in vain;
Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd,
  And never spake again.

Jaspar raised up the murder'd man,
  And plunged him in the flood,
And in the running water then
  He cleansed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse,
  And cleansed his hands from gore;
The willow waved, the stream flow'd on,
  And murmur'd as before.

There was no human eye had seen
  The blood the murderer spilt,
And Jaspar's conscience never knew
  The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed
  The gold he gain'd so ill;
And years of secret guilt pass'd on,
  And he was needy still.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves!
Her home is on the deep!
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow. *Campbell.*

Thunder Storm among the Alps.

It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar;
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill!
At intervals, some bird, from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill—
But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

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  Upon the poplar-trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
  Play'd slowly to the breeze.

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  That waved the willow-tree;
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Ode to Winter.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four, the Seasons, flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
  The young Spring smiled with angel-grace:
Rosy Summer, next advancing,
  Rush'd into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
  For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
  On India's citron-cover'd isles:
More remote and buxom-brown,
  The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
  A ripe sheaf bound her zone!

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
  Whirls to death the roaring whale!
Round the hall where Runic Odin
  Howls his war-song to the gale!—
Save when adown the ravaged globe
  He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
  And trampling on her faded form:—
Till light's returning lord assume
  The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume,
  And crystal-cover'd shield!

O sire of storms!—whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy, with her blood-shot eye,
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel! power of desolation!
  Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
  Spells to touch thy stony heart?

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  Upon the poplar-trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
  Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd—and he heard the wind
  That waved the willow-tree;
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And soon the ruffian had consumed
  The gold he gain'd so ill;
And years of secret guilt pass'd on,
  And he was needy still.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought!

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New—as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome—as if loved for years!

Then fly with me!—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come!—if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found!—

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine. *Moore.*

Flight of O'Connor's Child, and Death of her Lover.

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love—"Oh, come with me!
Our bark is on the lake—behold
Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans!—
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild fowl and the honey-comb;

"In vain I pray'd him to forbear,
Though wealth enough has he!
Heaven be to him as merciless
As he has been to me!"

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
On all his ills intent,
He plied him with the heartening cup,
And with him forth he went.

"This landlord on his homeward road
'Twere easy now to meet:
The road is lonesome, Jonathan—
And vengeance, man, is sweet!"

He listen'd to the tempter's voice,
The thought it made him start;
His head was hot, and wretchedness
Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went,
And waited for their prey;
They sate them down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way.

They sate them down beside the stream,
And never a word they said;
They sate, and listen'd silently
To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,
No star was in the sky,
The wind it waved the willow-boughs,
The stream flow'd quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sung the nightingale—
The soul of Jonathan was soothed,
His heart began to fail.

"'Tis weary waiting here," he cried,
"And now the hour is late;—
Methinks he will not come to-night,
No longer let us wait."

"Have patience, man!" the ruffian said,
"A little we may wait,
But longer shall his wife expect
Her husband at the gate."

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart,
"My conscience yet is clear!
Jaspar—it is not yet too late—
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"How now!" cried Jaspar, "why, I thought
Thy conscience was asleep:
No more such qualms! the night is dark,
The river here is deep!"

"What matters that?" said Jonathan,
Whose blood began to freeze,
"When there is One above, whose eye
The deeds of darkness sees!"

"We are safe enough," said Jaspar then,
"If that be all thy fear!
Nor eye below, nor eye above,
Can pierce the darkness here."

That instant, as the murderer spake,
There came a sudden light;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night:

It hung upon the willow-tree,
It hung upon the flood;
It gave to view the poplar-isle,
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journeys there,
He surely hath espied
A madman, who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,
His look bespeaks despair;
For Jaspar, since that hour, has made
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day;
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll;
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul!

Southey.

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Southey.

Outalissi's Death-Song.

"And I could weep;"—the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son!
Or bow his head in wo;
For, by my wrongs and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

"To-morrow let us do or die!—
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?—
Seek we thy once-loved home?—
The hand is gone that cropp'd its flowers!
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?—
Ah! there, in desolation, cold,

The praise of Bacchus, then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young!—
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets! beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath!—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain!

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied—
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good!
By too severe a fate,
Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen!
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood!
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes!
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving, in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow!

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So love was crown'd; but music won the cause.—
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor—sunk upon her breast!

Now strike the golden lyre again!
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder!
Hark! hark!—the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead;
And, amazed, he stares around!
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries—
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain!
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold! how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!—

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And stones themselves to ruin grown,
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Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown;
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

" Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down;
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

" But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

" With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose;
And mark'd where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes, and English bows.

" 'Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

" From the raised visor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along;
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

" The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
Rings on the ground to rise no more.

" What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell;
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell:

" But dearer to my injured eye,
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

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Then, leaping on his feet upright,
  Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
  And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
  That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
  Romance, or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
  Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
  "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
  As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
  Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
  And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
  Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
  And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
  And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
  Shriek upward from the sod,—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
  To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
  Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
  Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
  And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
  Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
  Their pangs must be extreme,—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
  Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
  A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old:
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,'
And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"Oh God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!—

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

"Oh Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit, I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist. *Hood.*

The Sword Chaunt of Thorstein Raudi.

'Tis not the grey hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof print of black steed or grey,
Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,
Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine;
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches and numbers define.
Land Giver! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships I own'd at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south, shouting, 'There am I lord!'
Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway,
In the fierce battle-fray,
When the star that rules Fate, is this falchion's red gleam.
Might Giver! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall,
I've drank the sweet music that bright lips let fall,
I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle and cold jargoning!
The music I love, is the shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields Death's sickle, and garners the grave.
Joy Giver! I kiss thee.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast;
  She bathed his lips with dew;
And on his cheek such kisses press'd,
  As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
  Enduring to the last!
She had her meed, one smile in death,
  And his worn spirit pass'd.
While even as o'er a martyr's grave,
  She knelt on that sad spot;
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
  Her strength to forsake it not!

Mrs. Hema

The Uncle.—A Mystery.

I HAD an uncle once—a man
  Of threescore years and three;—
And when my reason's dawn began,
  He'd take me on his knee;
And often talk, whole winter-nights,
  Things that seem'd strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
  And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude
  His conscience with him wrought;
And there, before his mental eye,
  Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
  Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
  Who gamboll'd up and down,
And often peep'd into his room,
  And pluck'd him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone,—
  My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
  Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
  The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it,—
'Twas in a darken'd place,
And few or none had ever look'd
Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall;
My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood
The words upon the book;
For with a sidelong glance I mark'd
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes
Sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turn'd him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;—
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seem'd so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said,—
I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found;—
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,—
Thou wert her only child;—
Oh God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled,—
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!

He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that;—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too,—nay, more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed;
He came—he conquer'd—they were wed;—
My air-blown bubble burst!

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;
The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!

"By Heaven! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat
For ever on his brow,
That seem'd in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou!

"I left my home—I left the land—
I cross'd the raging sea;—
In vain—in vain—where'er I turn'd,
My memory went with me;—
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seem'd to be.

"I came again—I found them here—
Thou'rt like thy father, boy—
He doted on that pale face there,
I've seen them kiss and toy,—
I've seen him lock'd in her fond arms,
Wrapp'd in delirious joy!

"*He disappear'd*—draw nearer, child;—
He died—no one knew how;
The murder'd body ne'er was found,
The tale is hush'd up now;
But there was one who rightly guess'd
The hand that struck the blow.

"It drove her mad—yet not his death,—
No—not his death alone;
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none;—
No, boy! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone!

"I am thy uncle, child,—why stare
So frightfully aghast?—
The arras waves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast?
I too have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

"*I'll show thee what thy mother saw,*—
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best.—
Come hither—thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring; the touch
Is known to me alone;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—
What see you that you groan
So heavily?—That thing is but
A bare-ribb'd skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—
Three strides he backwards gave,—
"Oh God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat—
Will no one help or save?"

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness toss'd;
He gnash'd his teeth, and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost.

H. G. Bell.

The Death of Murat.

"My hour is come!—Forget me not!—My blessing is with you;
With you my last, my fondest thought; with you my heart's adieu
Farewell—farewell, my Caroline! my children's doting mother;
I made thee wife, and fate a queen—an hour, and thou art neither
Farewell, my fair Letitia, my love is with thee still:
Louise and Lucien, adieu; and thou, my own Achille!"
With quivering lip, but with no tear, or tear that gazers saw,
These words, to all his heart held dear, thus wrote the brave Murat.

Then of the locks which, dark and large, o'er his broad shoulders
hung;
That stream'd war-pennons in the charge, yet like caressings clung
In peace around his forehead high, which, more than diadem,
Beseem'd the curls that lovingly replaced the cold hard gem;
He cut him one for wife—for child—'twas all he had to will;
But, with the regal wealth and state, he lost its heartless chill!
The iciness of alien power, what gushing love may thaw!
—The agony of such an hour as this—thy *last*—Murat!

"Comrade—though foe!—a soldier asks from thee a soldier's aid—
They're not a warrior's only tasks that need his blood and blade—
That upon which I latest gaze—that which I fondest clasp,
When death my eye-balls wraps in haze, and stiffens my hand's
grasp!
With these love-locks around it twined, say, wilt thou see them sent—
Need I say where?—Enough!—'tis kind!—to death, then—I'm con-
tent!
Oh, to have found it in the field, not as a chain'd outlaw!
No more!—to Destiny I yield—with mightier than Murat!

They led him forth—'twas but a stride between his prison-room
And where, with yet a monarch's pride, he met a felon's doom.
"Soldiers!—your muzzles to my breast will leave brief space for
pain.
Strike to the heart!"—His last behest was utter'd not in vain.
He turn'd him to the levell'd tubes that held the wink'd-for boon;
He gazed upon some love-clasp'd pledge,—then vollied the platoon.
And when their hold the hands gave up, the pitying gazers saw.
In the dear image of a wife, thy heart's best trait, Murat!

T. Atkinson.

The Triumph of Malachi, King of Meath.

'Midst forest deep of flashing spears,
The flag of Erin's flying;
Her cause, the one the tyrant fears,
The freeman dares to die in!

In garb of steel, each true-born son,
  Her anthem bold repeating,
With martial stride moves blithely on,
  Impatient for the meeting!

Till Erin saw her son enslaved—
  While Tara's princes swayed her,
What tongue in vain her shelter craved?
  But see what wrongs have made her!
The hand—the first to welcome in,
  And feast and rest the stranger,
Now wakes him with the battle's din,
  To meet the stern Avenger!

In shining lists no more appear
  The sons of Erin vying;
Forbade to wield the glaive or spear,
  Their knightly name is dying:
For Erin's daughters, fair in vain,
  Their ardent breasts are glowing,—
The nuptial couch is now their bane,
  For honour shame bestowing.

From end to end the country groans;
  On every hand's oppression,—
Till death becomes the best of boons:
  With wrongs, in thick succession,
Her princes fall!—her heroes fall!
  Her misery's upbraided!
Her name a mock! and, worst of all,
  The sacred cross degraded!

But man is man, howe'er you boast
  To tame his noble nature!
Though warp'd a while, is never lost
  Its framer-marking feature!
The slave that's made by tyrant pride
  To grace the foul oppressor,
Is found the freeman still to hide
  That's Freedom's sure redresser!

O day of pride!—O happy day
  When Erin's king, deploring
His country's sorrows, braved the fray,
  Her banner green restoring!

Then fled the Dane, while Erin's son,
New-burst from bonds inglorious,
Stood free the gory plain upon,
That saw his arms victorious. *Knowles.*

The Spanish Champion.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprison'd sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train;
I pledge my faith, my liege, my lord, oh! break my father's chain."

"Rise! rise! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this day;
Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him on his way:"
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed;
And urged, as if with lance in hand, his charger's foaming speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, they met a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode, like a leader in the land:
Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father,—whom thy grateful heart hath yearned so long to see.

His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flash'd, his cheeks' hue came and went;
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side, and there dismounting [bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took;
What was there in its touch, that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold, a frozen thing, it dropp'd from his like lead;
He look'd up to the face above, the face was of the dead;
A plume waved o'er the noble brow, the brow was fix'd and white;
He met at length his father's eyes, but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed; but who can paint that gaze?
They hush'd their very hearts who saw its horror and amaze:
They might have chain'd him, as before that noble form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his cheek the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low, and wept like children then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his high renown;
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down;

And, covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly-mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now;
My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father, oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are past away to earth!"

Up from the ground he sprung once more, and seized the monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face, the king before the dead.

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"Came I not here, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still! and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—give answer, Where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, put life in this cold clay.

"Into those glossy eyes put light; be still, keep down thine ire;
Bid those cold lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire;
Give me back him for whom I fought, for whom my blood was shed;
Thou canst not, and, O king! his blood be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the rein, his slack hand fell upon the silent face;
He cast one long, deep, mournful glance, and fled from that sad [place:
His after-fate no more was heard, amid the martial train;
His banner led the spears no more among the hills of Spain!

Mrs. Hemans.

Lines on the Departure of Emigrants for New South Wales.

On England's shore I saw a pensive band,
With sails unfurl'd for earth's remotest strand,
Like children parting from a mother, shed
Tears for the home that could not yield them bread;
Grief mark'd each face receding from the view,—
'Twas grief to nature honourably true.
And long, poor wanderers o'er the ecliptic deep!
The song that names but home shall bid you weep;
Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
In that far world, and miss the stars ye love;
Oft, when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,
Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn;
And, giving England's names to distant scenes,
Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain:
For has the heart no interest yet as bland
As that which binds us to our native land?
The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our hearth,
To hear the cherub chorus of their mirth,
Undamp'd by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows:
The pride to rear an independent shed,
And give the lips we love unborrow'd bread;
To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun;
To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
And call the blooming landscape all our own,

Our children's heritage, in prospect long.
These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong,
That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine,
To realms where foreign constellations shine;
Where streams from undiscover'd fountains roll,
And winds shall fan them from the Antarctic pole.
And what though doom'd to shores so far apart
From England's home, that even the home-sick heart
Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recross'd,
How large a space of fleeting life is lost:
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam,
That yields their sickle twice its harvest-home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,
The grey-hair'd swain, his grandchild sporting round,
Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,
Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
And verdant rampart of Acacian thorn,
While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
The orange-grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails;
Survey with pride, beyond a monarch's spoil,
His honest arm's own subjugated soil;
And, summing all the blessings God has given,
Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven,—
That, when his bones shall here repose in peace,
The scions of his love may still increase,
And o'er a land where life has ample room,
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land! in wildness even benign,
The glorious past is ours, the future thine!
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon's span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man!
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream,
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb!
Land of the free! thy kingdom is to come,
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by charter'd priesthoods unaccursed;

Of navies, hoisting their emblazon'd flags,
Where shipless seas now wash unbeacon'd crags;
Of hosts, review'd in dazzling files and squares,
Their pennon'd trumpets breathing native airs!
And minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire:—
Our very speech, methinks, in after-time,
Shall catch the Ionian blandness of thy clime;
And, whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
The Arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise.

Untrack'd in deserts lies the marble mine,
Undug the ore that 'midst thy roofs shall shine;
Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—
Fair Australasia! that shall give to thee
Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high,
So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
They widen to the contemplating eye,
With colonnaded aisles in long array,
And windows that enrich the flood of day
O'er tesselated pavements, pictures fair,
And niched statues breathing golden air.
Nor there, whilst all that's seen bids Fancy swell,
Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell;
But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
And organs blow their tempests of sweet sound.

Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their goal,
How bless'd the years of pastoral life shall roll!
Even should, some wayward hour, the settler's mind
Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind,
Yet not a pang that England's name imparts,
Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts;
Bound to that native world by nature's bond,
Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams,
Since childhood loved and dreamt of in their dreams.
How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords,
As aught that's named in song to us affords!
Dear shall that river's margin be to him,
Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,

The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep!

Ca

Ouglou's Onslaught.

A Turkish Battle-Song.

TCHASSAN OUGLOU is on! Tchassan Ouglou is on.
And with him to battle the Faithful are gone.
Alla, il allah! The tambour is rung,
And in his war-saddle each Spahi hath swung.
Now the blast of the desert sweeps over the land,
And the pale fires of heaven gleam in each Damask
Alla, il allah!

Tchassan Ouglou is on! Tchassan Ouglou is on!
Abroad on the winds all his horse-tails are thrown.
'Tis the rush of the eagle, down cleaving through a
'Tis the bound of the lion, when roused from his lai
Ha! fiercer, and wilder, and madder by far—
On thunders the might of the Moslemite war.
Alla, il allah!

Forth lash their wild horses with loose-flowing rein,
The steel grides their flank, their hoof scarce dints the
Like the mad stars of heaven, now the Delis rush o
O'er the thunder of cannon swells proudly their sho
And chested with foam, like the surge of th

Alla, il allah! The fierce war-cry is given—
For the flesh of the Giaour shriek the vultures of heaven.
Alla, il alla!

Alla, il allah! How thick, on the plain,
The Infidels cluster, like ripe, heavy grain!
The reaper is coming, the crook'd sickle's bare;
And the shout of the Faithful is rending the air,
Bismillah! Bismillah! Each far-flashing brand
Hath piled its red harvest of death on the land!
Alla, il allah!

Mark, mark yon green turban that heaves through the fight!
Like a tempest-toss'd bark 'mid the thunders of night.
See, parting before it, on right and on left,
How the dark billows tumble—each saucy crest cleft!
Aye, horseman and footman reel back in dismay,
When the sword of stern Ouglou is lifted to slay.
Alla, il allah!

Alla, il allah! Tchassan Ouglou is on!
O'er the Infidel breast hath his fiery barb gone—
The bullets rain on him, they fall thick as hail;
The lances crash round him, like reeds in the gale—
But onward, still onward, for God and his law,
Through the dark strife of death bursts the gallant Pacha.
Alla, il allah!

In the wake of his might,—in the path of the wind,
Pour the sons of the Faithful, careering behind;
And, bending to battle, o'er each high saddle-bow,
With the sword of Azrael they sweep down the foe.
Alla, il allah! 'Tis Ouglou that cries—
In the breath of his nostril the Infidel dies!
Alla, il allah! *Motherwell.*

To the Clouds.

Ye glorious pageants! hung in air
To greet our raptured view;
What in creation can compare
For loveliness with you?
This earth is beautiful indeed,
And in itself appeals
To eyes that have been taught to read
The beauties it reveals.

Its giant-mountains, which ascend
  To your exalted sphere,
And seem, at times, with you to blend
  In majesty austere;
Its lovely valleys—forests vast;
  Its rivers, lakes, and seas;
With every glance upon them cast,
  The sight, the sense must please.

When, through the eastern gates of heaven,
  The sun's first glories shine;
Or when his gentlest beams are given
  To gild the day's decline;
All glorious as that orb appears,
  His radiance still would lose
Each gentle charm, that most endears,
  Without your softening hues.

When these with his refulgent rays
  Harmoniously unite,
Who on your splendid pomp can gaze,
  Nor feel a hush'd delight?
'Tis then, if to the raptured eye
  Her aid the fancy brings,
In you our fancy can descry
  Unutterable things!

Not merely mountains, cliffs, and caves,
  Domes, battlements, and towers,
Torrents of light, that fling their waves
  O'er coral rocks and bowers;
Not only what to man is known
  In nature or in art;
But objects which on earth can own
  No seeming counterpart.

As once the Seer in Patmos saw
  Heaven's opening door reveal'd,
And scenes inspiring love and awe
  To his rapt sight reveal'd;
So, in a faint and low degree,
  Through your unfoldings bright,
Phantoms of glory yet to be
  Dawn on the wondering sight.

Anonymous

Ode to Pity.

WHEN Pity first on earth appear'd,
  A female's form the seraph wore;
And, imaged in her voice and look,
  Her god-like mission mildly bore.
The child of Misery heard that voice,
  And all his cares were lull'd to sleep;
The mourner sigh'd—but, in that look,
  The moisten'd eye forgot to weep.
O Wealth! to Misery's claims awake;
Thy meed bestow for Pity's sake!

No more condemn'd on earth to roam,
  The immortal Maid to heaven returns;
Yet, though a stranger here below,
  In thousand breasts her influence burns.
And, foremost in her votaries' train,
  The softer sex their homage pay;
Where pallid Want demands their aid,
  The first to point and lead the way
O Wealth! to Misery's claims awake;
Thy meed bestow for Pity's sake!

Ye greatly rich, ye proudly great,—
  Who bask in fortune's noontide ray,
Hie to the scene, where pining Wo
  Drags cheerless through life's wintry day:
But chiefly bend your willing steps
  To where the shivering female lies,
The friendless aged of that sex
  Whose worth we court,—whose love we prize.
O Wealth! to Misery's claims awake;
Thy meed bestow for Pity's sake!

Think, ye who press the downy couch,
  What miseries on the helpless wait;
And from your rich profusion give,
  To raise them from their fallen state.
No transient honours mark the aid,
  To suffering virtue freely given;
A lasting and a bright reward
  Awaits the grateful deed in heaven.
O Wealth! to Misery's claims awake;
Thy meed bestow for Pity's sake! *Anonymous.*

The Last Tree of the Forest.

WHISPER, thou tree, thou lonely tree,
One, where a thousand stood!
Well might proud tales be told by thee,
Last of the solemn wood.

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green?
Stillness is round, and noontide glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen.

"I have seen the forest-shadows lie
Where now men reap the corn;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
Through the deep glades at morn.

"With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer,
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

"I have seen the knight and his train ride past,
With his banner borne on high;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
From his gleamy panoply.

"The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly prayed,
Kneeling at vesper hours.

"And the merry men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here with red wine's cheer,
And the hunter-songs of yore.

"And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring
With the lordly tales of the high crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

"But now the noble forms are gone
That walk'd the earth of old;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

Mrs. Hemans.

The Invocation.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night,
Where is the spirit gone,
That pass'd the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze hath flown?—
And the stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never-dying soul
Ask things that cannot die!"

O many-toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free!
Tell me, if thou its place can find
Far over mount and sea?—
And the wind murmur'd in reply—
"The blue deep have I cross'd,
And met its bark and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost!"

Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! be ye a home for those
Whose earthly race has run?—
The bright clouds answered—"We depart,
We vanish from the sky:
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die!"

Speak, then, thou voice of God within,
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown?—
And the voice answer'd—"Be thou still,
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars, their task fulfil,
Thine is to trust in Heaven!"

Ibid.

The Voice of Spring.

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the falling fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin, or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the stormy sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay, through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain—
They are rolling on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home;
Ye of the rose-cheek, and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine; I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
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Enough to know is given;
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Mary, Queen of Scots.

I LOOK'D far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.

IT was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the footsteps fall;
And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadow pass'd,
And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon,—
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry:—
Grey Montmorency, o'er whose head has pass'd a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children stands, the first among his peers;
And next the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assail'd,
And walk'd ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have fail'd,—
And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their might.
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light.
Here Louis, Prince of Condè, wears his all-unconquer'd sword,
With great Coligni by his side—each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medicis—that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catharine!
The forms that follow in her train, a glorious sunshine make—
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake;
But fairer far than all the rest, who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine, and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and distant rise.

No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summon'd Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils:—
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come—they come—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain,
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she said; "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatch'd the crown from her ancestral line:—
"My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burn'd upon her cheek—stream'd her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more;—

She staid her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye;—
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they!
Scatter'd and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone,—
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chain'd the lips, and touch'd the hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round her fell—
And from her neck there hung the cross—the cross she loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom;—
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;—
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone;—
I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living gold,—
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile,—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block, *alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her footstool bow'd!
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is pass'd away;
The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a queen,—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen,—
Lapp'd by a dog! Go, think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand, the glories of a throne!

H. G. Bell.

SACRED EXTRACTS IN VERSE.

The Creation.

ERE Time began his circling race,
Or light adorn'd the waste of space,
Dwelt the first, great, eternal One,
In unimparted bliss alone.

Wrapt in himself, he view'd serene
Each aspect of the future scene;
Then bade at length that scene unfold,—
And Nature's volume stood unroll'd.

He said, "Be Light!"—and light upsprung:
"Be Worlds!"—and worlds on nothing hung:
More swift than thought the mandate runs,
And forms ten thousand kindling suns.

When all the wondrous scene was plann'd,
Inimitably fair and grand;
In emanations unconfined,
Forth flow'd the life-diffusing mind.

From the rapt seraph, down to man,—
To beasts—to worms—the spirit ran;
And all in heaven, and all on earth,
'Midst shouts of joy, received their birth.

The tribes that walk, or swim, or fly,
In various movements, spake their joy;
While man, in hymns, his raptures told,
And cherubs struck their harps of gold.

The morning stars together sung,
The heavens with acclamations rung;
And earth, and air, and sea, and skies,
Heard the loud choral anthem rise.

"All glory to the Eternal give,
From whom we spring, in whom we live;
Be his almighty power adored,
The sovereign, universal Lord!" Drummond.

God is Every Where.

Oh! show me where is He,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st, "Thy will be done!"
I hear thy voice of praise,
And lo! no form is near;
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who is God, and where his glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above—
The glittering vault admire!
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon, to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?
There view immensity!—behold, my God is there—
The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare!

See, where the mountains rise;
Where thundering torrents foam;
Where, veil'd in lowering skies,
The eagle makes his home!
Where savage nature dwells,
My God is present too—
Through all her wildest dells
His footsteps I pursue:
He rear'd those giant cliffs—supplies that dashing stream—
Provides the daily food, which stills the wild bird's scream.

Look on that world of waves,
Where finny nations glide;
Within whose deep, dark caves,
The ocean-monsters hide!
His power is sovereign there,
To raise—to quell the storm;
The depths his bounty share,
Where sport the scaly swarm:
Tempests and calms obey the same almighty voice,
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids the world rejoice.

Nor eye nor thought can soar
  Where moves not he in might;—
He swells the thunder's roar,
  He spreads the wings of night.
Oh! praise the works divine!
  Bow down thy soul in prayer;
Nor ask for other sign,
  That God is every where—
The viewless Spirit he—immortal, holy, bless'd—
Oh! worship him in faith, and find eternal rest!

Hugh Hutton.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe, as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord.

Byron.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowe
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the falling fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin, or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the stormy sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay, through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chai
They are rolling on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs

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Confidence in God.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
  How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
  Their help—omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
  Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
  And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
  Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
  And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
  How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
  In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
  And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
  O'ercame the pilot's art!

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord!
  Thy mercy set me free;
While, in the confidence of prayer,
  My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
  High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
  Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
  Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
  At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more.

My life—if thou preserve my life—
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death—if death must be my doom—
  Shall join my soul to thee.

Addison.

Charity.

COME, let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet Charity, the child of God!
Her's, on whose kind maternal breast
The shelter'd babes of misery rest;

Who, when she sees the sufferer bleed,—
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,—
Comes with prompt hand, and look benign,
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine;

Who in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities, while she chides;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea—but misery.

Her tender mercies freely fall,
Like Heaven's refreshing dews on all;
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends,—her foes,—the human race.

Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown;
Wherever Faith's rapt thought has soar'd,
Or Hope her upward flight explored.

Ere these received their name or birth,
She dwelt in heaven, she smiled on earth:
Of all celestial graces bless'd,
The first—the last—the greatest—best!

When Faith and Hope, from earth set free,
Are lost in boundless ecstasy,
Eternal daughter of the skies,
She mounts to heaven—and never dies!

Drummond.

Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there:
A hollow sound did seem to answer, "No!
Go, seek elsewhere."

I did, and going, did a rainbow note.
"Surely," thought I,
"This is the lace of Peace's coat;
I will search out the matter."
But, while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower—
The Crown-Imperial: "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But, when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length, I met a reverend, good old man;
Whom, when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a prince of old
In Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes:
But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat,
Which many, wondering at, got some of those,
To plant and set.

"It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein,—
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight from sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you:
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace, which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
You'll find, is there."

George Herbert.

The Cross in the Wilderness.

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale Cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines, that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hush'd; and eve's last splendour shone,
With a rich sadness, on the attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
And he, too, paused in reverence by that grave,
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;
Till, as a wind might stir a wither'd oak,
On the deep dream of age, his accents broke:

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said—
"I listen'd for the words, which years ago
Pass'd o'er these waters: though the voice is fled,
Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

"Ask'st thou of him, whose house is lone beneath?
I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
When o'er the seas he came with summer's breath,
To dwell amidst us on the lake's green side.
Many the times of flowers have been since then;—
Many, but bringing nought like *him* again.

"Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,
O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying their cedars, like the corn-stalks, low;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls as with the morning's wings.

"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone?
He told of One, the grave's dark bands who broke,
And our hearts burn'd within us as he spoke!

"He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell:
Bright must they be! for *there* are none that die,
And none that weep, and none that say 'Farewell!'
He came to guide us thither;—but away
The happy call'd him, and he might not stay.

"We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time:
Therefore we hoped—but now the lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes, and finds not him.

"We gather'd round him in the dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree:
From his clear voice at first the words of power
Came low, like moanings of a distant sea;
But swell'd, and shook the wilderness ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

"And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
And his white eyelids flutter'd, and his head
Fell back, and mists upon his forehead hung—
Know'st thou not how we pass to join the dead?
It is enough! he sank upon my breast,—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest!

"We buried him where he was wont to pray,
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide;
We rear'd this Cross in token where he lay,
For on the Cross, he said, his Lord had died!

Now hath he surely reach'd, o'er mount and wave,
That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave!

"But I am sad—I mourn the clear light taken
Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone,
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save by one,
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast."

Then spoke the wanderer forth, with kindling eye:
"Son of the wilderness! despair thou not,
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot:
Heaven darkly works,—yet where the seed hath been,
There shall the fruitage, glowing, yet be seen.

"Hope on, hope ever!—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves, which the winter hid so long;
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
After cold, silent months, the woods among;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains.

"Deem not the words of light, that here were spoken,
But as a lively song, to leave no trace!
Yet shall the gloom, which wraps thy hills, be broken,
And the full day-spring rise upon thy race!
And fading mists the better paths disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the rose."

Mrs. Hemans.

David and Goliath.

When Israel's host in Elah's valley lay,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, and trembling with dismay,
They saw how fierce Goliath proudly trod
Before their ranks, and braved the living God.

On Israel's ranks he cast a withering look,
And Elah's valley trembled as he spoke.

"Ye slaves of Saul, why thus in proud parade
Of martial threatening, stand your ranks arrayed?
Though high your vaunts, and unsubdued your pride,
A single arm the contest may decide.

Send forth the best and bravest of your hosts,
To prove in me what might Philistia boasts;
And if your champion fall beneath my hand,
Let Israel own Philistia's high command:
But if his better arm the triumph gain,
Her yielding sons shall wear the victor's chain.
You, and your god who rules the cloudy sky,
Armies of Israel, I this day defy!"

Through Israel's curdling veins cold horror ran,
And each sunk warrior felt no longer man:
One heart alone its wonted fire retains,
One heart alone the giant's threats disdains:
David, the last of Jesse's numerous race,
Deep in his bosom feels the dire disgrace,
That e'er a godless Philistine, so proud,
His single prowess thus should vaunt aloud.

Before his prince, magnanimous he stands,
And lifts the imploring eye and suppliant hands,
With modest grace, to let him prove the fight,
And die or conquer in his country's right.

The king and nobles with attention hung
To hear the aspirings of a mind so young,
But deem his darings, in the unequal strife,
Were but a fond and useless waste of life.

Then David thus: "As erst my flocks I kept,
Pale shone the moon-beam, and the hamlet slept;
In that still hour, a shaggy bear I spied
Snuff the night-gale, and range the valley-side;
He seized a lamb,—and by this hand he died.
And when a lion, made by hunger bold,
From Jordan's swelling streams, o'erleap'd the fold;
The brindled savage in my hands I tore,
Caught by the beard, and crush'd him in his gore.
The God that saved me from the infuriate bear
And famish'd lion, still has power to spare;
And something whispers, if the strife I meet,
Soon shall the boaster fall beneath my feet."

Moved by his words, the king and chieftains yield;
His spirit laud, and arm him for the field:
In royal mail his youthful limbs they dress'd,
The greaves, the corslet, shield, and threatening crest.

But ill those youthful limbs with arms accord,
And ill that hand can wield the imperial sword;
Whence wisdom cautions—these to lay aside,
And choose the arms whose power he oft had tried.
Straight in his hand the well-proved sling he took,
And in his scrip five pebbles from the brook;
These all his earthly arms;—but o'er his head,
Had Faith divine her sheltering ægis spread.
His bosom beats with generous ardour high,
And new-born glories kindle in his eye;
Swift o'er the field he bounds with vigour light,
Marks the gigantic foe, and claims the fight.

Now, men of Israel, pour your ardent prayer:
"God of our fathers, to thy sovereign care
We trust our champion; for to thee belong
Strength for the weak, and weakness for the strong:
Arm him with might to vindicate thy name,
To smite the proud, and blot out Israel's shame;
Let angels round him spread the guardian shield,
And oh restore in triumph from the field!"

Philistia's chief now mark'd, with high disdain,
The light-arm'd stripling rushing to the plain;
Saw, with a scornful smile, his airy tread,
And downy cheek suffused with rosy red;
His pliant limbs not cased in shining mail,
No shield to ward, no sabre to assail;
But clad like shepherd-swain,—when swains advance
To hand the fair, and frolic in the dance.
Fierce from his breast the growling thunder broke,
And Elah's valley trembled as he spoke.

"O powerful Dagon! wherefore was I born?
Am I a dog?—the theme of children's scorn?
Cursed be thy God! cursed thou, presumptuous boy!
But come—draw nigh—and glut my furious joy.
Thy feeble body, crush'd beneath my power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."

Then Jesse's son:—"Accoutred for the field,
Proudly thou marchest with thy spear and shield:
But I, unarm'd, yet, reckless of thy boasts,
Approach, protected by the God of Hosts;
That righteous power, whom thy infuriate pride,
With tongue blaspheming, has this day defied.

Me, of our race the humblest, has He sped,
From thy broad trunk to lop thy impious head,
And through thy armies wasting vengeance spread;—
That all may know, through earth's wide realms abroad,
To trust the righteous cause to Israel's God.
He saves not by the shield, by spears, or swords:—
No more.—Advance—the battle is the Lord's."

With giant-stride the lowering foe draws nigh,
Strength in his arm, and fury in his eye;
In thought, already gives the ruthless wound,
And the scorn'd youth transfixes to the ground.
While David, rapid as the fleetest wing,
Whirls round his head the quick-revolving sling;
Aims, with experienced eye, the avenging blow
At the broad visage of the advancing foe.—
How booms the thong, impatient to be free,
Wing'd with resistless speed, and arm'd with destiny!—
'Tis gone—loud-whizzing flies the ponderous stone!—
That dirge of death—hark! heard ye Dagon groan?
It strikes—it crashes through the fractured bone!
Struck in his full career, the giant feels
The bolt of death;—his mountain-body reels—
And nerveless, headlong, thunders to the ground.—
Loud bursts of joy along the vale resound:
Shout! men of Israel, shout—till earth and sky,
With replication loud, re-echo victory!
See, see him now, as, flush'd with honest pride,
He draws the sabre from the giant's side:
Now on the groaning trunk behold him tread,
And from the shoulders lop the ghastly head!

Shout! men of Israel, shout your hero's praise!
Send it immortal down to future days!
Let farthest Dan his triumph loud proclaim,
And Sheba's springs resound his glorious name:
In Jesse's son, O Bethlehem! rejoice;
And Salem, thou exalt thy grateful voice;
Thy victor hail triumphant in the Lord;
Girt with the grisly spoils, he waves the reeking sword.

Daughters of Israel, loud his praises sing!
With harp and timbrel hail your future king.
By mighty Saul a thousand bite the plain,
But mightier David has ten thousand slain!

Drummond.

Stanzas on Death.

How sweet to sleep where all is peace,
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,
Where all life's idle throbbings cease,
And pain is lull'd to rest;—
Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,
To anchor in the silent grave!

That quiet land, where, peril past,
The weary win a long repose;
The bruised spirit finds, at last,
A balm for all its woes;
And lowly grief, and lordly pride,
Lie down, like brothers, side by side.

The breath of slander cannot come
To break the calm that lingers there;
There is no dreaming in the tomb,
Nor waking to despair;
Unkindness cannot wound us more,
And all earth's bitterness is o'er.

There the maiden waits till her lover comes,—
They never more shall part;
And the wounded deer has reach'd her home,
With the arrow in her heart;
And passion's pulse lies hush'd and still,
Beyond the reach of the tempter's skill.

The mother—she has gone to sleep,
With the babe upon her breast;
She has no weary watch to keep
Around her infant's rest:
His slumbers on her bosom fair
Shall never more be broken—*there.*

How bless'd—how bless'd that home to gain,
And slumber in that soothing sleep,
From which we never rise to pain,
Nor ever wake to weep!
To win our way from the tempest's roar,
And reach with joy that heavenly shore.

Anonymous.

The Funeral—an Eclogue.

Stranger. WHOM are they ushering from the world, with
This pageantry and long parade of death? [all

Townsman. A long parade, indeed, sir, and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

S. 'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.

T. Yonder school-boy,
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show, and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning.—There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange,
Ay, what was worth, last week, a good half million,
Screw'd down in yonder hearse.

S. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

T. When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leapt to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts:
And I bless God, that, when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

S. The camel and the needle,—
Is that, then, in your mind?

T. Even so. The text
Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel,—
Yea, leap him flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pamper'd soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

S. Your pardon, sir;
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

T. Your pardon, too, sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel

In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

S. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wrong'd,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

T. All honest, open, honourable gains;
Fair legal interests, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

S. Why judge you then
So hardly of the dead?

T. For what he left
Undone;—for sins, not one of which is mention'd
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other Gods than those of the Creed:
Bow'd to no idols,—but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths,—except at a custom-house:
Kept the Sabbath idle: built a monument,
To honour his dead father: did no murder:
Was too old-fashion'd for adultery:
Never pick'd pockets: never bore false witness:
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.

S. You knew him, then, it seems?

T. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

S. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! for often
Doth bounty, like a streamlet, flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

T. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives:—but, as for this—
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk;
The rains of heaven engender'd nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

S. Yet even these
Are reservoirs, whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

T. Now, sir, you touch
Upon *the point.* This man of half a million

Had all these public virtues which you praise.—
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands, hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations, to keep open
A running charity-account with heaven:—
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

S. I must needs
Believe you, sir:—these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be pray'd for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief!

T. Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught.
The multiplication-table was his Creed,
His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play;
He, in a close and dusky counting-house,
Smoke-dried and sear'd and shrivell'd up his heart.
So, from the way in which he was train'd up,
His feet departed not; he toil'd and moil'd,
Poor muck-worm! through his threescore years and ten,

And when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be—dirt to dirt.

S. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
For industry and honourable wealth,
A bright example.

T. Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelve-months hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines;
Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears. *Southey.*

Belshazzar's Feast.

To the feast! To the feast! 'tis the monarch commands.—
Secure in her strength, the proud Babylon stands,
As reckless of all the high vaunts of the foe,
As of the weak zephyrs around her that blow;
With her walls and her bulwarks, all power she defies;
Like the cliffs of the mountain, her turrets arise;
And swift through her ramparts, so deep and so wide,
Euphrates now rolls his unfordable tide.
Then on to the feast;—'tis the monarch commands;
Secure in her strength, the proud Babylon stands!

With silver and gold are her treasuries stored,
And she smiles with disdain at the arrow and sword;
With the choicest of wheat all her granaries teem,
Her oil and her wine in broad rivulets stream;
For twenty long winters no famine she dreads,
For twenty long summers her banquet she spreads:
Then on to the feast;—'tis the monarch commands;
Secure in her strength, the proud Babylon stands!

A thousand bright cressets the palace illume;
A thousand rich censers are wafting perfume;
The festival halls heap'd with luxury shine,
High piled are the cates, deep flows the red wine;
The fruits of a province the tables unfold,
The wealth of a kingdom there blazes in gold:
And hark! the loud flourish of trumpet and drum
Announces aloud, that the monarch is come.

Surrounded with all the proud pomp of his court!
How kingly his tread! how majestic his port!
The rose, and the myrtle, and laurel, combined
In a fillet of gold, round his temples are twined;
In robes starr'd with jewels resplendently bright,
He moves like a god, in a circle of light;
And now he has taken his seat at the board,
As God he is honour'd, as God is adored;
While crowding in thousands, the satraps so gay,
With their ladies all glittering in costly array,
Exulting like eaglets approaching the sun,
By their stations are rank'd, and the feast is begun.

Now let the loud chorus of music ascend;
All voices, all hearts, and all instruments blend;
The flute's mellow tone, with the cornet's shrill note,
The harp and the drum and the trump's brazen throat.
And Captains and Nobles and Ladies so bright,
To swell the loud anthem of triumph unite.
Come—make deep libations to honour the king,
Now let our high cheering re-echoing ring,
Yet louder and louder! the monarch commands;
Secure in her strength, the proud Babylon stands!

High praise to our gods of brass, iron, and stone;
But most to great Belus, the guard of the throne:
All gorgeous they stand in our temples displayed,
With gold and with elephant richly inlaid;
Our strength and our glory in city and field,
In peace our advisers, in battle our shield.
To them, mighty rulers of earth and of heaven,
All honour, and power, and dominion, be given;
By them shall proud Babylon, towering sublime,
Stand fast in her strength till the dotage of time!

Now giving full wing, in the festival hour,
To the thoughts of his heart, and the pride of his power,
The monarch desires the rich vessels of gold,
The pride of high Salem, before she was sold,
To be brought to the banquet.—And now hands profane,
And idolatrous lips, their bright purity stain.
All dim, in the service of idols abhorr'd,
Grows the chalice that once shone so bright to the Lord.
But lo! in the hand of the monarch it foams,
As his eye, round the walls, half-inebriate roams;

And hark! he exclaims—"This fair chalice, so proud,
Was once that Jehovah's whose throne is a cloud;
But, by Babylon torn from his temple and shrine,
Is consecrate now to her glory and mine!
Ye satraps."—

Amazement!—'tis dash'd from his hand,
As if struck by some potent invisible wand.—
His soul what dire horror has suddenly wrung,
That palsies his nerves, and relaxes his tongue?—
His visage grows pale with the hues of despair,
And his eye-balls congeal with an ominous glare;
For see!—on the wall—what strange characters rise!
Some sentence transcribed from the book of the skies,
By fingers immortal!—How suddenly still
Grows the noise of the banquet!—all fear-struck and chill
Sit the revellers now—bound up is their breath,
As though they had felt the cold vapour of death.
All dimm'd is the glory that beam'd round the throne,
And the god sits the victim of terrors unknown.
At length, words find utterance—"Oh haste, hither call
The Augurs, Chaldeans, Astrologers, all!—
Whoever that sentence shall read and expound,
A chain of bright gold on his neck shall be bound;
The third of my realm to his power I bestow,
And the purple of kings on his shoulders shall glow."

The Astrologers come—but their science is vain;
Those characters dark may no mortal explain,
Save one who to idols ne'er humbled his heart,
Some Seer to whom God shall his spirit impart;—
And that one exists—of the captives a sage,
Now grey with the honours and wisdom of age,
A Hebrew, a Prophet—to him it is given
To read and resolve the dark counsels of heaven.

"O haste! let that sage this strange secret unfold,
And his be my power with the purple and gold."

While the king and his nobles, distracted in thought,
Their doubts are revolving—the captive is brought;
But not in that visage, and not in that eye,
A captive's dejection and gloom they descry:
For he breathes, as he moves, all the ardour of youth,
The high soul of freedom, the courage of truth.—
See!—o'er his warm features, and round his fair head,
A glory divine seems its radiance to shed;

And that eye's corruscation, so rapid and bright,
Shoots deep to the soul, like an arrow of light;
Not even the monarch its frenzy can brook,
But he bows to the Prophet, averting his look:
For the spirit of God on that Prophet is shed,
The page of the future before him is spread;
In his high-panting heart what rapt fervour he feels,
While the truths that inspire him his language reveals!

"Thy gifts, King! I reck not:—now, now is the hour,
When the spoiler shall come—when the sword must devour!
Oh! why have cursed idols of wood and of stone
Gain'd thy homage;—the right of Jehovah alone?
Why yet glows thy heart with idolatrous fire,
Untaught by the judgments that humbled thy sire,
When driven to herd with the beasts of the wild,
Till his pride was subdued, and his spirit grew mild?
Now call on thy idols, thy arms to prepare—
They see not thy peril, they hear not thy prayer.
Where now is thy Belus, when Babylon calls,
To scathe the proud foes that beleaguer thy walls?
Consumed by that breath which all might can confound,
His shrines and his temples now smoke on the ground:
While thy haughty blasphemings against the Most High,
Invoke an avenger—and lo! he is nigh.—
This night—nay, this hour—the last sand in thy glass
Away with thy life and thy kingdom shall pass.
In that writing behold the eternal decree,
The sentence of God on thy empire and thee;
Thou art weigh'd in the balance of Justice supreme,
And light art thou found as the dust on the beam:—
The wind of destruction to empty thy land,
And the fanners, to fan her with fire, are at hand.
Afar from thy ramparts, Euphrates aside,
In the lake of the Queen, is now rolling his tide,
And through his dried channels the keen Persian lance,
With the red torch of ruin, and Cyrus advance.
E'en now shouts of triumph are rending the air,
The revels of joy turn to shrieks of despair.
Hark! the din at the gates of the hostile array!
The fierce axe of battle is hewing its way;
Thy captains and nobles are falling in gore;
And thy reign and thy life, hapless monarch, are o'er!"

Drummond.

BLANK VERSE.

Satan to Beelzebub.

IF thou beest he—but oh, how fallen! how changed
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, did outshine
Myriads though bright!—if he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest,
From what height fallen; so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then, who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change—
Though changed in outward lustre—that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend;
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed,
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne! What though the field be lost?
All is not lost! the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge; immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome?—
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me! To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire! that were low indeed!
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall! since, by fate, the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,

In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy,
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven! *Milton*

Satan's Reproof of Beelzebub.

Fallen cherub! to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves:
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair. *Ibid.*

Satan Surveying the Horrors of Hell.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so! since he,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme,
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell!
Receive thy new possessor—one, who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be—all but less than he
Whom thunder had made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy,—will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven!
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms, to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?" *Ibid.*

Satan Arousing his Legions.

PRINCES! Potentates!
Warriors! the flower of heaven! once yours, now lost—
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits—Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds

Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping; or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen! *Ibid.*

Description of the Fallen Angels Wandering through Hell.

THUS, roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death!—
A universe of death; which God by curse
Created evil; for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things;
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire! *Ibid.*

Evening in Paradise.

NOW came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird—
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort! the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set.

Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:—
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st,
Unargued I obey: so God ordains.—
God is thy law; thou, mine: to know no more,
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise!
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change—all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn—her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:—
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet!" *Ibid.*

Satan's Address to the Sun.

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world!—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads!—to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King!
Ah! wherefore? he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence; and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks.
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude—
So burdensome still paying, still to owe!
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not? some other Power
As great, might have aspired; and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part: but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken; from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be, then, his love accursed! since, love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal wo!
Nay, cursed be thou! since, against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly

Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell! myself am hell!
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven!
Oh, then, at last relent! is there no place
Left for repentance? none for pardon left?
None left but by submission: and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue—
The Omnipotent! Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery.—Such joy ambition finds!
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state—how soon
Would height recall high thoughts; how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep—
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart!
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting, he—as I, from begging, peace!
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast! exiled! his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So, farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good! by thee, at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold;
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know! *Ibid.*

Adam's Account of Himself with regard to his Creation.

For man to tell how human life began,
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?

Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new-waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight towards heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gazed awhile the ample sky; till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd!
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd; and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. "Thou sun," said I, "fair light!
And thou, enlighten'd earth! so fresh and gay;
Ye hills and dales; ye rivers, woods, and plains;
And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus?—how here?" *Ibid.*

Contest between Satan and Gabriel.

"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place—
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"
To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:
"Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee: but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight; which in this place I sought:
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance. Thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true; they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm."
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully half-smiling, thus replied:
"Oh! loss of one in heaven to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew!
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither,
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain,
However, and to 'scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better—that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked!
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? Is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."
To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:
"Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not-dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves,
From hard essays and ill successes past,
A faithful leader; not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried:
I, therefore—I alone!—first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy

This new-created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air—
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against:
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe—not fight!"
  To whom the warrior-angel soon replied:
"To say, and straight unsay—pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy—
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
Satan! And couldst thou faithful add! O name!
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends! fit body to fit head!
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite! who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heaven's awful Monarch?—wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess Him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arread thee now—Avaunt!
Fly thither whence thou fledd'st. If from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell, too slightly barr'd."
  So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed; but, waxing more in rage, replied:
  "Then when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub! but, ere then,
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou, with thy compeers—
Used to the yoke!—draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heaven star-paved."
  While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field

Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the thrashing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued: Not only Paradise,
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least, had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd—
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battles, and realms—In these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:
"Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but given: what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine, no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of night.

Ibid.

The Good Preacher and the Clerical Coxcomb.

WOULD I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me: I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;

In doctrine, uncorrupt; in language, plain;
And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then—skip down again? pronounce a text,
Cry, hem! and, reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And, with a well-bred whisper, close the scene?
In man or woman—but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers,
And serves the altar—in my soul I loathe
All affectation: 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! will a man play tricks—will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand;
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker; prostitutes and shames
His noble office; and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avaunt! all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes, and judgments ill-form'd,
To me is odious.

Cowper.

On the Being of a God.

RETIRE;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home!
Imagination's airy wing repress;
Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—
Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone:—

Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.
  What am I? and from whence? I nothing know,
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be.
But what eternal?—Why not human race;
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceived; since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail:
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet, grant it true, new difficulties rise:
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?—
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father. Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
Design implies intelligence and art:
That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? then, each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.
Has matter none? then, whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct—
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
And, if a God there is, that God how great!

Young.

On the dark clouds, when by her powerful spell
The attractive moon has call'd around her throne
The congregated floods. Then roars the might
Of ocean, sheeted all in raging foam;
The labouring vessels fly; the thundering surge
Rolls o'er the piers; and mariners thank Heaven,
That they are not at sea.
Yet Memory weeps
That night's sad horrors, when a luckless bark
Was hurl'd upon these sands. Elate with hope,
Some hundred warriors, who in many a field
Had gathered laurels, in this bark resought
Their native Erin. Nearer as they drew,
Each spell of country, with magnetic power,
Wrought in their souls, and all the joys of home
Rush'd on their fancy. Some, in thought, embraced
Their happy parents, and the lover clasp'd
His fair one to his breast. Another morn,
And all these joys are real! Onward speed,
Thou fleet-wing'd bark! More fleet than sea-bird sku
The floods, she sped. Soon Erin's shores arose:—
Howth glimmer'd in the west, and Wicklow's hills
Were blue in the horizon. Then they hail'd
Their own green island, and they chanted loud
Their patriot gratulations, till the sun
Gave them his last farewell. He sank in clouds
Of red portentous glare; when dreary night

While in the yeasty foam, half-buried, toil'd
The reeling ship. At length, that dreadful sound
Which mariners most dread—the fierce, wild din
Of breakers,—raging on the leeward shore,
Appall'd the bravest. On the sands she struck,
Shivering, as in the cold and deadly grasp
Of dissolution. Agonizing screams
Were heard within, which told that hope was fled.
Then might some counsel sage, perchance, have wrought
A great deliverance. But what shipwreck'd crew
E'er list to counsel? Where 'tis needed most,
'Tis most despised. In such a fearful hour,
Each better feeling dies, and cruel self
Sears all of human in the heart of man.
None counsell'd safety—but a fell design
Rose in the captain's breast, above the throng
To close the hatches, while himself and crew
Flee to the boat, and hope or chance to 'scape,
Leave to the captives none. The recreant slaves
Their ship deserting, in the faithful skiff,
For once too faithful, sweep the foaming gulf,
And reach the strand. But ah! the gallant throng,
Lock'd in the dungeon-hold, around them hear
The roaring cataracts;—their shrieks and groans,
With threats and prayers, and mingled curses, speak
Their soul's last agonies. What boots their prayers,
Their groans, or rage to madness by their wrongs
Exasperated high? Will storms grow calm,
Or warring surges hear the suppliant's voice,
When man has steel'd his heart? Oh! now to die
Amid the strife of arms were ecstacy!
Ay—e'en to perish in the conflict rude
With seas and storms, beneath the cope of heaven,
Where their last breath might mingle with the winds!
But thus to die inglorious! thus immured,
As in some den of hell! They chafe in vain:—
So chafes the lion in the hunter's trap;
So in his coffin turns, with dire dismay,
The wretch unwittingly entomb'd alive.
Now torn and wreck'd—deep-cradled in the sands,
The vessel lies. Through all her yawning sides
She drinks the flood. Loud o'er her roars the surge;
But all within—is still.

Drummond.

Address to the Sun.

THOU peerless Sun!
Oh! let me hail thee, as in gorgeous robes
Blooming thou leavest the chambers of the East,
Crown'd with a gemm'd tiara, thick emboss'd
With studs of living light. The stars grow dim
And vanish in thy brightness: but on earth
Ten thousand glories, sparkling into life,
Their absence well repay. The mists, dispersed,
Flit o'er the mountain-tops. Cliffs, glens, and woods,
And lakes, and oceans, now are burnish'd o'er
With scintillating gold. Where'er the eye
Erratic turns, it greets thee: for thy form,
Nature, delighted, multiplies, and makes
Each sand, each dew-drop, the small floret's crown,
The tiny orbit of the insect's eye,
And the rayed texture of the sparry rock,
A mirror for thy glory. Life awakes
From dewy slumber.—Hark! the jocund lark
Awakes her carols; now their morning hymn
The birds are chanting, and the voice of joy
Has fill'd the ethereal vault. Reflection fair
Of thy Creator! strange had heathen worlds
Not paid thee rites divine! Shouldst thou refuse
Thy wonted smile, or stay thy chariot-wheels,
Soon Nature's mighty pulse would cease to beat,
And, all her powers collapsing, might she dread
Sad dissolution. But the Eternal's breath
Has kindled thee with fires that never know
Extinction nor exhaustion. His command
Proud to fulfil, thou measurest days and weeks,
Months, years, and cycles, to the sons of men,
And seest their generations rise and bloom,
Wax old and die;—thyself unchanged by Time.
Ne'er has his hand thy golden tresses shorn,
Nor on thy dazzling forehead has he left
Trace of his wrinkling breath, nor aught thy speed
And juvenile strength abated. Matchless orb!
Roll ever glorious, ever round thee pour
The streams of life and joy, thy Maker's praise
Exalting high, his noblest image thou! *Ibid.*

ANCIENT DRAMA.

Clytemnestra and Chorus.

Chor. WITH reverence, Clytemnestra, I approach
Thy greatness—honour—due to her that fills
The royal seat, yet vacant of its lord!
If aught of glad import hath reach'd thine ear,
Or to fair hope the victim bleeds, I wish—
But with submission to thy will—to learn.
Clyt. The joy-imparting morn springs, as they say,
From night, her mother. Thou shalt hear a joy
Beyond thy hopes to hear! The town of Priam
Is fallen beneath the conquering arms of Greece.
Chor. What saidst thou? Passing credence fled thy word!
Clyt. In Troy, Greece triumphs!—Speak I clearly now?
Chor. Joy steals upon me, and calls forth a tear!
Clyt. Thy glistening eye bespeaks an honest heart.
Chor. Does aught of certain proof confirm these tidings?
Clyt. It does. Why not? unless the gods deceive us.
Chor. Perchance the visions of persuasive dreams?
Clyt. Sport of the slumbering soul!—they move not me!
Chor. Hath, then, some winged rumour spread these transports?
Clyt. As a raw girl's, thou hold'st my judgment cheap!
Chor. How long hath ruin crush'd the haughty city?
Clyt. This night that gave this infant morning birth.
Chor. What speed could be the herald of this news?
Clyt. The fire that from the height of Ida sent
Its streaming light, as, from the announcing flame,
Torch blazed to torch! First, Ida to the steep
Of Lemnos!—Athos' sacred height received
The mighty splendour! From the surging back
Of the Hellespont the vigorous blaze held on
Its smiling way; and, like the orient sun,
Illumes with golden-gleaming rays the head
Of rocky Macetas!—Nor lingers there
Nor winks unheedful, but its warning flames

Darts to the streams of Euripus, and gives
Its glittering signal to the guards that hold
Their high watch on Mesapius!—These enkindle
The joy-announcing fires, that spread the blaze
To where Erica, hoar, its shaggy brow
Waves rudely! Unimpair'd, the active flame
Bounds on the level of Asopus, like
The jocund moon; and on Citheron's steep
Wakes a successive flame! The distant watch
Agnize its shine, and raise a brighter fire;
That o'er the lake Gorgopis, streaming, holds
Its rapid course, and on the mountainous height
Of Ægeplanctus huge swift-shooting, spreads
The lengthen'd line of light! Thence onward waves
Its fiery tresses, eager to ascend
The crags of Prone, frowning in their pride
O'er the Saronic gulf! It leaps!—It mounts
The summit of Arachne, whose high head
Looks down on Argos!—To this royal seat
Thence darts the light, that from the Idæan fire
Derives its birth!—Rightly in order thus
Each to the next consigns the torch, and fills
The bright succession, while the first in speed
Vies with the last—the promised signal this,
Given by my lord to announce the fall of Troy.

Potter's Æschylus.

Œdipus, Tiresias, Chorus.

Œdip. O SAGE Tiresias, whose enlighten'd mind
Notes all things—whether such as may be taught
To mortals, or require the sacred seal
Of silence, things of heaven, or things of earth—
Though quench'd thy visual beam, yet not unknown
To thee the baleful pestilence that wastes
The city; from whose rage our sole relief,
Our sole defence, illustrious Seer, is found
In thee: for Phœbus, though perchance thine ear
His mandate hath not reach'd, thus gave response
To our inquiries, that this pest shall hence
Alone its ravage cease; if, clearly known
The murderers of Laius, we avenge
On them by exile, or by death, his blood.

Refuse not, then—from what of augury
From birds on wing thou draw'st, or from aught else
Of thy prophetic art—to save thyself,
To save the city; save me too, and put
All the pollution of the dead away!

Tir. Alas! alas! how dreadful to be wise,
From wisdom when no profit is derived!
Mine is this knowledge, fatal to thy peace.
I should not then have come.

Œdip. What may this mean?
And why this gloomy sadness on thy brow?

Tir. Dismiss me to my house; thy ills more light
Wilt thou sustain, I mine, this prace obtain'd.

Œdip. Nor just, nor friendly, to thy country thou,
Thus to deprive her of thy sage advice.

Tir. Nothing of good to thee thy speech, I see,
Portends: of ill productive be not mine.

Œdip. Now by the gods, whate'er thy wisdom knows
Suppress it not, we suppliant all implore.

Tir. For you are all unwise. Ne'er shall my voice
For this find utterance, nor disclose thy ills.

Œdip. To know, and not to speak! Implies not this
Treachery to us, and ruin to the realm?

Tir. My peace I will not hurt, nor thine. In vain
Why wilt thou urge? From me thou shalt not know.

Œdip. Thou vilest of the vile—for thou wouldst raise
The insensate rock to rage—wilt thou not speak,
But show thyself unfeeling and unmoved?

Tir. My passion thou hast blamed; but dost not see
That which with thee resides, while me thou blamest.

Œdip. Who would not be enraged to hear thy words,
Which cast dishonour on this injured state?

Tir. These things will come, though silent be my voice.

Œdip. Then what will come, to me thou shouldst disclose.

Tir. Further I will not speak; so let thy rage,
If such thy will, in all its fierceness rise.

Œdip. Then I will speak, as anger prompts my tongue,
Without reserve, whate'er my thoughts suggest.
Know, then, I deem thee 'complice in this act;
I deem the deed was thine, save that thy hand
Struck not the blow: hadst thou enjoy'd thy sight,
I should pronounce the act were thine alone.

Tir. Indeed! Nay, then, I warn thee to abide
By thine own solemn charge; and from this day

Of other ills thou seest not, which will rank
In the same line thee and thy sons alike.
Go to; with foul revilings Creon taunt,
And my true voice, yet thing more vile than thou
Is not 'mong mortals that shall e'er be crush'd.

Œdip. From him these piercing insults must I bear?
Perdition on thee! hence, away, begone!

Tir. I had not come, hadst thou not sent for me

Œdip. I knew thee not in speech so void of sense,
Or here thy presence I had scarce required.

Tir. Such thou mayst deem my spirit, void of sense:
But they who gave thee birth esteem'd me wise.

Œdip. Who are they? Stay! Of those that breathe to whom
Owe I my birth?

Tir. Thy birth this day will show,
This day will show the horrors of thy fate.

Œdip. How dark, how full of mystery all thy words!

Tir. Such to unfold well suits thy piercing mind.

Œdip. My glory thou wouldst turn to my reproach.

Tir. That glory hath brought ruin on thy head.

Œdip. If I have saved this realm, I reck not that.

Tir. Well then, I now depart. Boy, lead me hence.

Œdip. Ay, let him lead thee; for thy presence throws
Confusion on the affairs that now engage
Our care: begone, and trouble us no more.

Tir. I go: but first will speak for what I came,
Nor dread thy frown; thy vengeance hath no power
To touch my life. I tell thee that the man
Whom thou hast sought, 'gainst whom thy solemn charge,
Thy threats have been proclaim'd, that man is here;
Of foreign birth now deem'd, his residence
Here fixing; but full soon he shall be found
A Theban born, nor in his fortune long
Rejoice; his visual ray in darkness quench'd,
His high state sunk to beggary, a staff
Shall to a foreign land his steps direct.
A brother and a father to his sons
Shall he appear; to her that gave him birth,
A son and husband; to his father found
A rival and a murderer. Go thou in;
Muse on these things; say, if thou find them false,
No portion of a prophet's skill is mine.

Potter's Sophocles.

This sorcerer, this artificer of wiles,
Whose strains delude the people, sharp of sight
To lucre only, to his science blind.
Where hast thou e'er display'd a prophet's skill?
Why, when the ravening hound of hell her charm
Mysterious chanted, for thy country wise
Didst thou not solve it? Of no vulgar mind
Was this the task; the prophet this required.
No knowledge then from birds didst thou receive,
None from the gods to unfold it; but I came,
This nothing-knowing Œdipus, and quell'd
The monster, piercing through her dark device
By reason's force, not taught by flight of birds.
Yet dost thou now assay to drive me out,
Weening to have thy stand by Creon's throne.
But thou, and he who form'd this base design
With thee, shall feel my power: but that thine age
Some reverence claims, thou shouldst e'en now be [taught,
And feel the madness of thine enterprise.

Chor. If we conjecture right, his words burst forth
By passion dictated; and thine, O king,
No less: these things behove not; best advise
How to explore the answer of the god.

Tir. Thou art a king; yet I have equal right
To answer thee; this power is mine; to thee
I am no vassal; Phœbus is my lord:
Nor will I be enroll'd 'mongst those who wait
On Creon for support. I tell thee then,
Me since with taunts thou hast reviled as blind,
Thou hast indeed thine eyes, yet canst not see
What ills enclose thee round, nor where thou hast
Thy habitation, nor with whom thou livest.
Know'st thou who gave thee birth? Thou art a foe—
And know'st it not—to those allied to thee
Most closely, whom the realms beneath contain,
And who behold the light of heaven. The curse
Of father and of mother on each side
With dreadful steps pursues thee, and ere long
Will chase thee from this land, now bless'd with sight,
Then blind. How will Cithæron, how each strand
Ere long re-echo to thy mournful cries,
When thou shalt know that, driven by swelling gales,
The port of marriage thou hast gain'd, thy bark
Where anchor cannot hold! The numerous train

Of other ills thou seest not, which will rank
In the same line thee and thy sons alike.
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And my true voice, yet thing more vile than thou
Is not 'mong mortals that shall e'er be crush'd.

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No portion of a prophet's skill is mine.

Potter's Sophocles

Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, and Agamemnon.

Clyt. Now hear me; for my thoughts will I unfold
In no obscure and colour'd mode of speech.
First then—for first with this will I upbraid thee—
Me didst thou wed against my will, and seize
By force; my former husband, Tantalus,
By thee was slain; by thee my infant son,
Torn from my breast by violence, was whirl'd
And dash'd against the ground: the sons of Jove,
My brothers, glittering on their steeds in arms,
Advanced against thee; but old Tyndarus,
My father, saved thee, at his knees become
A suppliant; and hence didst thou obtain
My bed: to thee and to thy house my thoughts
Thus reconciled, thou shalt thyself attest
How irreproachable a wife I was,
How chaste, with what attention I increased
The splendour of thy house, that entering there
Thou hadst delight, and going out, with thee
Went happiness along. A wife like this
Is a rare prize; the worthless are not rare.
Three daughters have I borne thee, and this son;
Of one of these wilt thou—oh piercing grief!—
Deprive me? Should one ask thee, for what cause
Thy daughter wouldst thou kill, what wouldst thou say?
Speak; or must I speak for thee? E'en for this,
That Menelaus may regain Helena.
Well would it be, if, for his wanton wife
Our children made the price, what most we hate
With what is dearest to us we redeem.
But if thou lead the forces, leaving me
At Argos, should thy absence then be long,
Think what my heart must feel, when in the house
I see the seats all vacant of my child,
And her apartment vacant; I shall sit
Alone, in tears, thus ever wailing her:
"Thy father, O my child! hath slain thee; he
That gave thee birth, hath kill'd thee; not another;
Nor by another hand: this is the prize,
He left his house." But do not, by the gods!—
Do not compel me to be aught but good
To thee, nor be thou aught but good to me:

Since there will want a slight pretence alone
For me, and for my daughters left at home,
To welcome, as becomes us, thy return.
Well; thou wilt sacrifice thy child: what vows
Wilt thou then form? what blessing wilt thou ask
To wait thee, thou, who dost thy daughter slay?—
Thou, who with shame to this unlucky war
Art marching? Is it just that I should pray
For aught of good to thee? Should I not deem
The gods unwise, if they their favours shower
On those who stain their willing hands with blood?
Wilt thou, to Argos when return'd, embrace
Thy children? But thou hast no right: thy face
Which of thy children will behold, if one
With cool deliberate purpose thou shalt kill?
Now to this point I come: if thee alone
To bear the sceptre, thee to lead the troops
The occasion call'd, shouldst thou not thus have urged
Thy just appeal to Greece:—"Is it your will,
Ye Grecians, to the Phrygian shores to sail?
Cast then the lot whose daughter must be slain."
This had at least been equal; nor hadst thou
Been singled out from all to give thy child
A victim for the Greeks. Or Menelaus,
Whose cause this is, should for the mother slay
Hermione: but I, who to thy bed
Am faithful, of my child shall be deprived;
And she that hath misdone, at her return
To Sparta her young daughter shall bear back,
And thus be happy. Aught if I have said
Amiss, reply to that; but if my words
Speak nought but sober reason, do not slay
Thy child and mine; and thus thou wilt be wise.

Iph. Had I, my father, the persuasive voice
Of Orpheus, and his skill to charm the rocks
To follow me, and soothe whome'er I please
With winning words, I would make trial of it:
But I have nothing to present thee now
Save tears, my only eloquence; and those
I can present thee. On thy knees I hang,
A suppliant wreath, this body, which she bore
To thee. Ah! kill me not in youth's fresh prime.
Sweet is the light of heaven: compel me not
What is beneath to view. I was the first

To call thee father, me thou first didst call
Thy child: I was the first that on thy knees
Fondly caress'd thee, and from thee received
The fond caress: this was thy speech to me:
"Shall I, my child, e'er see thee in some house
Of splendour, happy in thy husband, live,
And flourish, as becomes my dignity?"
My speech to thee was—leaning 'gainst thy cheek,
Which with my hand I now caress—"And what
Shall I then do for thee? Shall I receive
My father when grown old, and in my house
Cheer him with each fond office, to repay
The careful nurture which he gave my youth?"
These words are on my memory deep impress'd;
Thou hast forgot them, and wilt kill thy child.
By Pelops I entreat thee—by thy sire
Atreus—by this my mother, who before
Suffer'd for me the pangs of childbirth, now
These pangs again to suffer—do not kill me.
If Paris be enamour'd of his bride,
His Helen, what concerns it me? and how
Comes he to my destruction? Look upon me,
Give me a smile, give me a kiss, my father;
That, if my words persuade thee not, in death
I may have this memorial of thy love.
My brother, small assistance canst thou give
Thy friends, yet for thy sister with thy tears
Implore thy father that she may not die:
E'en infants have a sense of ills: and see,
My father, silent though he be, he sues
To thee; be gentle to me, on my life
Have pity: thy two children by this beard
Entreat thee, thy dear children; one is yet
An infant, one to riper years arrived.
I will sum all in this, which shall contain
More than long speech: To view the light of life
To mortals is most sweet, but all beneath
Is nothing: of his senses is he reft,
Who hath a wish to die; for life, though ill,
Excels whate'er there is of good in death.

Ag. What calls for pity, and what not, I know:
I love my children, else I should be void
Of reason: to dare this is dreadful to me;
And not to dare is dreadful. I perforce

Must do it. What a naval camp is here
You see, how many kings of Greece array'd
In glittering arms: to Illium's towers are these
Denied to advance, unless I offer thee
A victim—thus the prophet Calchas speaks—
Denied from her foundations to o'erturn
Illustrious Troy; and through the Grecian host
Maddens the fierce desire to sail with speed
'Gainst the barbarians' land, and check their rage
For Grecian dames: my daughters these will slay
At Argos; you too will they slay, and me,
Should I, the goddess not revering, make
Of none effect her oracle. To this
Not Menelaus, my child, hath wrought my soul,
Nor to his will am I a slave; but Greece,
For which, will I, or will I not, perforce
Thee I must sacrifice: my weakness here
I feel, and must submit. In thee, my child,
What lies, and what in me, Greece should be free,
Nor should her sons beneath barbarians bend,
Their nuptial beds to ruffian force a prey.

Potter's Euripides.

ELDER BRITISH DRAMA.

Sir John Traffic, Luke, Risk, Penury, and Venture.

Luke. HERE are
Your humble suitors, sir, to wait upon you.
Sir J. What would you have me do? [*To Luke.*] Give me a chair. [*Luke gives a chair.*
Risk. Be pleased, sir, to consider my hard case.
My land is mortgaged for a third of its value:
I had no more. Pray give me longer day.
Sir J. I know no obligation lies on me,
To lose my proper right. Your deed speaks for it.
How much owes Penury?
Luke. Six hundred pounds.
His bond, too, is grown forfeit.
Sir J. Is it sued?
Luke. Yes, sir; and execution out against him.
Sir J. See it served.
Pen. I am undone! My wife and family
Must starve, for want of bread.
Sir J. What's Venture's debt?
Luke. Two thousand, sir.
Sir J. Two thousand! an estate
For a good man. You were the glorious trader,
Embraced all bargains, the main venturer
In every ship that launch'd forth. Tell me, sir,
How was this sum employ'd?
Ven. Insult me not
On my calamity; though, being a debtor,
And slave to him that lends, I must endure it.
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence:
Losses at sea—and those, sir, great and many—
By storms and pirates, not domestic riot,
Have brought me to this low ebb.
Sir J. Storms and pirates!
The cant of fraudulent insolvency!
Look you, I must, and will, sir, have my money.

Ven. I'm in your power, and you must do your pleasure.
Luke. Not as a brother, sir, but with such duty
As I should use unto a father, since
Your charity is my parent, give me leave
To speak my thoughts.
Sir J. What would you say?
Luke. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence: nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Are, or should be contemn'd; they being a blessing,
Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you. But in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as your's; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference, by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty,
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others' miseries,—I have found it, sir,
Heaven keep me thankful for't,—while they are cursed
As rigid and inexorable.
Sir J. I delight not
To hear this spoken.
Luke. That shall not aggrieve you.
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the pure garment of your debtors' breath,
Shall every where, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen, and wonder'd at; and in the act
With prodigal hand rewarded: whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp and tyrannize o'er others,
Brought under their subjection. Can you think, sir,
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an auction,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread—this gentleman's estate
Thus harshly taken, can advantage you?
Or that the ruin of this once-brave merchant

—For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd—
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge—pray pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement—in this
You satisfy your anger and revenge
On those who wrong you. Grant this: it will not
Repair your loss; and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When passion, rebel unto reason, fought it.
Then for revenge: by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd, entertain'd by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.
Sir J. Shall I be talk'd
Out of my money?
Luke. No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.
Sir J. How, my good brother?
Luke. By making these your beadsmen. When they eat,
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
Their sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and quicksands; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.
Sir J. No more.
Luke. Write you a good man in the people's hearts,
Follow you every where—
Sir J. If this could be—
Luke. It must, or our devotions are but words.
I see a gentle promise in your eye;
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich
In being the instrument.
Sir J. [*Rising.*] You have prevail'd.
Give them more time. But, d'ye hear, no talk on't.
Should this arrive at noon on the Exchange,
I shall be laugh'd at for my foolish pity.
Take your own time. [*To the Debtors.*] I'll not be hard
upon you—
I know what you would say—there is no need—
Go—drink a cup, and thank your orator.

Massinger.

Sophia, Rollo, Otto, Gisbert, Aubray, Baldwin.

Soph. MAKE way, or I will force it! Who are these?
My sons? my shames! Turn all your swords on me,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnatural quarrel finds a grave
In the unhappy womb that brought ye forth!
Dare you remember that you had a mother,
Or look on these grey hairs—made so with tears,
For both your goods, and not with age—and yet
Stand doubtful to obey her? From me you had
Life, nerves, and faculties, to use these weapons;
And dare you raise them against her, to whom
You owe the means of being what you are?
Otto. All peace is meant to you.
Soph. Why is this war, then?
As if your arms could be advanced, and I
Not set upon the rack? Your blood is mine;
Your danger's mine; your goodness I should share in
And must be branded with those impious marks
You stamp on your own foreheads, and on mine,
If you go on thus. For my good name, therefore,
Though all respects of honour in yourselves
Be in your fury choak'd, throw down your swords,
—Your duty should be swifter than my tongue—
And join your hands while they are innocent!
You have heat of blood, and youth apt to ambition,
To plead an easy pardon for what's pass'd;
But all the ills, beyond this hour committed,
From gods or men must hope for no excuse.
Gis. Can you hear this unmoved?
Aub. No syllable
Of this so pious charm, but should have power
To frustrate all the juggling deceits
With which the devil blinds you.
Otto. I begin
To melt, I know not how.
Rollo. Mother, I'll leave you:—
And, sir, be thankful for the time you live,
Till we meet next,—which shall be soon and sudden,—
To her persuasion for you.
Soph. Oh, yet stay,
And, rather than part thus, vouchsafe me hearing

As enemies!—How is my soul divided!
My love to both is equal, as my wishes;
But is return'd by neither. My grieved heart,
Hold yet a little longer, and then break!—
I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes from me the authority of a mother's power;
And, therefore, like myself, Otto, to thee:
—And yet, observe, son, how thy mother's tears
Outstrip her forward words, to make way for 'em—
Thou art the younger, Otto; yet be now
The first example of obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my love.
Otto. The means
To be so happy?
Soph. This: yield up thy sword,
And let thy piety give thy mother strength
To take that from thee, which no enemies' force
Could e'er despoil thee of! [*Otto gives up his sword.*
Why dost thou tremble,
And, with a fearful eye, fix'd on thy brother,
Observest his ready sword as bent against thee?
I am thy armour, and will be pierced through
Ten thousand times, before I will give way
To any peril may arrive at thee;
And, therefore, fear not.
Otto. 'Tis not for myself,
But for you, mother. You are now engaged
In more than lies in your unquestion'd virtue;
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world
May say it was your practice.
Soph. All worlds perish
Before my piety turn treason's parent!
Take it again, and stand upon your guard;
And, while your brother is, continue arm'd:
And yet this fear is needless; for I know
My Rollo, though he dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet-untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.
You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear
Both, for the other's safety, and not mine own.
Know yet, my sons, when of necessity
You must deceive, or be deceived, 'tis better
To suffer treason, than to act the traitor;

And in a war like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome. Consider, then,
What 'tis for which you strive! Be it the dukedom,
Or the command of these so ready subjects,
Desire of wealth, or whatsoever else
Fires your ambition, 'tis still desperate madness,
To kill the people which you would be lords of;
With fire and sword to lay that country waste,
Whose rule you seek for; to consume the treasures,
Which are the sinews of your government,
In cherishing the factions that destroy it:
Far, far be this from you! Make it not question'd,
Whether you can have interest in that dukedom
Whose ruin both contend for.

Otto. I desire
But to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

Rollo. And rather than posterity shall have cause
To say I ruin'd all, divide the dukedom:
I will accept the moiety.

Otto. I embrace it.

Soph. Divide me first, or tear me limb by limb,
And let them find as many several graves
As there are villages in Normandy:
And 'tis less sin, than thus to weaken it.
To hear it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead lord, and almost blaspheme
Those Powers that heard my prayers for fruitfulness,
And did not with my first birth close my womb!
To me alone my second blessing proves
My first, my first of misery; for, if that Heaven
Which gave me Rollo, there had stayed his bounty,
And Otto, my dear Otto, ne'er had been,
Or, being, had not been so worth my love,
The stream of my affection had run constant
In one fair current; all my hopes had been
Laid up in one, and fruitful Normandy,
In this division, had not lost her glories.
For, as 'tis now, 'tis a fair diamond,
Which, being preserved entire, exceeds all value;
But, cut in pieces—though these pieces are
Set in fine gold by the best workman's cunning—
Parts with all estimation: so this dukedom,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring kings may covet,
But cannot compass; which, divided, will

Become the spoil of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.
Gis. How this works in both!
Bald. Prince Rollo's eyes have lost their fire.
Gis. And anger,
That but even now wholly possess'd good Otto,
Hath given place to pity.
Aub. End not thus,
Madam, but perfect what's so well begun.
Soph. I see in both fair signs of reconcilement:
Make them sure proofs they are so. The Fates offer
To your free choice, either to live examples
Of piety, or wickedness: if the latter
Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot
Pierce through her painted outside, and discover
That she is all deformity within;
Boldly transcend all precedents of mischief,
And let the last and the worst end of tyrannies,
The murder of a mother, but begin
The stain of blood you after are to heighten!
But, if that Virtue, and her sure rewards,
Can win you to accept her for your guide,
To lead you up to Heaven, and there fix you
The fairest stars in the bright sphere of honour;
Make me the parent of a hundred sons,
All brought into the world with joy, not sorrow,
And every one a father to his country,
In being now made mother of your concord!
Rollo. Such, and so good, loud Fame for ever speak [you!
Bald. Ay, now they meet like brothers.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Shylock, Bassanio, and Antonio.

Shy. THREE thousand ducats,—well.
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months,—well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.
Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no, no. My meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards; sailors, but men. There be land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves; I mean pirates: and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured, you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto? —Who is he comes here? [*Enter Antonio.*

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice:
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating on my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me.—But soft: how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see.—But hear you:
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. Three thousand ducats—'Tis a good round sum,
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto, you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies:" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low; and, in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time,
You call'd me—dog; and, for these courtesies,
I'll lend you this much monies?"
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends—for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies; and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith;
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me.
I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham! what these Christians are;
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others!—'Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard

Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.— [*Exit Shylock.*
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay:
My ships come home a month before the day.

Shakspeare.

Priuli and Jaffier.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! Begone, and leave me.
Jaf. Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall!
My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?
Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?
Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrong,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.—
Wrong'd you?
Pri. Yes, wrong'd me! In the nicest point—
The honour of my house—you've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home,
From travel, with such hopes as made you look'd on,
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours: you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh Belvidera!
Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are pass'd,
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;

Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms.
Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stol
At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine;
A steril fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous; still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till, at last, you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vai
Heaven has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty.
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsir
And happier than his father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?
Pri. You dare not do't.
Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master.
Three years are pass'd, since first our vows were plighted;
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded.
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because—though hopeless e'er to win your nature—
The world might see I loved her for herself:
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.
Pri. No more.
Jaf. Yes, all; and then—adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier than I: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night,
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked, but to a joyful morning;.
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's wither'd in the ripening.
Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly;
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then, to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge, to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve.
Home, home, I say.— [*Exit.*
Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart. Home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors,
Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring.
I've now not fifty ducats in the world;
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
Oh! Belvidera!—oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more. *Otway.*

MODERN BRITISH DRAMA.

Rienzi and Angelo.

Rie. SON,
Methinks this high solemnity might well
Have claim'd thy presence. A great ruler's heir
Should be familiar in the people's eyes;
Live on their tongues; take root within their hearts;
Win woman's smiles by honest courtesy,
And force man's tardier praise by bold desert:
So, when the chief shall die, the general love
May hail his successor. But thou, where wast thou?
If with thy bride——
Ang. I have not seen her.—Tribune,—
Thou wavest away the word with such a scorn
As I pour'd poison in thine ear.—Already
Dost weary of the title?
Rie. Wherefore should I?
Ang. Thou art ambitious.
Rie. Granted.
Ang. And wouldst be
A king.
Rie. There thou mistakest.—A king! fair son!
Power dwelleth not in sound, and fame hath garlands
Brighter than diadems. I might have been
Anointed, sceptred, crown'd, have cast a blaze
Of glory round the old imperial wreath,
The laurel of the Cæsars: but I chose
To master kings, not to be one; to direct
The royal puppets as my sovereign will,
And Rome—my Rome, decree.—Tribune! the Gracchi
Were called so.—Tribune! I will make that name
A word of fear to kings.
Ang. Rienzi! Tribune!
Hast thou forgotten, on this very spot,
How thou didst shake the slumbering soul of Rome

With the brave sound of freedom, till she rose,
And from her giant-limbs the shackles dropp'd,
Burst by one mighty throe? Hadst thou died then,
History had crown'd thee with a glorious title—
Deliverer of thy country.

Rie. Well!

Ang. Alas!
When now thou fall'st, as fall thou must, 'twill be
The common tale of low ambition.—Tyrants
O'erthrown to form a wilder tyranny;
Princes cast down, that thy obscurer house
May rise on nobler ruins.

Rie. Hast thou ended?
I fain would have mistaken thee—Hast done?

Ang. No; for, despite thy smother'd wrath, the voice
Of warning truth shall reach thee. Thou to-day
Hast, by thy frantic sacrilege, drawn on thee
The thunders of the church, the mortal feud
Of either emperor. Here, at home, the barons
Hate, and the people shun thee. Seest thou not,
Even in this noon of pride, thy waning power
Fade, flicker, and wax dim? Thou art as one
Perch'd on some lofty steeple's dizzy height,
Dazzled by the sun, inebriate by long draughts
Of thinner air; too giddy to look down
Where all his safety lies; too proud to dare
The long descent to the low depths from whence
The desperate climber rose.

Rie. Ay, there's the sting,—
That I, an insect of to-day, outsoar
The reverend worm, nobility! Wouldst shame me
With my poor parentage!—Sir, I'm the son
Of him who kept a sordid hostelry
In the Jews' quarter; my good mother cleansed
Linen for honest hire.—Canst thou say worse?

Ang. Can worse be said?

Rie. Add, that my boasted schoolcraft
Was gain'd from such base toil, gain'd with such pain,
That the nice nurture of the mind was oft
Stolen at the body's cost. I have gone dinnerless
And supperless, the scoff of our poor street,
For tatter'd vestments and lean hungry looks,
To pay the pedagogue.—Add what thou wilt
Of injury. Say that, grown into man,

I've known the pittance of the hospital,
And, more degrading still, the patronage
Of the Colonna. Of the tallest trees
The roots delve deepest. Yes, I've trod thy halls,
Scorn'd and derided 'midst their ribald crew,
A licensed jester, save the cap and bells:
I have borne this—and I have borne the death,
The unavenged death, of a poor brother.
I seem'd I was a base ignoble slave.
What am I?—Peace, I say!—what am I now?
Head of this great republic, chief of Rome;
In all but name, her sovereign; last of all,
Thy father.

Ang. In an evil hour——

Rie. Darest thou
Say that? An evil hour for thee, my Claudia!
Thou shouldst have been an emperor's bride, my fairest.
In evil hour thy woman's heart was caught,
By the form moulded as an antique god;
The gallant bearing, the feigned tale of love—
All false, all outward, simulated all.

Ang. But that I loved her, but that I do love her,
With a deep tenderness, softer and fonder
Than thy ambition-harden'd heart e'er dream'd of,
My sword should answer thee.

Rie. Go to, Lord Angelo;
Thou lovest her not.—Men taunt not, nor defy
The dear one's kindred. A bright atmosphere
Of sunlight and of beauty breathes around
The bosom's idol.—I have loved—she loves thee;
And therefore thy proud father,—even the shrew,
Thy railing mother, in her eyes, are sacred.
Lay not thy hand upon thy sword, fair son—
Keep that brave for thy comrades. I'll not fight thee.
Go and give thanks to yonder simple bride,
That her plebeian father mews not up,
Safe in the citadel, her noble husband.
Thou art dangerous, Colonna. But, for her,
Beware! [*Going.*

Ang. Come back, Rienzi! Thus I throw
A brave defiance in thy teeth. [*Throws down his glove.*

Rie. Once more,
Beware!

Ang. Take up the glove!

Rie. This time, for her— [*Takes up the glove.*
For her dear sake—come to thy bride! home! home!
Ang. Dost fear me, tribune of the people!
Rie. Fear!
Do I fear thee!—Tempt me no more.—This once,
Home to thy bride! [*Exit.*
Ang. Now, Ursini, I come—
Fit partner of thy vengeance!

Miss Mitford.

Bertram and Prior, and Guards.

Prior. WHO art thou?
Ber. I am the murderer—Wherefore are ye come?—
Prior. This majesty of guilt doth awe my spirit.
Is it the embodied fiend who tempted him,
Sublime in guilt?
Ber. Marvel not at me—Wist ye whence I come?
The tomb—where dwell the dead—and I dwelt with him—
Till sense of life dissolved away within me—
[*Looking round ghastlily.*
I am amazed to see ye living men.
I deem'd, that, when I struck the final blow,
Mankind expired, and we were left alone,
The corse and I were left alone together,
The only tenants of a blasted world,
Dispeopled for my punishment, and changed
Into a penal orb of desolation—
Prior. Advance, and bind him; are ye men and arm'd?
What! must this palsied hand be first on him?—
Advance, and seize him, ere his voice of blasphemy
Shall pile the roof in ruins o'er our heads—
Ber. Advance, and seize me, ye who smile at blood—
For every drop of mine a life shall pay—
I'm naked, famish'd, faint, my brand is broken—
Rush, mailed champions, on the helpless Bertram—
[*Guards sink back.*
Now prove what fell resistance I shall make.
[*Throws down the hilt of his dagger.*
There—bind mine arms—if ye do list to bind them—
I came to yield—but not to be subdued—
Prior. O thou, who o'er thy stormy grandeur flingest
A struggling beam, that dazzles, awes, and vanishes—

Thou, who dost blend our wonder with our curses—
Why didst thou this?
Ber. He wrong'd me, and I slew him—
To man, but thee, I ne'er had said even this—
To man, but thee, I ne'er shall utter more—
Now speed ye swift from questioning to death—
[*Guards surround him.*
One prayer, my executioners, not conquerors:
Be most ingenious in your cruelty—
Let rack and pincer do their full work on me—
'Twill rouse me from that dread unnatural sleep,
In which my soul hath dreamt its dreams of agony—
This is my prayer, ye'll not refuse it to me—
[*As Guards are leading him off, the Prior lays hold of him.*
Prior. Yet bend thy steeled sinews, bend and pray—
The corse of him thou'st murder'd, lies within—
[*A long pause.*
Ber. I have offended Heaven, but will not mock it—
Give me your racks and pincers; spare me words.
Prior. Brief rest is here allow'd thee—murderer, pause—
How fearful was our footing on those cliffs,
Where time had worn those steep and rocky steps!—
I counted them to thee as we descended,
But thou for pride wast dumb—
Ber. I heard thee not—
Prior. Look round thee, murderer, drear thy resting-place—
This is thy latest stage—survey it well—
Lo, as I wave my dimmed torch aloft,
Yon precipice crag seems as if every tread
(Yea, echo'd impulse of the passing foot)
Would loose its weight to topple o'er our heads—
Those cavities hollow'd by the hand of wrath—
Those deepening gulfs, have they no horrible tenant?
Dare thine eye scan that spectred vacancy?
Ber. I do not mark the things thou tell'st me of.—
Prior. Wretch, if thy fear no spectred inmate shapes—
Ber. [*Starting from his trance*]
Cease, trifler, would you have *me* feel remorse?
Leave me alone—nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeon,
Speaks to the murderer with the voice of solitude.
Prior. Thou sayest true—
In cruelty of mercy will I leave thee— [*Prior retires.*
Ber. If thou wouldst go in truth—but what avails it?

[*He meditates in gloomy reflection for some minutes, and his countenance slowly relaxes from its stern expression. Prior returns, and stands opposite to him in an attitude of supplication. Bertram resumes his sternness.*

Ber. Why art thou here?—There was a hovering angel
Just lighting on my heart—and thou hast scared it—

Prior. Yea, rather, with my prayers I'll woo it back.
In very pity of thy soul I come
To weep upon that heart I cannot soften— [*Long pause.*
Oh! thou art on the verge of awful death—
Think of the moment, when the veiling scarf
That binds thine eyes, shall shut out earth for ever—
When, in thy dizzy ear, hurtles the groan
Of those who see the smiting hand uprear'd,
Thou canst but feel—that moment comes apace—
[*Bertram smiles.*
But terrors move in thee a horrid joy,
And thou art harden'd by habitual danger
Beyond the sense of aught but pride in death.
[*Bertram turns away.*
Can I not move thee by one power in nature?
There have been those whom Heaven hath fail'd to move,
Yet moved they were by tears of kneeling age. [*Kneels.*
I wave all pride of ghostly power o'er thee—
I lift no cross, I count no bead before thee—
By the lock'd agony of these wither'd hands,
By these white hairs, such as thy father bore,
(Whom thou couldst ne'er see prostrate in the dust)
With toil to seek thee here my limbs do fail,
Send me not broken-hearted back again—
Yield, and relent, Bertram, my son, my son. [*Weeping.*
[*Looking up eagerly.*
Did not a gracious drop bedew thine eye?

Ber. Perchance a tear had fallen, hadst thou not mark'd it.

Prior. [*Rising with dignity.*]
Obdurate soul—then perish in thy pride—
Hear, in my voice, thy parting angel speak,
Repent—and be forgiven. *Maturin.*

Damon, Pythias, Dionysius.

Pyth. [*To the Executioner.*]
THERE is no pang in thy deep wedge of steel
After that parting.—Nay, sir, you may spare

Yourself the pains to fit me for the block.—
[*Drawing the lining of his tunic lower.*
Damon, I do forgive thee!—I but ask
Some tears unto my ashes!—
[*A shout is heard—Pythias leaps up on the scaffold.*
By the gods,
A horse, and horseman!—Far upon the hill
They wave their hats, and he returns it—yet
I know him not—his horse is at the stretch. [*A shout.*
Why should they shout as he comes on? It is—
No!—that was too unlike—but there now—there!
O life! I scarcely dare to wish for thee,
And yet—that jutting rock has hid him from me—
No!—let it not be Damon!—he has a wife
And child!—Gods! keep him back!

Damon. [*Without*] Where is he?

[*He rushes in, and stands for a moment looking round.*
Ha!
He is alive! untouch'd! Ha! ha! ha!
[*Falls with an hysterical laugh upon Pythias's shoulder.*
[*Loud shouts without.*
Where am I? Have I fallen from my horse,
That I am stunn'd, and on my head I feel
A weight of thickening blood!—What has befallen me?
The horrible confusion of a dream
Is yet upon my sight.—For mercy's sake,
Stay me not back—he is about to die!
Pythias, my friend!—Unloose me, villains, or
You will find the might of madness in mine arm!
[*Sees Pythias.*]
Speak to me, let me hear thy voice!

Pyth. My friend!

Damon. It pierced my brain, and rush'd into my heart.
There's lightning in it!—That's the scaffold—there
The block—the axe—the executioner!—
And here he lives!—I have him in my soul!
[*Embraces Pythias.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Pyth. Damon!

Damon. Ha! ha!
I can but laugh!—I cannot speak to thee!
I can but play the maniac, and laugh!
Thy hand!—Oh, let me grasp thy manly hand!—
Ha! ha! ha!

Pyth. Would that my death could have preserved thee!

Damon. Pythias,
Even in the very crisis to have come,—
To have hit the very forehead of old time!
By heavens! had I arrived an hour before,
I should not feel this agony of joy,—
This triumph over Dionysius!
Ha! ha!—But didst thou doubt me? Come, thou didst—
Own it, and I'll forgive.

Pyth. For a moment.

Damon. Oh that false slave!—Pythias, he slew my horse,
In the base thought to save me!—I would have kill'd him,
And to a precipice was dragging him,
When, from the very brink of the abyss,
I did behold a traveller afar,
Bestriding a good steed—I rush'd upon him,
Choking with desperation, and yet loud,
In shrieking anguish, I commanded him
Down from his saddle; he denied me—but
Would I then be denied? As hungry tigers
Clutch their poor prey, I sprung upon his throat.
Thus, thus I had him, Pythias! "Come, your horse,
Your horse, your horse!" I cried. Ha! ha! ha!

Dion. [*Advancing.*] Damon! Damon!

Damon. I am here upon the scaffold! look at me;
I am standing on my throne; as proud a one
As yon illumined mountain, where the sun
Makes his last stand; let him look on me too;
He never did behold a spectacle
More full of natural glory. Death is—Ha!
All Syracuse starts up upon her hills,
And lifts her hundred thousand hands! She shouts,
Hark, how she shouts! (*Shouts heard.*) O Dionysius,
When wert thou in thy life hail'd with a peal
Of hearts and hands like that one? Shout again!
Again, until the mountains echo you,
And the great sea joins in that mighty voice,
And old Enceladus, the son of earth,
Stirs in his mighty caverns. Tell me, slaves,
Where is your tyrant? Let me see him now;
Why stands he hence aloof? Where is your master?
What is become of Dionysius?
I would behold, and laugh at him.

[*Dionysius advances between Damon and Pythias (Damon being on the scaffold), and throwing off his disguise,*

Dion. Behold me!
Damon & Pyth. How!
Dion. Stay your admiration for a while,
Till I have spoken my commandment here.
Go, Damocles, and bid a herald cry
Wide through the city, from the eastern gate
Unto the most remote extremity,
That Dionysius, tyrant as he is,
Gives back his life to Damon.

[*Exit Damocles.*

Pyth. How, Dionysius!
Speak that again.
Dion. I pardon him.
Pyth. O gods!
You give his life to Damon?
Dion. Life and freedom.
[*Damon remains mute with astonishment upon the scaffold.*
Pyth. O Dionysius! O my sovereign! Life
And freedom! Let me fall down at your feet,
And open all the sluices of my heart,
In one wild gush of weeping gratitude!
O Damon! [*Damon still continues motionless.*
Dion. Almighty virtue,
Now do I own, and worship thee! I see
The glorious spark which the Eternal One
Struck from himself into the soul of man,
Blaze up in such excelling majesty,
It awes, while it illumes my heart. What hoa!
How, Damon, is it with thee? Come, descend!
Let me conduct thee from this place of death,
Into the bosom of your friend.—
Damon and Pythias,
You have rewarded me: I now begin
To taste of pleasures never touch'd before—
Perfect the work you have begun—the Heavens
With length of life, and lives of transport bless you!
Each day the happiest, and yet the next
Eclipsing that in all comparison!
Thus may the world have opportunity
To wonder at you, and grow better by you!
And I myself, by the continued light
Of your example, may at last essay
To tread such wondrous ways of virtue with you!

Exeunt.

Duke and Guido.

Guido. FATHER!
Duke. Lord Guido, I am told, you wish
An audience; is it so?
Guido. It is.
Duke. Speak on.
If you have suffered wrong, and pray relief,
Why, you shall have it. If you have done wrong,
The church is open, and the gates of heaven
Wide for a true repenter.
Guido. Oh! my lord;
I beg you to cast off this garb—
Duke. It is
The garb of justice; treat it with honour, sir,
As you may hope to thrive. Well!
Guido. Why is this?
Duke. Why!—Have you aught to ask? if so, speak on
Guido. My lord, I know not how it is; but you,
Who (if I must speak truth) have wrong'd *me* much,
Assume the injured man. What have I done?—
You will not answer?—no?
Duke. Go on, go on.
I like your boldness,—not your spirit. Well!
Guido. What have I done, my lord?
Duke. What done!—but speak.
Guido. You think me traitor, as I hear; but surely
I were a sorry knave, to plot against
The state which will be mine.
Duke. Be not too sure.
Proceed.
Guido. That's as you will, my lord:—but away with this.
My lord, my lord! I ask you, can I be
The same in soul as when we fought at Mantua?—
Together,—side by side? I hate to name it;
But, did I not—I ask you, did I not
Once do you a service?
Duke. Yes: I own to that.
You speak it doubtfully: you saved my life.
Pray, be not sparing. I can bear it all.
Guido. Have I deserved this, sir? Great Heaven!
Duke. Silence!
You have affronted Heaven; and the sad day,
Now dying, leaves a blush upon the face

Your terrible thunders and blue darting fires
Quickly to come upon me. If my words
Are false, strike me to nothing!

Duke. Well, sir, I
Have heard.

Guido. And doubt me still?

Duke. Doubt!
If you have said? you have: why then good even.
Now we may go and pray.

Guido. Once more.—That ring—
The duchess' ring—was given me as a pledge
Of a pure friendship.

Duke. Ha!

Guido. Oh! my lord, do not doubt me.—Once more
I ask you to remember what I was,
And now believe.—My lord!—Nay,—not a word?
Not one?—Then is my purpose strong. My lord,
I see that 'tis in vain to hope to stay
In quiet at Mirandola. Each hour
Would bring a host of troubles and of fears
On me,—or both, perhaps: and I've enough.
Therefore, unless your Highness orders that
I must remain, I purpose speedily
(To-night, indeed) to travel.

Duke. Travel!—where?
Where do you think to travel?

Guido. I know not where: somewhere about the wo

Guido. First at Rome.
Duke. Perhaps you may hear farther from me there.
Guido. Yet say farewell.
Duke. Farewell.
Guido. O Father! I
Am going far—for ever. This cold hand,
Which now I stretch abroad towards you,—now,
You'll never touch again.
Duke. Farewell!—Mountains and seas
Must rise and roll between us: then, perhaps,
We may be friends again. I loved you once—
Once for your mother's sake; ay, for your own.
I had brave hopes, but you have blighted them;—
But I may write to Rome.
Guido. I hope you will.
Duke. If what I think is wrong:—no matter, you
Shall hear from me at Rome.
Guido. At Rome, then.
Duke. If
My power or my purse be wanting—ever,
(Death! I shall play the fool!)—if ever I
Can serve you, let me know, and 't shall be done.
This from my old affection will I do.
Some one has used me ill—some one has struck
And tortured me. Let me look on you.—You
Had always a brave look;—ay, from a boy.
Guido. I wore my innocence there, and in my heart.
Duke. Well, well; no more; you'll see the Duchess ere
You leave us?
Guido. No, my lord.
Duke. You'll see her? Nay——
Guido. 'Tis better not. I leave Mirandola
To-night.
Duke. But first——
Guido. Pray, spare me.
Duke. Then—why, then,
Fare you well, Guido; for it must come to that
At last.—Farewell! yet, wheresoe'er you go,
Still do not quite forget Mirandola.
You have had happy hours and pleasant thoughts,
And I—I have had some: in infancy
I—though I was a prince—would not confide
My son to hirelings. I have stood and watch'd
You sleeping,—then I dared not own you, for

My father lived,—while poor Bianca wept.
Oh! I have watch'd you with a cotter's care,
Through many and many a night:—'tis so; and now
Mountains and stormy seas will come between
Our hearts. While you are wandering, I shall be
Shut in my palace,—prison'd up,—a slave.
What else are princes ever? But I'll write
To Rome.

Guido. I shall expect it.

Duke. Confide in me.
I thought I had a word or two to say,
But they are gone;—the common things, perhaps,
Men say at parting: likely nothing more.
You may return: if not, why let us part
Like friends at least: hate is a galling load
To bear in absence; so—farewell. Oh! Guido!
[*Embraces him.*
And now, no more. Farewell!

Guido. Once more, farewell,
Farewell! [*Exit.*

Duke. Farewell! The kindest breath of Heaven
Rest on your head and hallow it.—My son!
My only son! and he is gone for ever?
How *I have* loved him let these tremulous hands
Proclaim, and these my weeping woman's eyes,
Not often stain'd with tears.—Farewell, once more,
Son of my youth! And now I'll take one look
At the blue sky, and taste the scents which hang
Around the flowers.—Methinks I feel again
My stature princely, and still running clear
The high blood of Mirandola. *Barry Cornwall.*

PROMISCUOUS DRAMATIC SELECTIONS.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear,
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of my honest truth, to play the woman.—
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard; say then, I taught thee—
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways to glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure, and safe one—though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still, in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, are all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Shakspeare.*

Henry V. *to his Soldiers.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with the English dead!
In *peace, there's* nothing so becomes a man,

As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then, imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then, lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon!
Now, set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath; and bend up every spirit
To its full height. Now, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument!
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.—The game's afoot!—
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George! *Ibid.*

Marcellus's Speech to the Mob.

WHEREFORE rejoice? that Cæsar comes in triumph!
What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks! you stones! you worse than senseless things!
Oh you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops—
Your infants in your arms—and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome?
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone!——

Run to your houses! fall upon your knees!
Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues,
That needs must light on this ingratitude! *Ibid.*

Henry V.*'s Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.*

WHAT'S he that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland!—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and, if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
No, no, my lord; wish not a man from England!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
May straight depart: his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company!
This day is called the Feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian!
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his neighbours:
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household-words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the goodman teach his son;
And Crispin's day shall ne'er go by,
From this time to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother—be he e'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And, gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day. *Ibid.*

Douglas's Account of Himself.

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home:
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought—and conquer'd! Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and, having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers;
And, heaven-directed, came this day, to do
The happy deed, that gilds my humble name. *Home*

Rolla to the Peruvians.

My brave associates!—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No;—you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and

ours.—They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—they—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride!—They offer us their protection—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this: The throne we honour, is the people's choice—the laws we reverence, are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow, teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave.—Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as they would bring us. *Sheridan's Pizarro.*

Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out—an Hereafter,
And intimates—Eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us—
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works—He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in, must be happy.

But when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This—in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this—informs me I shall never die!
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds! *Addison.*

Brutus on the Death of Cæsar.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers!—hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition!—Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak! for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

None? then none have I offended! I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you shall not?—With this I depart—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. *Shakspeare.*

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more!—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep?—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub!
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns!—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all:
And thus, the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action! *Ibid.*

Mark Antony's Oration.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen! lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious—
If it was so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man!
So are they all! all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me—
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man!
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man!
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man!
I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou hast fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me!
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world—now lies he there,
And none so poor as do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men!—

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men!—
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet—'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear his testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they will go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory;
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle? I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent—
That day he overcame the Nervii!—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!—
See what a rent the envious Casca made!—
Through this—the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!—
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel!—
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab!—
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue—
Which all the while ran blood!—great Cæsar fell!
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!
Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!
Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, by traitors!——

Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!

They that have done this deed, are honourable!—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves his friend—and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on!
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny! *Ibid.*

Shylock justifying his Meditated Revenge.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million! laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies! And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that! If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, Revenge! The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction. *Ibid.*

Othello's Despair.

HAD it pleased Heaven
To try me with misfortune—had it rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to adversity me and my utmost hopes—
I should have found, in some part of my soul,
A drop of patience! But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point its slow, unmoving finger at!—
Yet could I bear that!—well!—very well!
But there, where I had garner'd up my heart—
Where either I must live, or bear no life—
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence!—
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—
Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim!—
Ay, there—look black as hell! *Ibid.*

Clytemnestra to Achilles.

LOW at thy knees I will not blush to fall,
Of mortal birth to one of heavenly race.
Why should I now be proud? or what demands,
More than a daughter's life, my anxious care?
Protect, O goddess-born! a wretched mother;
Protect a virgin call'd thy bride: her head
With garlands, ah, in vain! yet did I crown,
And led her as by thee to be espoused;
Now to be slain I bring her: but on thee,
If thou protect her not, reproach will fall;
For, though not join'd in marriage, thou wast call'd
The husband of the virgin. By this cheek,
By this right hand, by her that gave thee birth,
I claim protection from thee: I have now
No altar, but thy knee, to which to fly;
I have no friend, but thee. If thou shalt dare
Stretch forth thy hand to aid me, I shall find
Safety; if not, then am I lost indeed.

Potter's Euripides.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For, an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman—if one thou hast—

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell:

"If the husband—of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,—
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stoop'd to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch:
But, i'faith! she had been wiser than I;
For she took a bottle to church." *Southey.*

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face:
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun;—
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next!—and the next!
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous, and vex'd.
Week pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hung about him!
So he sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise:—"A slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics—and going to bed.—
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor;—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said—"Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago?

"Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I've caught cold!"

Quoth the landlord,—"Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven!!!" says Will.—Says the host, "Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion!
Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds!" cried Will in a taking,
"Who would not be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms. Cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you have been going away half a year."—
"Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel"—Will said;—
"But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bread."

Colman.

Life compared to a Stage.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players!
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages. First, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth! And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved! a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound! Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, or mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing!

Shakspeare.

The Chameleon.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark—
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade had been
To see whatever could be seen—
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before:
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop—
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen, and sure I ought to know."—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travellers, of such a cast—
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that—

Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun!
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue!"
"Hold there!" the other quick replies,
"'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
Stretch'd at its ease, the beast I view'd,
And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast survey'd,
Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."—
"Green!" cries the other in a fury;
"Why, sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss,' the friend replies.
"For, if they always serve you thus,
You'll find 'em but of little use!"
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third:
To him the question they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em if he knew
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light;
I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do:
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;

And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said; then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.

Merrick.

How-D'ye-Do, and Good-Bye.

ONE day Good-bye met How-d'ye-do,
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away!" says How-d'ye-do, "your mien
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

"Where'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes in to shade it;
Where'er I plant one bosom's flower,
Your mildew drop to fade it.

"Ere How-d'ye-do has tuned each tongue
To 'hope's delighted measure,'
Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure!

"From sorrows past, my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation;
While you, from present joys, distil
The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, "Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But, pray, who'd think of How-d'ye-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded!

"Without my prior influence,
Could yours have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one flower dispense,
But those my tears have nourish'd?

"How oft,—if at the court of love
Concealment is the fashion,—
When How-d'ye-do has fail'd to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion?

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,—
As every heart remembers,—
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers?

"Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-d'ye-do's,
One kind Good-bye would barter!

"From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence;
And they would both lose half their force
Without one joint assistance.

"'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'ye-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-bying." *Anonymous.*

The Three Black Crows.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend.——"No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat;
But you shall hear an odd affair indeed!
And that it happen'd they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, who lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
Taking a vomit, threw up Three Black Crows!"
"Impossible!"——"Nay, but 'tis really true;
I had it from good hands, and so may you."——
"From whose I pray?"——So, having named the man,
Straight to inquire, his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell?"——relating the affair.
"Yes, sir, I did; and, if 'tis worth your care,
'Twas Mr."—such a one—"who told it me;
But, by the bye, 'twas *Two* black crows, not *Three!*"
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Quick to the third the virtuoso went.
"Sir,"—and so forth.—"Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact:

It was not *Two* black crows, 'twas only *One;*
The truth of that you may depend upon;
The gentleman himself told me the case."—
"Where may I find him?"—"Why, in"—such a place.
Away he went, and having found him out,
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."——
Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know, if true what he had heard:
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"—"Not I!"—
"Bless me!—how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, *Three, Two,* and *One;*
And here, I find, all comes at last to *None!*
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"——
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might; now I recall
The matter over."—"And pray, sir, what was't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Something that was——as *black,* sir, as a crow.'

Dr. Byrom.

Queen Mab.

Oh! then, I see Queen Mab has been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife: and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman;
Drawn, by a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes, made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spiders' web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And, in this state, she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream of fees;
O'er courtiers' knees, who dream on courtesies straight;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then he dreams of smelling out a suit:

And sometimes comes she, with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson, as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck;
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats;
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades;
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then, anon,
Drums in his ears; at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighten'd, swears a prayer or two—
And sleeps again. *Shakspeare.*

Contest between the Eyes and the Nose.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose:
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong:
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig-full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose—
'Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again—
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could wear spectacles then?

On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
  Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on—
  By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

Cowper.

Toby Tosspot.

ALAS! what pity 'tis, that regularity
  Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity.
But there are swilling wights in London town
  Term'd—Jolly dogs—Choice spirits—*alias* swine,
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
  Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on,
  Dozing with headachs till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
  By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney—Toby Tosspot hight—
Was coming from the Bedford, late at night:
  And being *Bacchi plenus*,—full of wine,
    Although he had a tolerable notion
    Of aiming at progressive motion,
  'Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine.
He work'd with sinuosities along,
  Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork,
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong, a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,
  When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
  And being civil beyond measure,
  "Ring it!" says Toby—"very well;
  I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.
He waited full two minutes—no one came;
  He waited full two minutes more;—and then,
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame,
  I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac, in a fright;
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length, he wisely to himself doth say,—
Calming his fears,—
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away;"
When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
He groped down stairs, and open'd the street-door;
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,—
And saw he was a strapper—stout and tall;
He put his question—"Pray, sir, what d'ye want?"
Says Toby,—"I want nothing, sir, at all."

"Want nothing, sir!—you've pull'd my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire."
Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—
"I pull'd it, sir, at your desire"

"At mine!"—"Yes, yours; I hope I've done it well:
High time for bed, sir; I was hastening to it;
But, if you write up—'Please to ring the bell,'
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

Colman.

The Charitable Barber.

A SCHOLAR of that race, whom oft we meet,
Hungry and friendless, wandering through the street,
Though bless'd with gifts, life's noblest scenes to grace,
Was forced, through want, to seek a tutor's place.
At length, when pining in extreme distress,
The starving wretch was led to hope success,
And got a sudden summons to repair
Before the guardians of a titled heir:
In Phœbus' livery dress'd from top to toe,
Our wit in this dire plight was loathe to go;
His hat, an hostler for a sieve might use,
His wig was bald, his toes peep'd through his shoes;
His hose through many a rent display'd his skin,
And a beard three weeks old adorn'd his chin:

With such a Hebrew phiz, he felt 'twas clear,
No Christian tutor ought to face a peer.
Much he desired to shave it; but, alas!
Our wit was minus razor, soap, and glass;
And, what the barbed sage esteem'd still worse,
Had nought to fee the barber in his purse.
In this dilemma, cursing purse and beard,
At many a barber's shop he anxious leer'd;
Hoping some shaver's countenance to find,
That spoke a feeling heart and liberal mind.
At length he spied an artisan, whose face
Bespoke compassion for man's suffering race.
Bleeding with wounded pride at every pore,
Our shamefaced scholar, trembling, opes the door:
The barber greets him with a smirking air,
Bows to the ground, and then presents a chair.
"Sir, you want shaving, I presume," he cries;
Then graceful on his nail a razor tries.
"Pray, sir, be seated—Jack, bring Packwood's strap,
A damask towel, and a cotton cap—
A basin, George—some shaving-powder, Luke—
And Tom—you friz the gentleman's peruke."
Such pompous orders much the wit distress'd,
Who to the barber thus his speech address'd:
"Unused to beg, how wretched is the task,
Alms from a stranger abject thus to ask!
To act the suppliant, galls me to the core;
Yet your compassion I must now implore.
Cash, I, alas! have none; and therefore crave,
That you, for charity, my beard will shave."
At this request, the barber stood aghast,
And thus to his surprise gave vent at last:—
"Shave you, for charity! confound your chops!
Do men, to shave for nothing, rent such shops?
Barbers might soon retire from trade, I trow,
If all their customers resembled you:
I like your modesty; but good, my spark,
The number of this house in future mark;
For, not to mince the matter and be nice,
I never gratis shave a beggar twice."—
No towel, soap, nor night-cap, now appear'd,
The churl with cold pump-water dabs his beard,
Selects an old notch'd razor from his case,
And without mercy flays the scholar's face:

Though at each rasp his chin was drench'd with gore;
His lot, the stoic, uncomplaining, bore;
For to poor wits the privilege belongs,
With resignation to support their wrongs
Just then, the barber's cat, in theft surprised,
Was by the shopman wofully chastised;
Puss, who less patience than the bard possess'd,
In piercing cries, her agony express'd:—
The barber, sulky and displeased before,
Now at his shopman like a trooper swore,
And with a Stentor's voice the cook-maid calls,
To know from whence proceed those hideous squalls:—
"'Tis doubtless," cried the wit, with great hilarity,
"Some poor cat, by your shopman, shaved *for Charity!*"

Jones.

Law.

LAW is law—law is law; and as in such and so forth and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "Bullum *versus* Boatum:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows.

There were two farmers: farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull: farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore; as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner: farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat; he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal,

fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock; beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull: the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat: And thus notice of trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum, Boatum *versus* Bullum.

Now the counsel for the bull began with saying: "My lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls, before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull; if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel!—"My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and, if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing, the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted; it being proved, that the tide of the river carried them both away: upon which, I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued; and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose: How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos-mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon

settled, by Boatum's attorney declaring, that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: *Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi super omnibus fishibus qvi habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well boats; sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus;* that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo.* *Stevens.*

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A MAN in many a country town we know
  Professing openly with Death to wrestle;
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
  Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair:
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother.
  So,—many a suffering patient saith,—
  Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill;
  Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
  Or spread a plaster.

Of occupations, these were *quantum suff*:
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things; for, if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame, full six miles round the country ran,
In short, in reputation he was *solus!*
All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
—Which oftentimes will genius fetter,—
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste that cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't:
No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?
'Tis simple honest dealing;—not a crime:
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four;
To whom one evening Bolus sent an article—
In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical;
And on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which one should think was clear enough,
And terse:
"*When taken,*
To be well shaken."

Next morning early, Bolus rose;
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was indeed a very sorry hack;
But that's of course:
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived, and gave a double tap,
Between a single and a double rap.—
Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers:
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell, by chance
Out of their fingers.—

The servant let him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster:
John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
As if the apothecary had physick'd him,
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said.
John shook his head.
"Indeed?—hum!—ha!—that's very odd,
He took the draught?"—John gave a nod!
"Well—how?—What then?—Speak out, you dunce!"
"Why then," says John, "we *shook* him once."
"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammer'd out.
"We jolted him about."
"Zounds! shake a patient, man—a shake won't do."
"No, sir—and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes!—odds curse!
'Twould make the patient worse."
"It did so, sir—and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master died!"

Colman.

The Three Warnings.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

This strong affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you!" and quit my Susan's side!
"With you!" the hapless husband cried:
"Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard:
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urged, I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke:
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell: no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summon'd to the grave:
Willing for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;

In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But when I call again this way,
  Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely well;
  How roundly he pursued his course,
  And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
  Nor thought of death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew;
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his smiling hours in peace;
And still he view'd his wealth increase.
While thus, along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
  Brought on his eightieth year—
When, lo! one night in musing mood,
  As all alone he sat,
  The unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
"So soon return'd?" old Dobson cries.
"So soon, do you call it?" Death replies:
  "Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
Since I was here before,
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides, you promised me Three warnings,
Which I have look'd for, nights and mornings;
And for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know," says Death, "that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;

I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
I wish you joy though of your strength."

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast;
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms may make amends."

"Perhaps, says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, in truth;
But there's some comfort still," says Death:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant, you hear all the news."
"There's none," he cries; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,
These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind
You have your three sufficient warnings;
So come along, no more we'll part:"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate.—So ends my tale. *Piozzi.*

The Razor-Seller.

A FELLOW, in a market-town,
Most musical cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge! who suffer'd by a thick, black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose,
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"*This rascal stole* the razors, I suppose!

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave:*
It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize."
So, home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse!"

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamp'd, and swore;
Brought blood and danced, blasphemed and made wry [faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er!

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clinch'd claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
"Razors! a damn'd confounded dog!
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and began—
"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives:
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives.
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I am no knave:
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would shave."
"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wondering [eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog!" he cries.
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile,—"*to sell.*"

Pindar.

The Case Altered.

HODGE held a farm, and smiled content.
While one year paid another's rent;
But, if he ran the least behind,
Vexation stung his anxious mind;
For not an hour would landlord stay,
But seize the very quarter-day.
How cheap soe'er or scant the grain,
Though urged with truth, was urged in vain.
The same to him, if false or true;
For rent must come when rent was due.
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds
Broke Hodge's fence, and cropp'd his meads.
In hunting, that same landlord's hounds—
See! how they spread his new-sown grounds!
Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoy'd,
While half the rising crop's destroy'd;
Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd.
'Tis said, the sufferer once complain'd:
The Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And paid the bumpkin—with a joke.

But luckless still poor Hodge's fate:
His worship's bull had forced a gate,
And gored his cow, the last and best;
By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong
The heart will feel that suffers long.
A thought that instant took his head,
And thus within himself he said:
"If Hodge, for once, don't sting the Squire,
May people post him for a liar!"
He said—across his shoulder throws
His fork, and to his landlord goes.

"I come, an't please you, to unfold
What, soon or late, you must be told.
My bull—a creature tame till now—
My bull has gored your worship's cow.
'Tis known what shifts I make to live:
Perhaps your honour may forgive."
"Forgive!" the Squire replied, and swore;
"Pray cant to me, forgive, no more;

The law my damage shall decide;
And know, that I'll be satisfied."
"Think, sir, I'm poor—poor as a rat."
"Think I'm a justice, think of that!"
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head;
And, recollecting, archly said,
"Sir, I'm so struck when here before ye,
I fear I've blunder'd in the story.
'Fore George! but I'll not blunder now:
Yours was the bull, sir; mine, the cow!"

His worship found his rage subside,
And with calm accent thus replied:
"I'll think upon your case to-night;
But I perceive 'tis alter'd quite!"
Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow:
"An please ye, where's the justice now?"

Anonymous

FINIS.